Liberty

SEPT. 18, 1943
10c

Book: DAWN OVER THE AMAZON
by Carleton Beals

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OF DEFEAT

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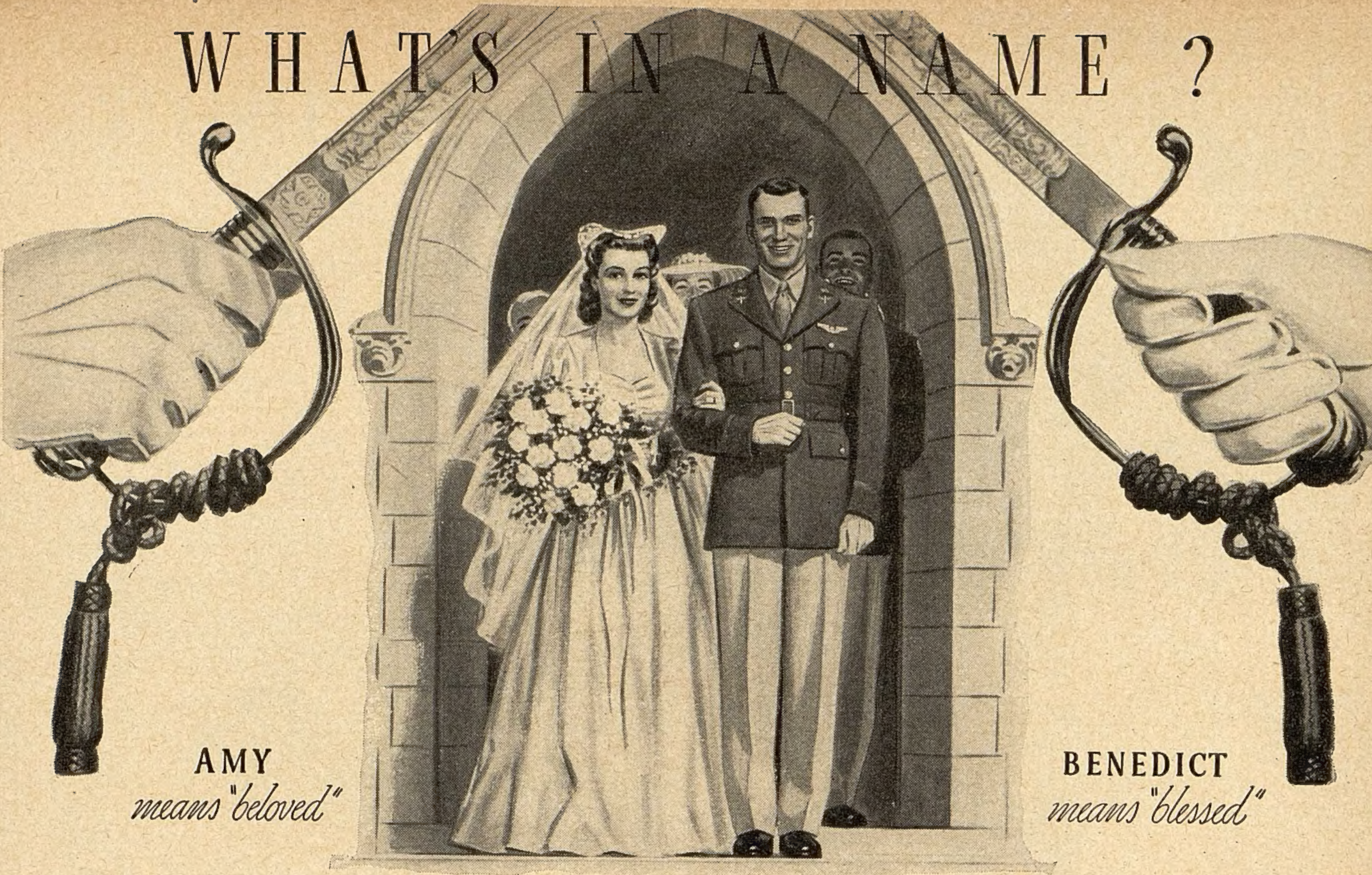

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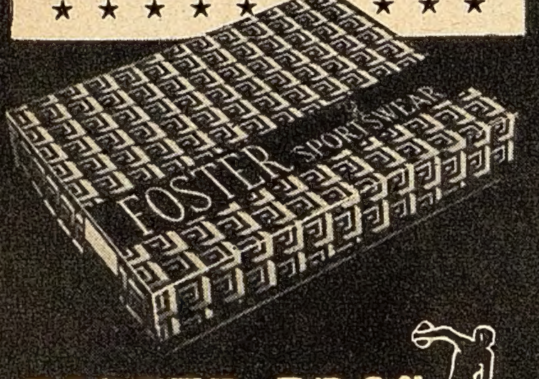

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Associates

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Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
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COVER: PHIL BERRY

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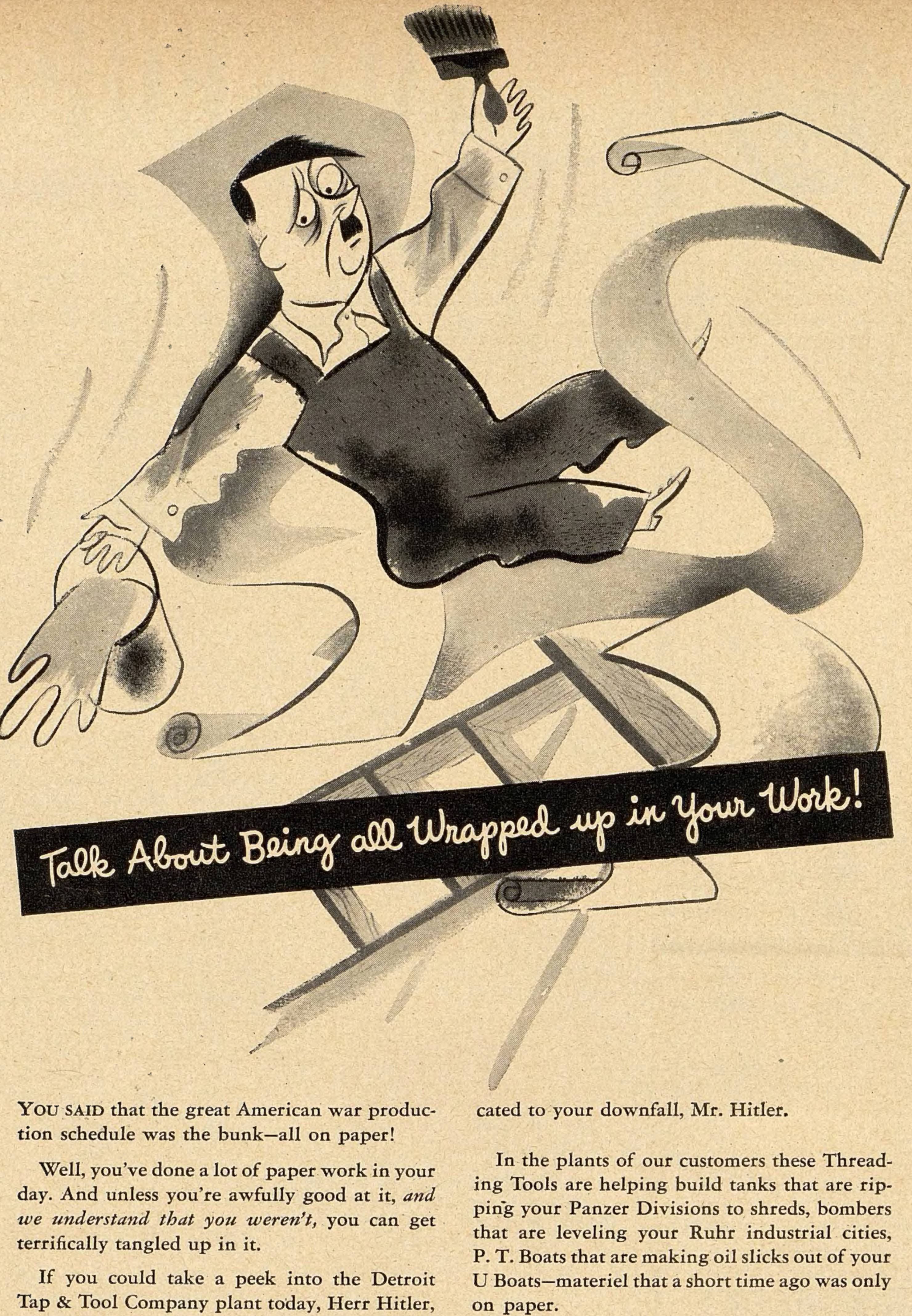
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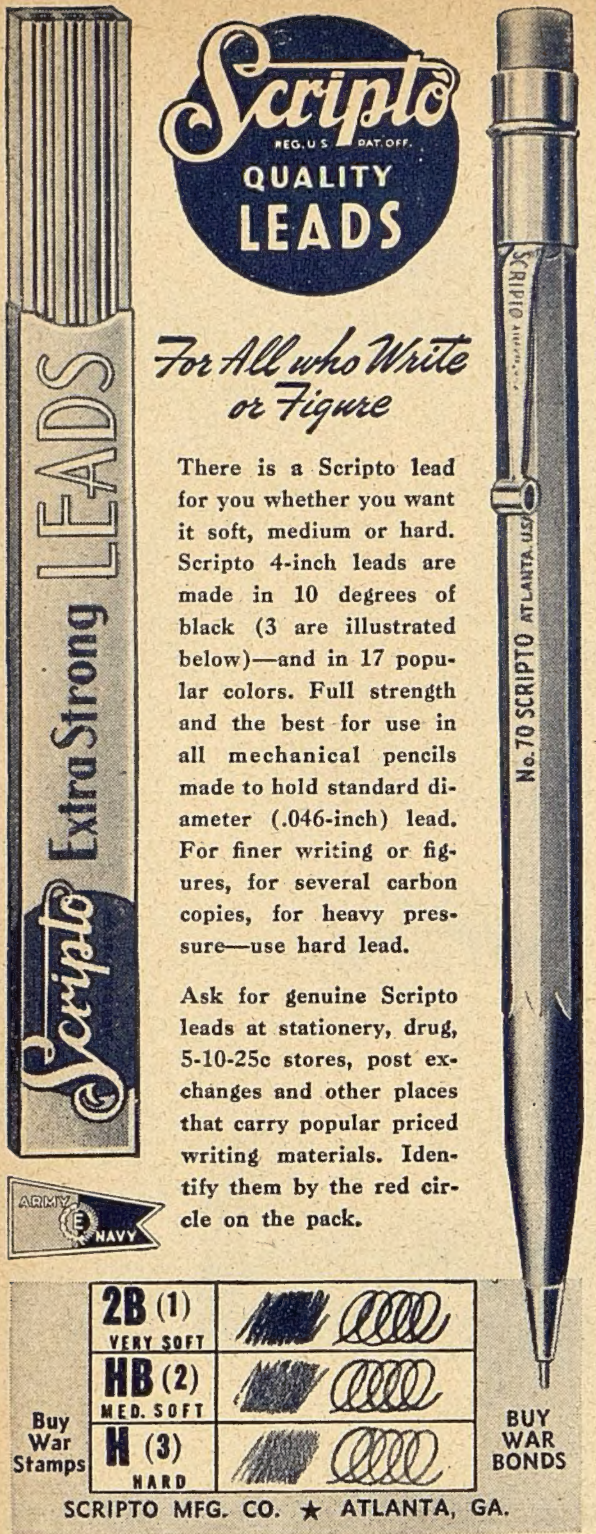

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A MATTER OF POLICY

Bellaire, Ohio—I read Mr. Hunter's editorial, America Needs a Foreign Policy—Now! (August 7 Liberty) and I can't agree that Congress should express any opinion at this time as to what the country's postwar attitude should be.

Mr. Stalin has not subscribed to the four freedoms, and up to this time the Allies have no idea what Russia's ideas on postwar matters will be. For us to pledge ourselves this far in advance is entirely wrong, in my opinion.—*St. Clair Archer.*

On Active Duty in the Pacific—*Re* Mr. Hunter's editorial, Let's Not Make Hitler's Mistake (July 3 Liberty). We are going to collaborate with Russia in the postwar world. We would be utterly stupid not to do so. Russia is one of the great nations of the world. She has developed enormously and will continue to do so. We will get together because the fighting men of this country admire and respect the Russian courage and determination.—*Lt. (j. g.) Bob Reideler.*

CAUGHT RED-HANDED

Philadelphia, Pa.—Don't your artists ever read the stories they illustrate? In Take All the Angles (August 14 Liberty) the script reads, "He'd worn gloves tonight—there'd be no fingerprints," and the illustration distinctly shows the doctor with bare hands.—*William Curtis.*

Is the artist's face red? Perhaps he *can't* read.

STILL A-FEUDING

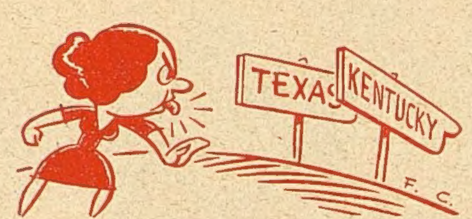
In August 14 Vox Pop a certain Sergeant Owen of Harlan, Kentucky, writing from overseas in reply to a letter from a native of the Lone Star State, commented unfavorably on Texas, its native liquor, its women, and the poker-playing abilities of its citizens. Here are a few of many replies Vox Pop has received.

Dallas, Tex.—The only thing good that ever came out of Kentucky were a few thoroughbred horses—and even they couldn't hold a candle to a Texas cow pony.—*T. P. Murphy.*

Houston, Tex.—To Sergeant Lewis C. Owen. So you don't like Texas? Then perhaps, Sergeant Owen, you can tell me why you spent the time and money to go to Texas, play poker with Texans, and go with Texas women.

If all you have to brag about is how you handle a gun and the whisky you "run" off, then I'd keep quiet.

Any one will admit we have some of the country's most beautiful women. And by the way, Sergeant Owen, they aren't hillbillies!—*Mrs. J. H. Hagar.*



Vernon, Tex.—Just finished reading August 14 Liberty, and would like to say to Sergeant Lewis C. Owen, and also to Mr. William George Hunter, that maybe Kentucky and Texas are all right, but give me the good old County of the Bronx, in New York City, any day, night, or afternoon.—*Ruth E. Marangelo.*

Brownwood, Tex.—Sergeant Lewis C. Owen, I think your State of Kentucky is O. K., but here's what I think happened to you in the State of Texas. I think you got trimmed by a Texan in a poker game, our Texas tequila proved you weren't the drinker you thought you were, and some Texas beauty must have laughed in your face when she saw your homely mug.

Stop in my home town and I'll give you your choice of weapons.—*Tex O'Connell.*

AND THE CLOUDS ROLL BY

Brooklyn, N. Y.—We're teen-age girls and don't go steady with any boy, but certain drips please us more than the rest of the drools. Now, when these certain wolves would like to show their—er—shall we say their appreciation for our pulchritude, they have no song to sing, such as "Margy" for Marjorie, "Mary" for Mary, "K-K-K-

"HELEN'S FACE SANK A THOUSAND SHIPS—SHE WAS KNOWN AS THE QUEEN OF THE SUB-MARINE DRIPS!"
F. C.

"I wish to report a robbery, little brother"

LIBRARIAN: You wish to register a complaint, Camel? A beef?

CAMEL: Sahib, I have been robbed by the so-called author of this so-called Encyclopedia. Defrauded, Effendi.

LIBRARIAN: Ah. You find it unwholesome, my Bedouin Bookworm? Not fit to eat, perhaps?

CAMEL: Prince, *I* am the Paul Jones Camel, living symbol of the *dryness* in the world-famous *dry* Paul Jones Whiskey. And there's not a line about me here, Effendi!

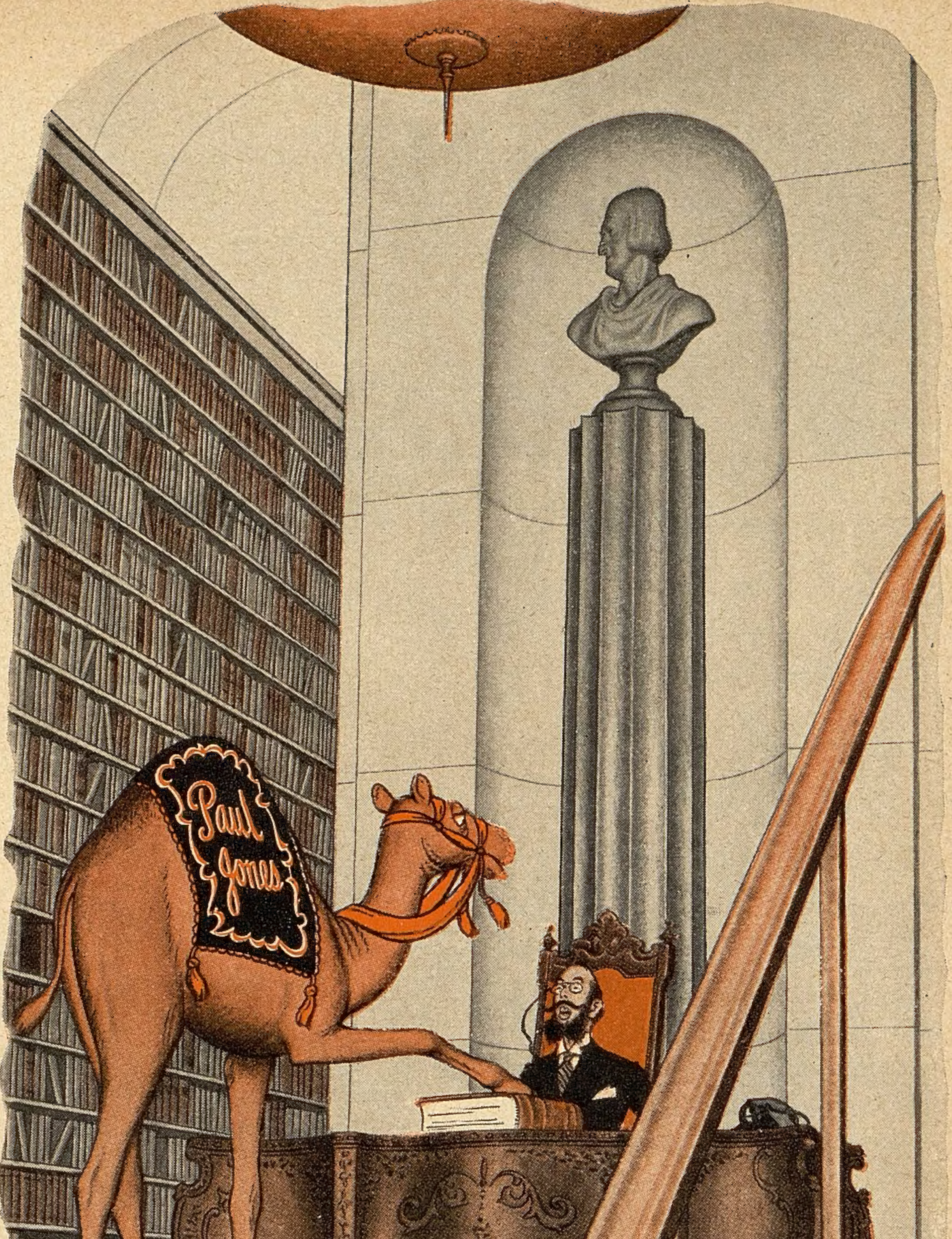
LIBRARIAN: Have you looked under "Fairy Tales," Camel? *Dryness* in whiskey would be under "Fairy Tales," I think.

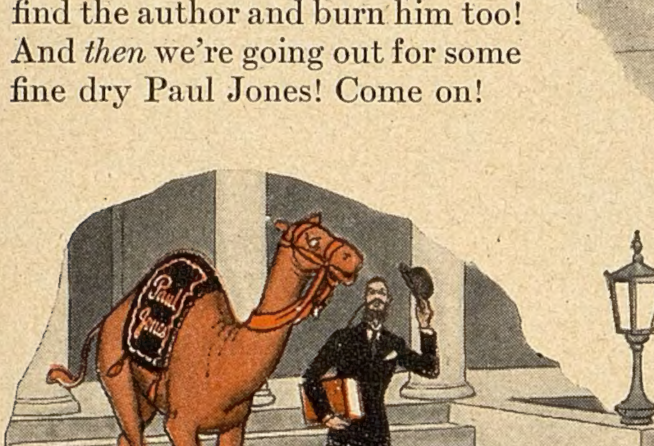
CAMEL: *Fairy Tales?* Effendi, thousands will tell you that Paul Jones Whiskey has *dryness!* And that this dryness (lack of sweetness) brings out *all* the flavor of the superb Paul Jones!

LIBRARIAN: Really, Camel?

CAMEL: Assuredly, O Scholar.

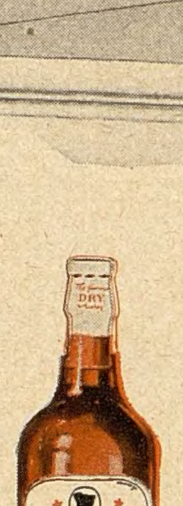
LIBRARIAN: Then, Camel, we are not only going to burn this ignorant Encyclopedia, we're going to find the author and burn him too! And *then* we're going out for some fine dry Paul Jones! Come on!





The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones


DRY
Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply of Paul Jones until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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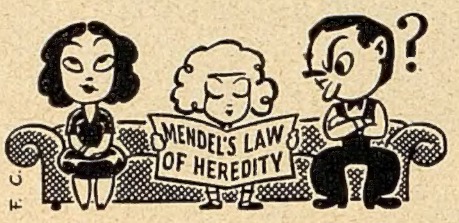
Katie" for Katherine, and so forth.

We beg of you to heed our plea and ask the song writers to write a song about Helen. We will now pray for and dream of the day when a song about Helen will be Number 1 on the hit parade.—*Two Grief-Stricken Helens.*

What's wrong with Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie?

NATURE IS FAKING

VAN DYKE, MICH.—I heartily disagree with Gretta Palmer's article What Will Your Baby Inherit from You? (August 7 Liberty.) My parents both have blue eyes and straight hair, yet, of the four children, two of us have brown eyes and one has curly hair. My husband and I both have dark hair, yet both our children have blond hair, and neither of us has a blond parent.—*Mrs. L. G. Marshall.*



TO PAY OFF THE WAR DEBT

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Extensive investigation indicates a willingness on the part of the public to pay exorbitant prices for the privilege of seeing Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels; Hirohito and Tojo; Mussolini and his daughter Edda.

Therefore, permit me to suggest the above-named animals be placed separately, if and when captured and in captivity, each in a steel cage and then exhibited at a dollar a look.—*O. D. Longstreth.*

DICTATOR ZOO
PHEW!

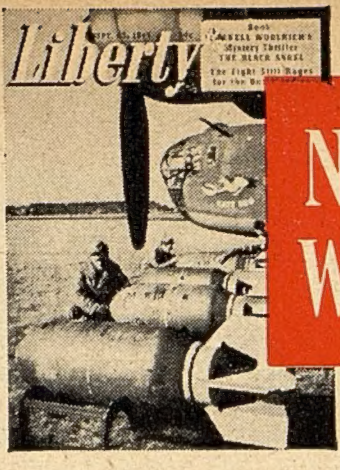
AND THANK *YOU*

VAN NUYS, CALIF.—When one has to pause, not once but several times, to wipe the moisture from her eyes, that's proof positive it's a good story. I refer to He Shall Send His Angel, by Paul Deresco Augsburg (July 31 Liberty). Such a story is good for the soul and I felt you should have my thank you.—*Grace Rankin.*

GLAD TO OBLIGE

BERKELEY, CALIF.—Your magazine is always "tops"! Why not make your condensed novel more easily detached without spoiling the magazine? I am making scrapbooks of these fine condensations.—*Mrs. L. G. Brown.*

Beginning with this issue, Liberty resumes its original method of binding the book condensations



NEXT WEEK

ONE HUNDRED JAPS FOR EVERY GUERRILLA

By Joseph Wechsberg

You may think the Japs control the islands they've conquered—but they don't. The Dutch, for example, are still fighting in the East Indies—despite Tokyo's periodic announcements that they have been "exterminated." Here is one of the truly inspiring chapters of the war.

THEY LET GEORGE DO IT

By Betty Milton Gaskill

Some politicians just talk big—but not Senator Walter George, the man who master-minds our tax laws. He's one who really calls the shots.

MY BITTER HALF

By John D. Weaver

Another hilarious tale about Rocky Ford—who is still being misunderstood by "the little woman"—and his small-fry partner, Junior Blitz, who still has the best *intentions* in the world.

GIRL MEETS VISION

By Elizabeth Wilson

A double-barreled success story—about Jennifer Jones, an unknown, who pulled down the juiciest acting plum in Hollywood when she got the leading role in The Song of Bernadette; and about Jennifer's husband, Robert Walker, another unknown, who's got the leading role in See Here, Private Hargrove.

HYPNOTISM WORKS FOR SCIENCE

By Lois Mattox Miller

Most people have the old-fashioned notion that hypnotism belongs in a side show. This article will show you how far wrong they are.

THE BLACK ANGEL

By Cornell Woolrich

Liberty's Book Condensation. A mystery thriller about a girl with a face like an angel, who came down to earth long enough to be a crackajack detective.

You don't have to wait until after the war

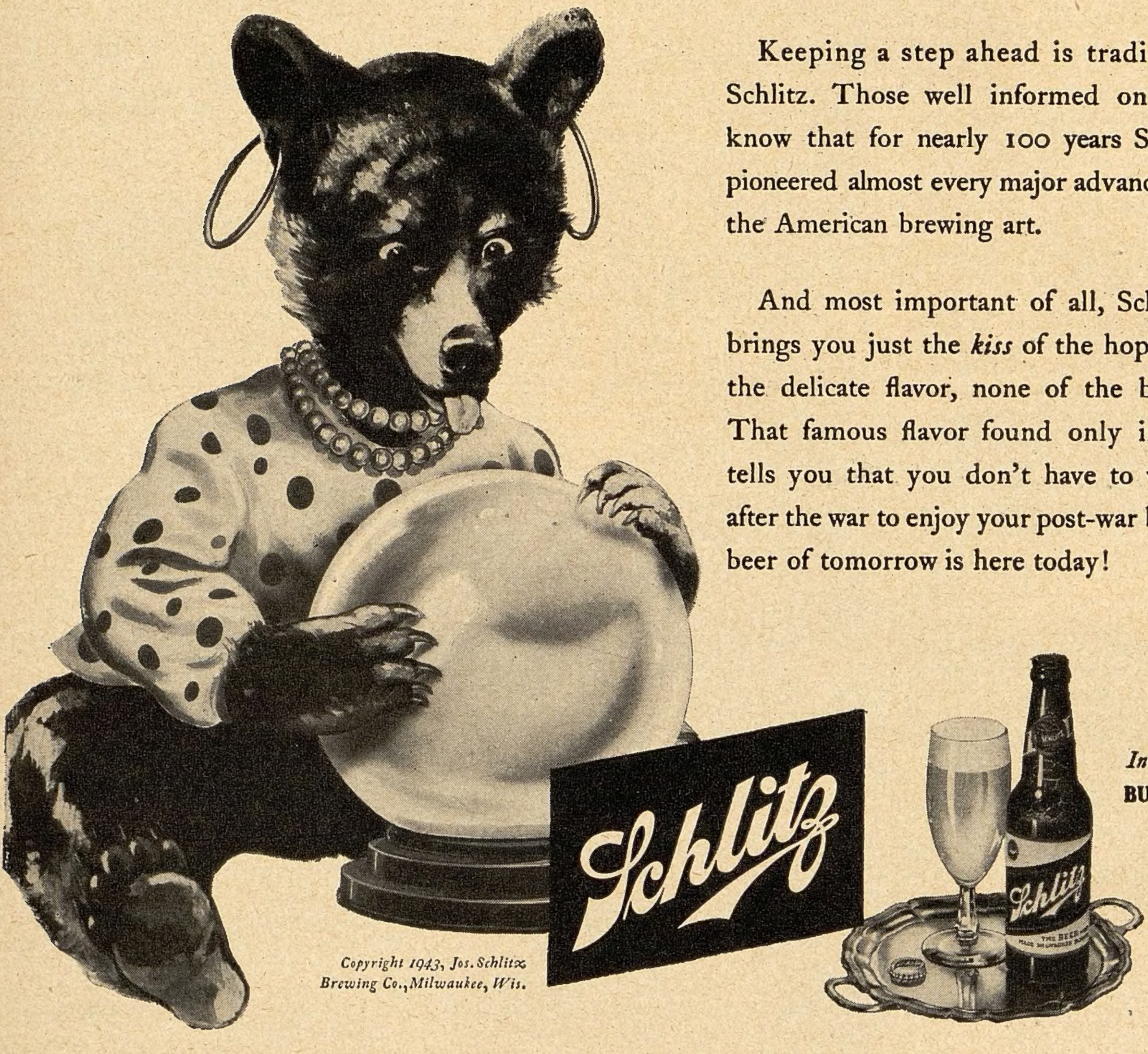
ALL OVER AMERICA people today are asking questions. They are wondering about the kind of products they will be able to buy after the war.

What will the new automobiles be like? Will synthetic tires *really* outlast our cars? What new miracles can we look for in radio, television, home refrigeration and air conditioning?

But you don't have to wait until the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in Schlitz, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

Keeping a step ahead is traditional at Schlitz. Those well informed on brewing know that for nearly 100 years Schlitz has pioneered almost every major advancement in the American brewing art.

And most important of all, Schlitz now brings you just the *kiss* of the hops—all of the delicate flavor, none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz tells you that you don't have to wait until after the war to enjoy your post-war beer. The beer of tomorrow is here today!



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Invest in Liberty!
BUY WAR BONDS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Brewed with **JUST THE** *kiss* **OF THE HOPS** *– none of the bitterness*

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Think that being a German pilot is the safest job you'd want these days? This is the kind of reception that greets enemy planes across the Atlantic.

Weather Reports

A long-time dream of aviation leaders is now being realized—the unification of weather services of the twenty countries of the Western Hemisphere. To the layman this may not seem so important, but to airmen it is almost as vital as the building of airports. The United States, Canada, Brazil, and Argentina have had excellent meteorological services for many years, but good weather reports for airmen have been lacking in many Latin-American countries.

To aid in the unification a meteorological training school has been opened, with 200 students from all Latin-American countries, at the University of Antioquia in Medellin, Colombia, aided financially by the United States. The leading sponsor of the school is the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, Nelson Rockefeller. Also interested is William A. M. Burden, special aviation assistant to the Secretary of Commerce, who says that we "are now on our way to have hemisphere weather service such as we never dreamed of before."

A unified weather-reporting service will do much to make possible great expansion of air services below the Rio Grande.

Hitler's Mistakes

One of the keenest analysts in the aviation industry is tall white-haired J. Carlton Ward, president of Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corporation. He believes Hitler's bad judgment in planning for and building up his air weapons, and his failure to follow up his advantages are costing Germany the war.

"Because Hitler failed to follow through after Dunkirk, and because the aviation industry of Britain and America adopted the principle of day-to-day development and improvement of aerial combat craft to meet *all* types of aerial warfare, because the air strategists of Germany failed to foresee the necessity of fighting a defensive war, the victorious conclusion of this conflict seems to be in the not too distant future," Ward believes.

"Early in our own war preparation there were two schools of aeronautical thought. One believed that we should freeze the designs of our aircraft in order to produce quantity. The second believed that we should make no sacrifice to having the best. Fortunately the latter school of thought prevailed. It gained great confidence when Britain won the Battle of Britain so bravely with a few aircraft of high quality, standing off a multitude of quantity-produced airplanes."

Railroads Safe

The super-optimists who believe the cargo airplane will take away freight from the railroads have been dashed with cold water by Charles E. Beard, vice-president of Braniff Airways. One of the foremost air-traffic men in America, Beard believes in looking at the facts, not clouds.

It would require 81,000 standard DC-3 transports to carry one quarter of the volume of freight handled by the railroads in 1941, the last "normal" year, Beard estimates. The best cost figure in sight for air freight is between fifteen and twenty cents per ton mile, while the railroads carry freight "at something less than a half cent per ton mile. We find that the operating cost of available and projected equipment is far too great to enable us economically to sell air freight, and we find that the depletion of petroleum reserves by present aircraft engines burning present types of fuel is apparently so great as to make the operation of any substantial fleet a relatively brief one."

On the bright side, Beard believes the air lines will carry a substantial amount of air express, for express is carried by rail at about fifteen cents a ton mile. "Here is a very substantial field and one in which we can operate practically and economically in the very near future."

Keep 'Em Flying

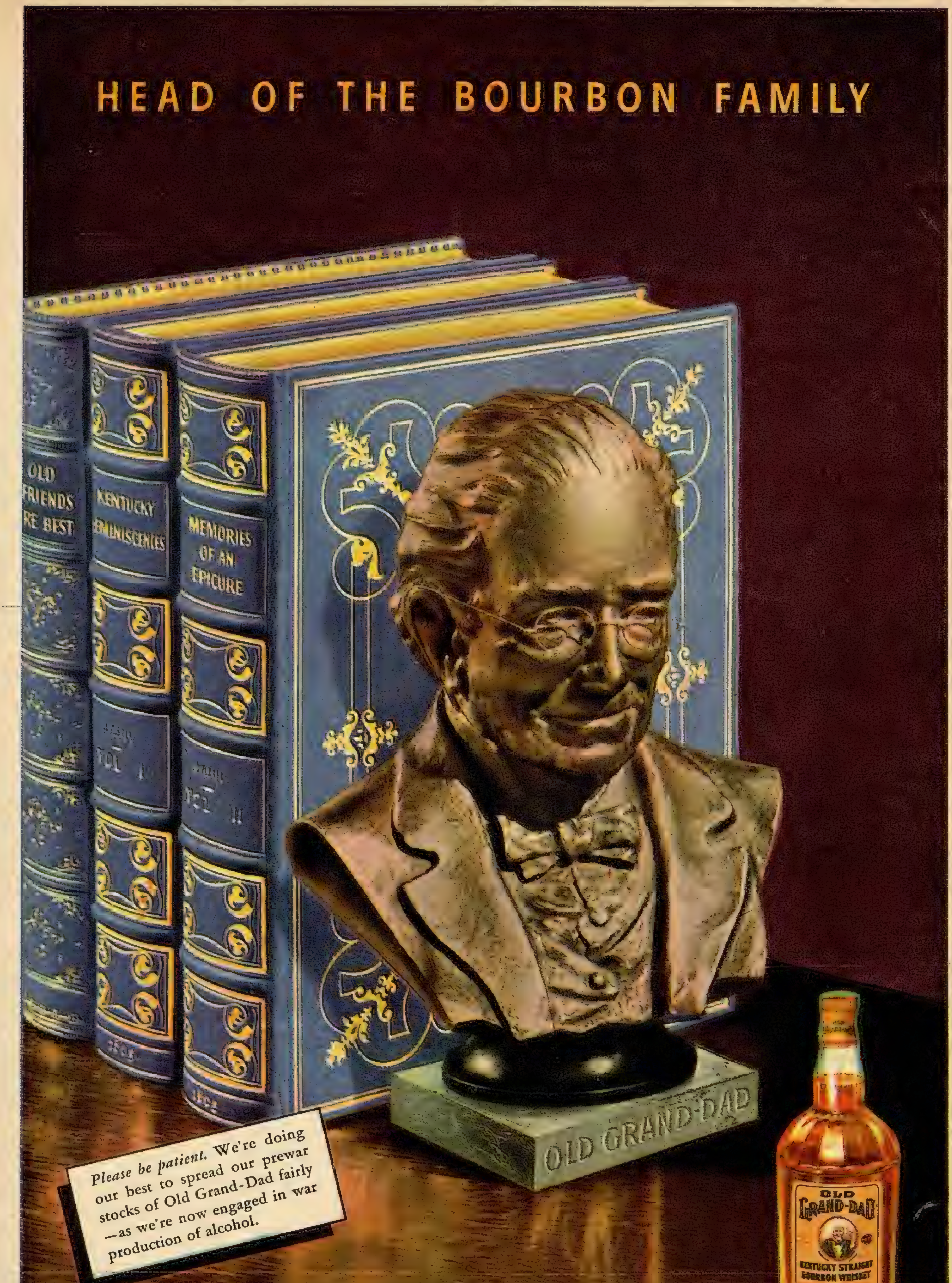
One of the truly inspiring achievements of the war is that of a company known as Lockheed Overseas, organized by Lockheed and Vega corporations to modify, service, repair, and reassemble airplanes in combat areas under contract with the Army Air Forces. It is literally a "technical empire" to keep U. S. airplanes flying.

More than 10,000 men and women work on 500 fighting aircraft daily in five continents, nineteen nations, and nineteen states of the Union. These workers have serviced thirty-three types of American aircraft, engines and accessories, and put back into service more than 7,000 aircraft needing repairs from combat damage or other causes. The bases range from a modern American city of more than 500 buildings in Northern Ireland to shacks built from wooden engine boxes in African or Australian deserts. There are four big bases in the United Kingdom, and some of the bases are mobile—moving along with the combat action.

The two men responsible for the world's largest repair service are Carl B. Squier, vice-president in charge of sales and service of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and best known aircraft salesman around the world before the war, and Reagan C. Stunkel, general service manager for Lockheed.

Experts from all aircraft and engine manufacturers are at work on this vast job of keeping the A. A. F. supplied with airplanes ready for any type of combat duty.

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY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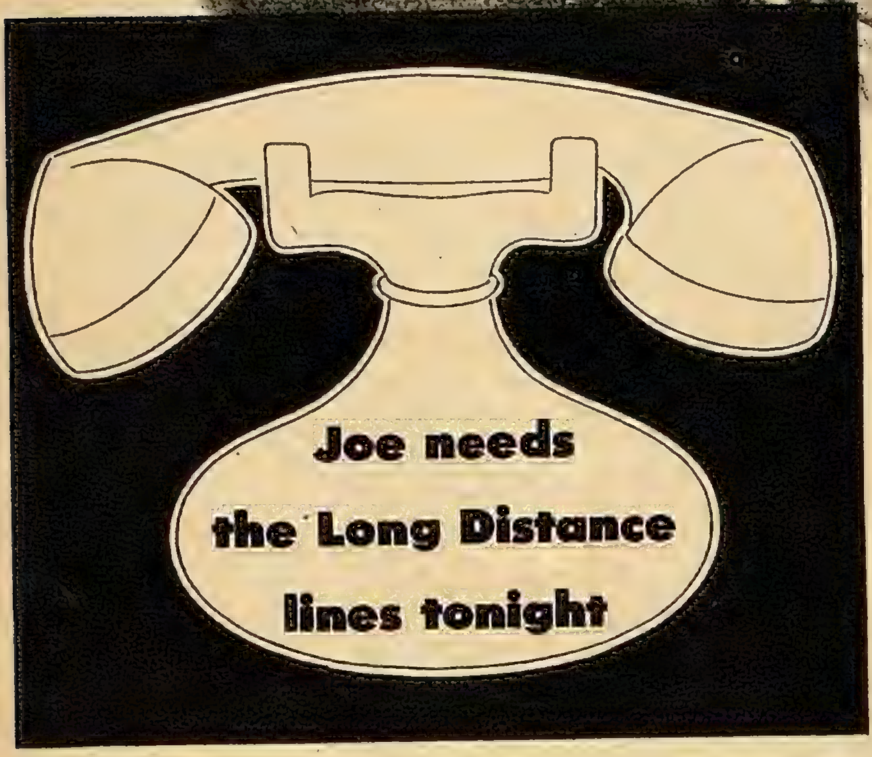
KENTUCKY REMINISCENCES
VOL I
MEMORIES OF AN EPICURE
VOL II
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly —as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y. • BOTTLED IN BOND 100 PROOF


Joe needs
the Long Distance
lines tonight

He has a promotion to report. Or a week-end leave coming up. Or it's his mother's birthday.

Evening is about the only time he's free to call and it's important to him.

Will you do your best to avoid Long Distance calls after 7 at night, for the sake of millions of Joes — and Josephines? They'll appreciate it.

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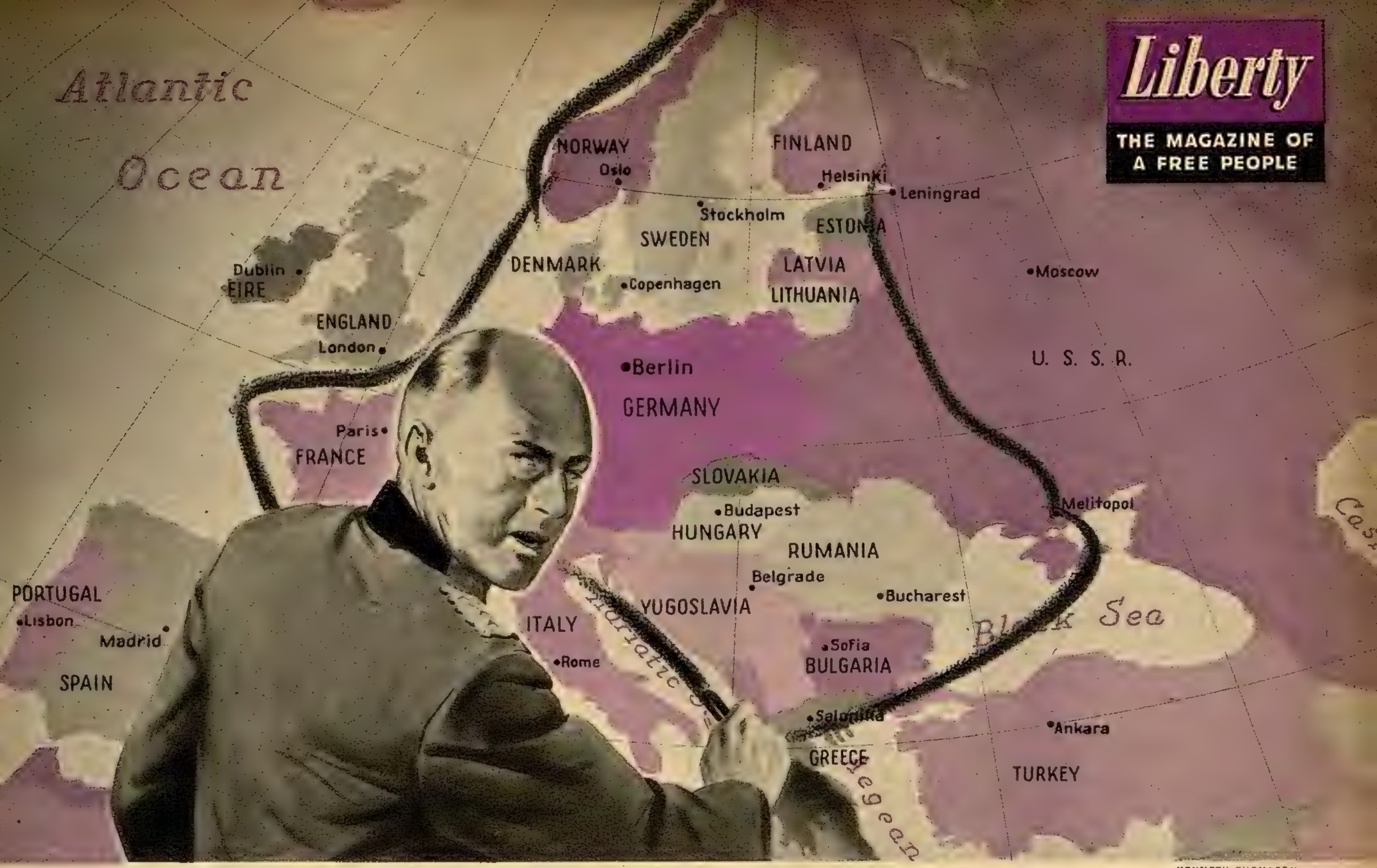
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KENNETH THOMPSON

Following the Stalingrad disaster, General Jodl drew lines on a map, and said, "Unless we hold along these we are lost."

GERMANY'S STRATEGY OF DEFEAT

What are Hitler's plans now that the blitz is on the Fritz? Here's why the Nazis can't win and how they think they can keep us from winning

BY WILLIAM VAN NARVIG

"IN order to administer a crushing defeat on the invading enemy, military strategy may deem it advisable to inveigle enemy forces to some depth into territory now held by our forces. All such areas must be treated as enemy territory before they are cleared. The main purpose of such stratagems will be to lure the enemy forces into a man-made desert where they will find no means of comfort or support. . . ."

This reads like a paragraph on Russia's scorched-earth policy. Yet it is nothing of the sort. It is an excerpt from a German army order, Heeresbefehl No. 78, issued late in May, 1943, by Field Marshal Karl Gerd von Rundstedt, commander in chief of Germany's "Western Defensive Front," extending through the whole of France and the Low Countries.

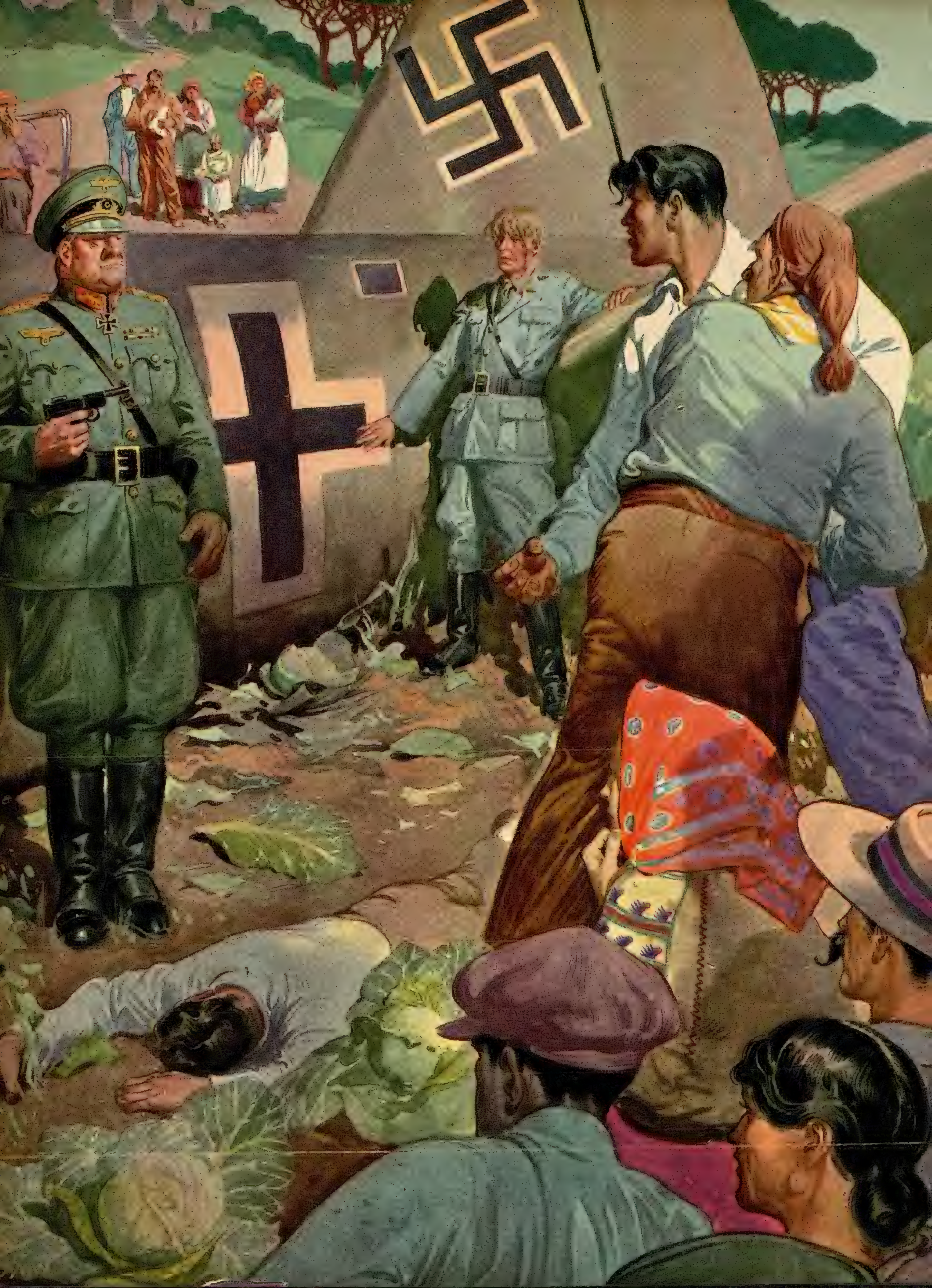
All the propagandistic twists of its language notwithstanding, this army order plainly reveals the views of the realistic German military command on the new trend of the European phase of this global war. It sounds the death knell to Hitler's strategy of conquest and marks the introduction of a German strategy of defeat.

It is interesting to trace how this transition came about. The diplomatic cornerstone of Hitler's strategy of conquest was his alliance with Japan. The primary objectives of this alliance were the destruction of the British Empire, the division of the Old World between Germany and Japan and, eventually, the subjugation of American interests to those of the two arch-aggressors. German and Japanese military leaders planned a gigantic pincers movement which would culminate in a junction of German and Japanese armies at the Indus River.

That this strategy of conquest came to an inglorious end was due to a number of factors. One was the keen discernment of the enemy's strategic aims by the leaders of Great Britain and the United States and the consequent emphasis they gave to the building up of Allied strength in India and the Middle East. Another is found in the unshakably neutral attitude of Turkey, which interposed itself as a guardian wedge between Hitler's Reich and the Empire of the Rising Sun. A third was the Allied strategy in Africa that blocked the onrush of Field Marshal Rommel's Afrika Korps at the most critical moment and then went on to expel the Nazi-Fascist combine from the shores of the Dark Continent.

But the primary factor was the stanch resistance of Russia. It completely upset the strategic calculations of both Germany and Japan. As late as October, 1942, Adolf Hitler, his armies poised on the Volga and deep in the Caucasus, was still supremely confident that this year would witness a triumphal break-through to the Persian Gulf. Then came the disaster of Stalingrad, greatest defeat of German arms since the Battle of Jena in 1806. Its immediate political consequence was

(*Continued on page 48*)



SICILIAN COMEDY

A quiet Sicilian village becomes a hell of revenge when the master race shows the inhabitants a few samples of the New Order

BY C. W. DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

TOO insignificant to gain a place on any but the most comprehensive map, the hamlet of Castello clings to the mountainside, more wind-scoured and sun-bleached with every season, but in essentials little changed during the last five hundred years. From below it is only a patch of scarlet lichen at the base of the peak. To its people, many of whom have never ventured along the path squirming down to the valley, it is the world. Of the castle which gave the huddle of huts its name, scarcely a trace remains. For centuries it has served as the village quarry until, in the most literal sense, it now houses the entire population. Behind the plundered site the land rises steeply to the cliffs of the summit, and southward, beyond a low saddle, lies the mountain meadow where the villagers grow their scanty crops.

Alfin sat on the bench outside his door, feeling the sun warm on shoulders that not even the weight of fourscore years had bowed. Brown eyes bright as brook water looked out of a face crisscrossed by wrinkles. It was a shrewd face and wise, but secret. No one, not even his long-dead wife, had been able to guess what Alfin was thinking unless he chose.

He did not even see the scene before him, so familiar it was—the stony space where the huts were grouped on what level spots the land afforded, the spring gurgling through its trough, the eternal wind bending the sparse grass, and the shadow of the peak like a stubby finger, lengthening as the afternoon waned. An occasional tinkle marked the progress of the goats along the mountainside under the ward of Peppe, his youngest grandson. It was strange that the boy should be simple, with his brothers so handsome and so brave—but in every generation there had been one like that. . . . The thought came to Alfin that nothing was changed, nothing different. It might have been seventy years ago, himself the herder, his grandfather seated on the bench remembering his life as a tale that is told.

Alfin's glance fell on the village, and he recognized his folly. To one who knew, the hand of change lay heavy on Castello. Among the huts four were falling into ruin, and a fifth, backed by the foundations of the castle itself, served as a storehouse for brush and fagots. Save for Peppe and a handful of lads, Alfin was the only man left on the mountain. From widowed Marta's one son, Giacomo, to his grandsons, Angelo, Pietro, and reckless, laughing Ciccu, war had taken them all.

Inside the hut, Aita, his daughter-in-law, who had kept his house for thirty years, was making a clatter among the pots. Presently she came to the door, driving the pig before her, and stood with arms akimbo on the threshold, square and solid as the rocks themselves.

"I dreamed of black grapes last night," she shouted as the pig fled, squealing. "There will be trouble."

"There is always trouble," said Alfin testily.

A droning hum swelled out of the distance and the two looked up, shading their eyes. Against the incredible blue of the sky streamed a swarm of dots no bigger than May flies, now black, now silver in the sun. The street sprang to life as women and children ran out to stare.

Aita made a gesture of impatience.

"It's come soon enough," she said. "While Peppe stares, the goats will make havoc among the crops."

Alfin shrugged. "He has few pleasures, Aita."

"And few worries likewise. I sometimes wish I had been born simple for others to take care of."

ALFIN made no answer. His word was law in the village, but he could not rule his daughter-in-law's tongue. Though she had spent all her life on the mountain, she had never paid him the deference due one who, in his adventurous youth, had journeyed as far as Palermo and even seen a play. The rest of the village treated his achievement with the respect befitting a feat which had attained the dignity of legend. Only Aita dared raise her eyebrows when he climaxed the oft-told tale with the formula evolved through much repetition: "Life is very like a play. Even at its most tragic there is something to provoke a smile."

Proud as he was of his epigram, his daughter-in-law's scorn blunted the edge of his pleasure.

Now he looked away to hide his annoyance. She had been a good wife to his dead son, a good mother to her four boys, a good daughter to himself, but he could feel no fondness for her. Like the pea under the forty mattresses, the memory of her contempt rankled.

The noise of the planes was fading in the distance. Old Marta, pitcher in hand, was hobbling toward the spring, while the other women gathered in chattering groups. The old man eyed them sourly, thinking that wind and sun had weathered them along with the peeling stucco on the walls . . .

He sat up with a start. He must have nodded, for the shadow of the peak had traveled halfway across the open. Marta stood motionless, the water dripping unregarded from the pitcher's lip. Even the women were silent as they stared down the streets where the overflow from the spring made a narrow green ribbon among the stones. Alfin rose and peered over their heads.

A MAN was climbing the slope, slowly, as if at the end of his strength, yet with an assurance born of lifelong familiarity. The breeze fluttered his rags, blurring the outline of his figure so that it was hard to tell if he was young or old. A premonition that here was the trouble Aita had foretold gripped Alfin, but he thrust it away. Such things were folly. Good and evil were always at hand, and ingenuity could twist them to fit any prediction.

The stranger came on steadily. He was tall and young, with a skin burned by the sun and an ugly scar twisting his cheek and drawing up one end of his mouth in a grin. Alfin stared. This was no stranger. It was his grandson, Ciccu. Or was it? Could this be Ciccu with the mirth stricken out of his face and the hard, angry eyes? As he hesitated, the young man stopped in his tracks. No word broke the silence. The water chuckled in the trough and the wind whipped the dresses of the women. Alfin thought the stillness was like a string wound too tight. One moment, two—and it would snap. He held his breath, waiting. But when Ciccu spoke, his words were commonplace.

"Good day to you, grandfather."

"Welcome home, grandson," said the old man gravely.

Ciccu's glance swept over the village.

"Still the same," he said, as if in surprise. "Castello is one fixed point in a changing world."

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Von Bruckner, weapon in hand, eyed the people. "That is how we deal with the unfit," he said.

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN

Take six feet of nerves, gestures, and buffoonery and you have Danny Kaye, the goofiest cut-up Hollywood has snagged in many years

BY MADELINE THOMPSON and DAVID GREGGORY

PRACTICALLY every year some one is "discovered" on Broadway. There's been a Katherine Locke season, a Theresa Wright season, a Carol Bruce season.

But during the past four years every season has been Danny Kaye season. In 1940 he was "discovered" as the year's foremost night-club performer. In 1941 he nearly, if unintentionally, stole the show from Gertrude Lawrence in Lady in the Dark. This led to his being starred in Let's Face It and being the hit of the 1941-42 season. Now Samuel Goldwyn is presenting him to the nation as the star of Mr. Goldwyn's super Technicolor musical, Up in Arms.

Kaye's is the first completely new comedy style to have appeared in years. He is six feet tall and very thin. He has slightly reddish blond hair, a fairly handsome, incredibly mobile face, and long thin expressive hands. His routines are a combination of brilliant satirical character studies, clever catchy songs, and utterly zany dances and horseplay. His technique is based on an almost perfect sense of timing and a complete un-self-consciousness. He has never resorted to salaciousness for a laugh, not even in his most hilarious night-club routines.

Actually—publicity men to the contrary notwithstanding — Danny wasn't "discovered" by any one on Broadway. Not that he hadn't tried. For almost twelve years he hounded Broadway producers without getting so much as a tryout. It wasn't until a young lady named Sylvia Fine came across him, at a rehearsal of one of those semiprofessional "little" shows that keep cropping up and fading away, that things began to fall into line for Danny.

Their meeting was accidental. Up to that time most of Danny's exploits were governed by chance, even his choice of a career.

His first ambition was to be a doctor. The 1929 crash took care of that. Through with high school that year, he had to go to work. For a short time he was a bored, clumsy soda jerker. For an even shorter time he worked for an insurance company. A small oversight in the

Here, in Up in Arms, are Danny and Dinah Shore.

way he wrote out a policy cost the company $4,000.

Like thousands of other kids that year, he found himself just hanging around. The hangout was a candy store on Sutter Avenue in Brooklyn. Danny was the neighborhood clown —clown, not gagster. Even his oldest friends, those whom he still goes to Brooklyn to see whenever he gets a chance, can't remember his ever saying anything that was really funny. It was, even in those days, the way he said things and mostly the way he did them.

One day Bert Lee, an old vaudevillian who lived near by, stopped at the candy store for cigarettes, watched Danny cavorting, and suggested that he might pick up some change as an entertainer at summer resorts. The idea appealed to Danny.

He had plenty of energy. He was an extrovert to delight the heart of any psychiatrist—a quality which had manifested itself as early as 1917, when at the age of four he had suddenly jumped up on a seat in a shoe store and began giving out with a little ditty called Fifty-Fifty in a loud raucous voice, for no reason at all. And in high school he and a boy called Blackie had formed a comedy team—"songs, dances, and funny sayings"—and had managed to pick up an odd dollar here and there at parties in and around Brooklyn.

HE took Bert Lee's advice and went to see an agent. In a little while he was on his way to the Catskills and, though he didn't suspect it, to becoming a fixture on the now famous "Borscht Circuit." He got paid just enough for cigarettes and wear and tear on his wardrobe and health. He acted, danced, sang, helped build scenery, and was the camp comedian. On rainy days he was expected to put on a paper hat, hunt up the dejected vacationers and make them happy. After each evening's show he was expected to dance with the unattached ladies—and make them happy.

There were four summers of this. Every winter he haunted the agents and producers for a job on Broadway. By the time spring rolled around, he was broke. By summer he was hungry enough to go back to the Catskills.

That fourth summer he met a dance team, Dave Harvey and Kathleen Young, who invited him to join their act for the winter. And at his first performance in a vaudeville theater in Utica, New York, an accident decided once and for all what his career in the theater was to be.

While floating about in a supposedly straight dance number, he slipped and took what is known in the show business as a pratt fall. As he sat there, stunned and mortified, Dave Harvey whispered, "Wait for the laugh!" That did it. The audience howled, and from then on Danny was the comedy element in the act.

In Detroit, A. B. Marcus, a producer of vaudeville units, saw the act and offered Dave and Kathleen a contract to tour the Orient. "The blond," he said emphatically, "I don't need."

But Danny's partners were loyal and Marcus signed all three of them —at the salary he had offered for two. They played practically every town from Detroit to San Francisco. By the time they reached the Coast, Danny was the star of the show, appearing in sixteen out of its twenty-two scenes. In February, 1934, the troupe left San Francisco on a tour that was to take them through China and Japan and last for two years.

Danny claims it was Oriental stage hands who taught him poise. He was never sure what they would do next. Many times he was left without props or scenery and had to be funny —or else, Since gags weren't too clear to the audiences, though many of the people understood English, he began to develop the double-talking gibberish and the pantomime for which he is now famous.

He never had a dull moment in the Oriental theater. In Canton he was terrified by scorpions and flying cockroaches that frolicked in his dressing room. In Osaka, during a hurricane that had cut off all the lights, he prevented a panic by grabbing a flashlight, sitting on the edge of the stage, and singing every song he had ever known. Once, in Japan, the show was raided because bluenoses objected to the undress of the chorus girls. Younger Japanese, however didn't object, so, to save face, the police raided the lobby, confiscated the semi-nude photographs—and left the rest of the show intact.

Danny didn't particularly like Tokyo. Even then, Americans were not too popular with the Japanese officials. The members of the troupe were followed about, their cameras were taken from them, and, generally, they were treated like spies.

WHEN they returned to the United States, Danny left the company in San Francisco. After two years' absence he walked into his home and his father's greeting was, "There's some milk in the icebox." Broadway producers and agents were even less impressed with his success in the Orient. Finally he got a job as a stooge for a dancer named Nick Long, Jr., and when Long went to London he took Danny with him, but Danny's enthusiasm and frenetic energy did more to shock than to amuse the very elite Dorchester House guests. He came home not much closer to fame.

One day on Broadway he happened to meet Nat Lichtman, an old friend from the summer camps. Lichtman was rehearsing a "little" show and invited Danny to come along—there might be something for him in the show.

At the rehearsal Danny met Sylvia Fine, who was writing material for the show. They discovered that Sylvia had grown up in Brooklyn, too, one block away from Sutter Avenue. Her father was a dentist and Danny had once run errands for him and watched his office for a dollar a week. They didn't hit it off very well. Danny was being exuberant and Sylvia thought he was fresh. And Danny thought she was being snobbish.

But as she watched him do a number, she recognized his possibilities —and his need for direction and good material. She called Max Liebman, a director, on the phone and said, "Max, there's a boy over here who's really funny. I don't like him particularly, but I think he's the comedian you've been looking for."

Max came over and Danny was discovered.

THAT summer—at another of those summer camps in the Catskills, with Sylvia writing all his material and Max Liebman advising and supervising—Danny began to develop into a first-rate comedian. All the energy he had been scattering around was harnessed: his material was specially written to fit his talents. He had never taken singing or dancing lessons and Sylvia and Max held out against his ever taking any, for fear he would become self-conscious. He still hasn't taken any.

Sylvia and Danny worked together every day. Their spare time they spent with others. Sylvia had a heart interest that summer. Danny was fancy free—but he got around. It may have been this which later led to the rumor—untrue, of course—that their marriage was strictly a business arrangement.

The show whipped into shape, was brought to Broadway by the Shuberts. It was the Straw Hat Revue and Imogene Coca was the star. Only one critic noticed Danny and he didn't mention him in his review. None of the critics was much impressed with any of the show, and it folded in ten weeks. Danny was discouraged. To cheer him up, Max took him to Miami.

About a week later Danny phoned Sylvia. "Come on down here and marry me," he said and hung up. He was afraid to wait for her answer.

Which was a good thing, because Sylvia laughed. She told her parents about Danny's proposal and they laughed too. Sylvia had lots of suitors, all nice steady young men with good jobs and prospects. She wrote Danny to stay out of the sun.

But she got the flu and was ordered to go South for a rest and sunshine. She didn't intend to go to Miami—but she went there. When Danny met her at the train and suggested they elope, it didn't take her very long to decide that that would be exciting.

The marriage was kept a secret until a year later, when they were remarried with all the trimmings. This time — the exchequer being plumper—Sylvia got a diamond band for keeps. On each anniversary Danny adds a circlet of rubies to it.

(*Continued on page 71*)

Here's an activity-program singing lesson—a "project," carried on entirely by the children themselves.

REVOLUTION IN THE THREE R's

ALTHOUGH the three-o'clock dismissal bell rang loudly, the class refused to budge. The children were too busy placing cardboard lions and tigers in a sprawling homemade circus tent.

"You may leave now," the teacher suggested hopefully.

But no attention was paid to her. The children ignored her as she put on her coat. A few minutes later she took off her hat and observed, "I guess I might as well stay here for the night."

At three thirty she put on her hat again and said, "I'm sorry, we'll just have to leave now. I have an appointment."

A bright-eyed girl looked up in distress. "But, Miss Simmons, you're breaking your promise to us!"

"Why, what did I promise?" she asked in astonishment.

"You said you'd stay here all night, and you're not staying!"

This happened in one of those public schools in New York City that now have a new school program, a program in which the children are so absorbed that they don't want to go home—in which reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught in a new way that is meaningful and interesting; in which the child, rather than the subject, comes first. Thanks to this program, New York's school system is witnessing an educational revolution.

New York's children now keep *teacher* after school—so engrossed are they by a new system that is producing a generation of Quiz Kids

BY

ALONZO F. MYERS

Chairman, Department
of Higher Education,
New York University

As told to

BENJAMIN FINE

About six years ago New York began a school experiment known as the "activity program." It was a new concept in education. The children were to be considered as individuals rather than as numbers. Each child was to become something more than a mere automaton sitting rigidly at attention. Artificial barriers between subjects were removed.

The "activity program" replaces to a large extent traditional classroom procedure. For example, children in the third grade may decide to build a grocery store. The first step is a visit to stores in the community. The children observe the grocer at his sales, the clerks greeting customers. They then return to the schoolroom and begin the project. Some of them bring orange crates to school. Others bring nails, hammers, saws. They hold a conference. They know what it will cost to build the store and they compute the measurements called for in construction. They learn the value of points and discuss problems of rationing. Empty pantry cans and jars are brought to class. The children read the labels and advertisements. This prepares them for writing their own ads on big posters. They learn how to give proper change when a "customer" orders three cans of soup at 8½ cents a can and four cakes of soap at two for 11 cents.

In a concrete way they are learning reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Remember when you and I went to school? We marched to our seats and sat with folded hands until the teacher gave us permission to stir. Whispering was forbidden. Any one caught passing notes suffered dire penalties.

And then the teacher would announce: "At ten fifteen we will read aloud from page 47 of the Fourth

Reader." When the time came, each child would take the paragraph that fell to his lot and read as best he could. If he stumbled, the teacher might prompt him, or more likely would scold him for his lack of preparation.

All that is a thing of the past in the schools that have the activity program. There, when children arrive in class, they decide what they will do. A chairman is appointed for the day. He calls them to order. Then the program they decide on may look something like this:

9.00: Health check-up. Reports. Planning the day's work. Social studies.

10.30: Creative activities and appreciations in art, music, and literature.

11.15: Writing, number, and language drills.

1.00: Arts and crafts, construction activities, dramatic activities.

1.40: Reading and language experiences.

2.20: Individual or group needs. Diagnosis, testing, and remedial practice. For some pupils, free activities of their own choosing.

If you should enter one of these classrooms, you would see a half dozen groups of children, three or four in each group, working together. Perhaps you might find the teacher seated in the center of one group, giving necessary instruction or guidance.

In arithmetic, for example, the children are permitted to advance at their own levels as measured by achievement tests. Thus, instead of one book, there are ten or more used.

The youngsters do their work and then correct their own papers.

"How do you know whether you are right or wrong?" ten-year-old Shepherd was asked.

"The answers are in the back," he replied.

"Do you cheat?" the visitor questioned.

"No," he said; "I wouldn't learn anything if I did."

Little Viola broke in, "I never look at the answers first, because it's not playing fair."

MOREOVER, the arithmetic is important to them because they use it in their daily classroom work. Perhaps they are working on a post-office project. They want to send a parcel-post package weighing twelve pounds. It is necessary for them to multiply, to add, to figure in fractions. They learn arithmetic because it is essential for their work.

If extra drilling is needed, the teacher spends time with the class in an old-fashioned "skills and drills" hour. But with this difference: Those pupils who know their work are not subjected to the drills; they go ahead at their own gait.

Each day the children keep a diary or log. This amounts to both writing and spelling practice. They enjoy recording the things they did during the day. The teacher corrects the logs and returns them. A typical log runs like this:

"This morning when we came into the classroom instead of doing arithmetic we had a short social talking period till the bell rang. Then we planned our day's work. After doing our arithmetic, spelling and so on, our teacher told us that we might construct the desert scene and then we read about the people."

On the board was a list of ten words used in the desert project and now part of the pupil's vocabulary: nomads, Bedouins, Arabs, camels, oasis, palms, dates, turbans, dunes, desert.

Each child has a "helper"—another child who acts as tutor or coach. The one who knows her work best gets the honor of helping her slower classmates. One little girl said to her teacher, "I don't want to call Mary a helper. She only listens to me. Can't I call her a spelling pal instead?" From then on, pal she was.

Research is encouraged. The children build their own libraries and bring in books, pamphlets, papers of all kinds to add to the class collection. They are encouraged to read, to look up material they need in their projects. For example, if they work on a navigation project, they must find out all they can about boats, about distances, about historical developments in the field of navigation. In this way they get their reading, writing, geography, and history all rolled into one. And it is much more fun.

Sometimes the children tire of a project. One class had taken cotton as their special program. For weeks they talked about nothing else. Cotton balls were placed on the tables. Cotton in its various stages was around the room. Pictures of cotton plantations were hung on the walls. One morning a little girl came to class with wads of cotton sticking out of her ears.

"What's the matter?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, I've been hearing so much about cotton this term that it's coming out of my ears," she declared.

The projects bring out the best in children. In one class a pupil could not do her work. She was marked a failure and she looked the part—woebegone, discouraged, frightened. The teacher quite by accident discovered that young Marie was interested in painting. A project was started on Dutch life in Amsterdam. Marie was given the job of preparing the art. In no time at all she became enthusiastic and interested. Her crowning glory came when she gave an exhibit of her drawings and received the acclaim of her classmates.

Meanwhile, she looked through various art books. One day she said to the teacher, "Gee, I wish I could read this!" From then on it was easy. She became a quick, accurate reader, and was very happy about it all. Soon she no longer had that hangdog look. Today she is near the top in her class.

The case of Marie could be multiplied a hundredfold.

CHILDREN are encouraged to express themselves through constructive writing. They write and produce plays or musical comedies. They write poetry or prepare their own comic strips. In one school the chil-

(*Continued on page 54*)

A boy who hopes some day to be an artist can try his hand at it in the schoolroom.

TEN PER CENT OF SOMETHING

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

He was an agent with a genius for other people's business, but he talked too much once too often—a backstage comedy of life in vaudeville circles

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MULLER

I FIGURE I kept it to myself long enough. If the gang got any fun gossiping about me and Margie and Windy Johnson, that was O. K. by me. It was only when they started muttering in their beer that when times was tough I was willing to cut Windy in for 10 per cent of nothing, but when the going got good I closed the door on him—that was when I decided to let 'em in on what really happened.

You see, being a comic, I'm kind of a softy, and I stood more from Windy than anybody else would of stood. I didn't even yelp when he started making with jokes about the flat feet and defective eyesight that kept me out of the Army. I didn't crack back at him when he suddenly discovered he was an expert mechanic and would get a job in a defense plant so they wouldn't dress him up in a uniform and send him somewhere. I'd never squawked when he'd started making passes at Margie, which is something even a good agent ain't got no right to do. But when he pulled that last smart move—well, it was more than anybody could be expected to take. Me, I'm only setting it down for the record.

It all started years ago when me and Margie, under the name of Blair & Watson, was playing night clubs here and there—mostly there. This Windy Johnson, who is a long, tall, good-looking feller with a heart as big as a cherry pit and just as soft, introduced himself to me and said I needed a smart agent. How come him to be called Windy I understood right there, because he is what you call a dynamic personality, only he sometimes dynamics the wrong way, which is very embarrassing for the acts he is handling. Anyway, I let him handle us, and the first thing you know, we are playing fewer dates for smaller dough.

So all the time I am standing this, and we are making a living, but not much of a one, and my pals are saying we ain't getting the break we should on account we have got a tops comic act, and even the tough Variety reviewers, they state we have got the stuff and should be spotted prominent in a Broadway musical or radio or pictures or something. But Windy, he is content to leave well enough lay so long as he is getting his cut.

About me and Margie. This love business is a very peculiar thing when you have got it. Now, me, I know that I am not any beauty-prize winner on account I do a dead-pan act and I have a head of hair like a Zulu, but that is what makes my living for me. Only, when you try to get romantic with a pretty girl, you feel that such ain't the time to look comical. So all I did was to be in love with Margie and try to get up the nerve to ask her why we should always be paying two hotel bills when one was twice as cheap and a lot more interesting.

Well, as I say, I never did like Windy from the first, because his idea of being an agent is to keep an act in what he calls its place—which is to say that he is always low-rating them to their face so they will think they are lucky to be giving him 10 per cent. But the worst mistake I ever made with him was when I went to him for advice on love. That is the trouble with a guy when he has fell for a babe—he has got to talk it over with somebody, and the kind of a screwball I am, with 130,000,000 people in this country, I pick Windy to get advice from.

HE listens to me and says he can give me expert counsel, because, according to him, he is the Great Lover of Broadway and points west. So he says he will help me out with my love affairs, and right away he starts running around with Margie, and I do not know until later that he is telling her dirty lies about me, and also he is making suggestions that no gentleman would make, except maybe if he was sure what kind of girl he was talking to.

That is how I and him first split up, and I told him he could not agent our act no more. Of course he does handle it a little while longer, because he has got a contract which says that he is our representative until the first of the year. Fortunately, it said "for night-club engagements only."

One day the manager of the Artists' Bureau of one of the big radio chains comes to me and states that a big sponsor is interested in putting on Blair & Watson for thirteen weeks, with renewal options, and would we be willing to talk turkey. Well, when anybody says contract to me I am willing to talk to them, so I say yes. I mention this in front of Windy, and it becomes more or less fatal that I have done so.

I says, "I think they will offer me three hundred a week. And the audition is just routine on account the sponsor has caught our act a half a dozen times and thinks we are a knockout."

Windy lets out a howl you can hear way down to the Battery. "Three hundred!" he yells. "You're crazy! I can get you four hundred easy!"

Margie seems interested. She says, "Do you think you could, Windy?"

"Sure I could," boasts Windy. "And look—if I get you four hundred and you pay me forty, why, that still leaves you sixty smackers ahead of what you are counting on."

"They never mentioned no figure," I explain. "They just ast me how much I figured the act was worth."

"Then that's all they'll offer. So what I got to do is to walk right in and say you will not sign for less than four hundred and what are they going to do about it?"

"I know what they'll do," glooms Margie. "They'll say, 'Get the hell out of here.' That's what they'll do."

"Leave me try it," pleads Windy. "If I don't get you the four hundred, you can always take three."

"Yeh—but I don't want no radio manager."

"Then just cut me in for the first thirteen weeks, provided and if I get you the four hundred."

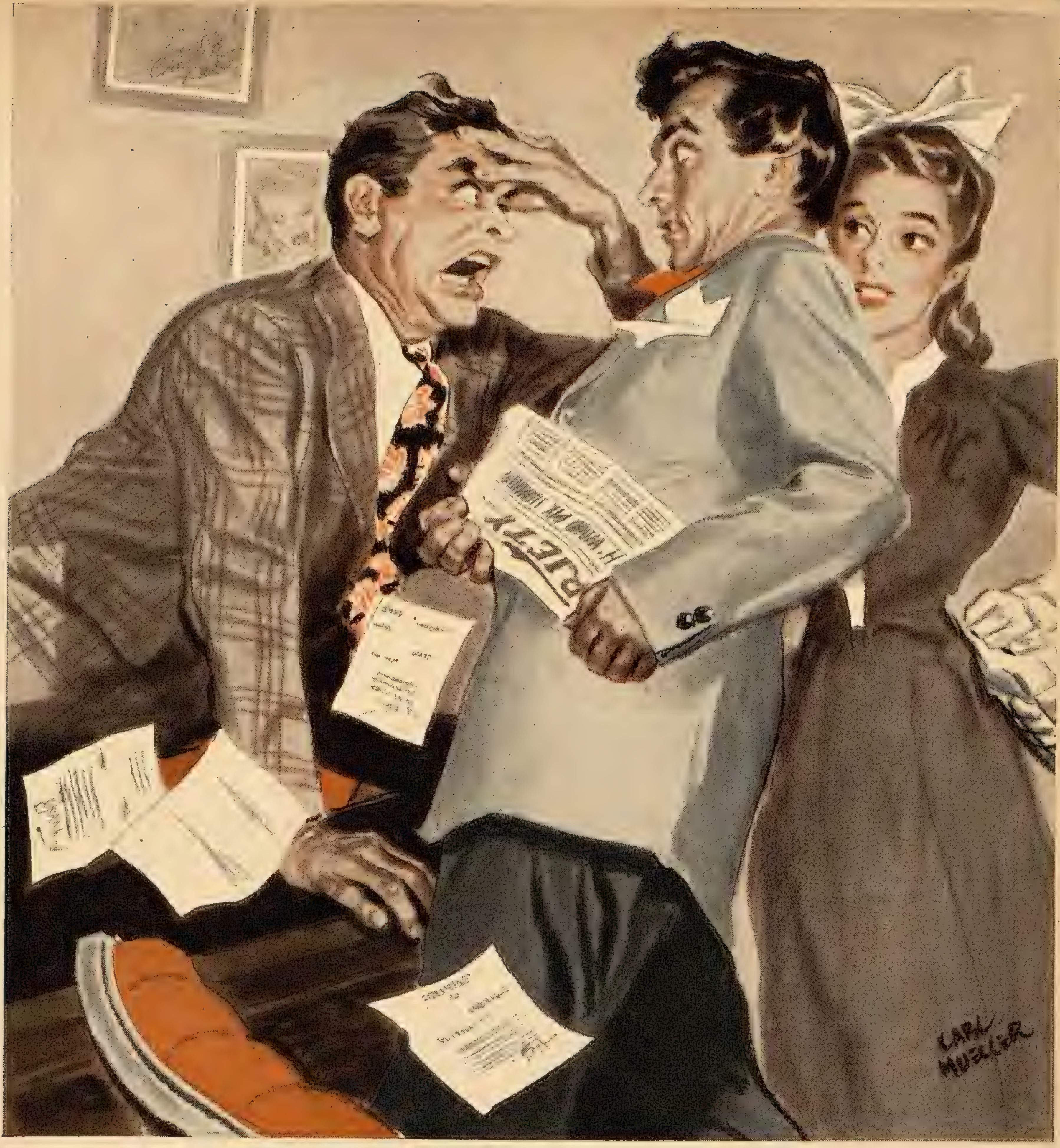
"Well, Margie and I have a conference, and it seems like it might not be so dumb, because we both admit that we ain't got good business heads and we are so anxious for the radio break that we wouldn't have the nerve to hold out.

"And anyway," I tell her, "I have got intimate ideas which, if we make good on the air, I am going to discuss with you."

WITH that she utters a very interesting remark. She says, "There certainly ain't any law which states that somebody can't ask somebody else something."

I am so happy that I am willing to let bygones be bygones, and I make the agreement with Windy as above mentioned. I do not like Windy and my chief ambition is to get him out of my hair, but I get the idea that I should prove to the smart guys that I am a forgiving person.

We give the audition, and the sponsor loves it, and they say we should come up to talk contract. Windy trails along with a carnation in his buttonhole. We are in-



"Three hundred!" he yells. "You're crazy! I can get you four hundred!"

troduced to the big shot and start talking. Or anyway, Windy starts talking.

And how he talks! He don't leave nobody else get a word in edgewise. These business guys, they look at him and then at each other, and I see they are getting peeved at Windy and I try to stop him from talking. But he keeps right on. He tells them that we will not sign for a cent under four hundred a week. He says, "I will personally yank them out of here if they are even offered less than that." He says, "There ain't no use arguing. It's four hundred or nothing. Take it or leave it."

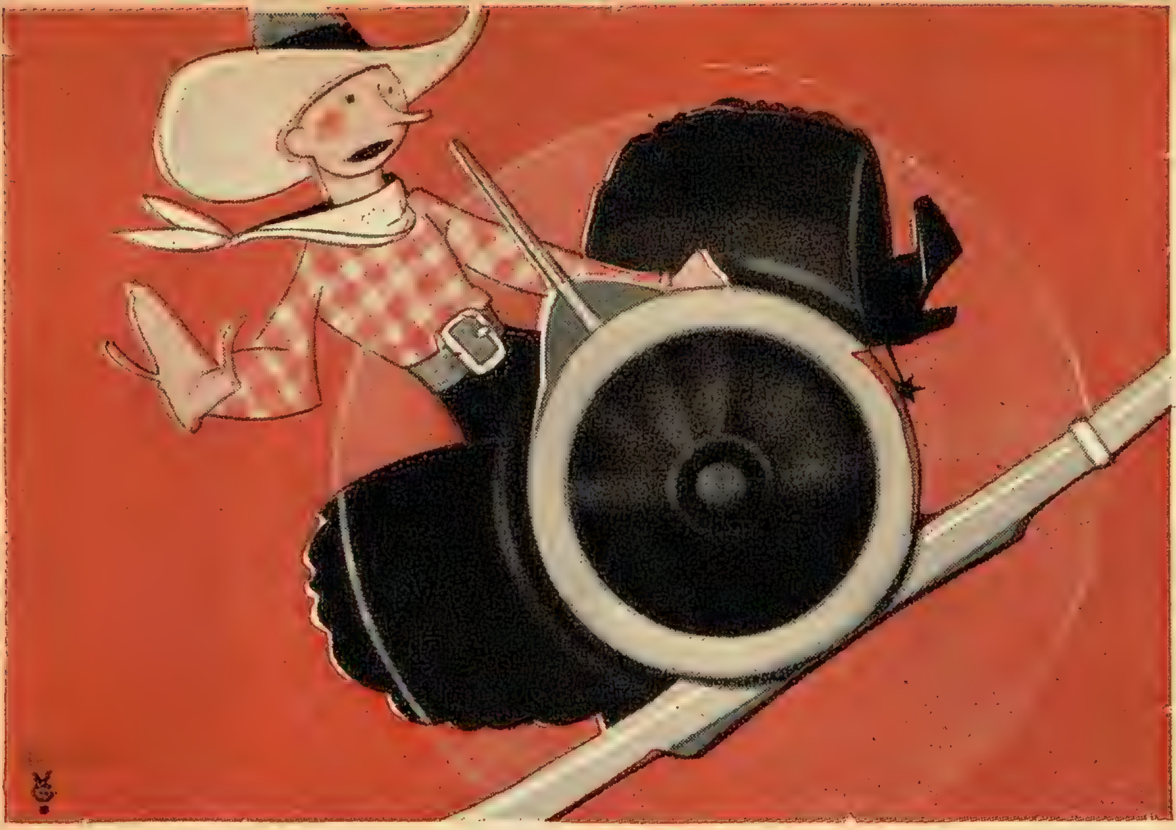
Well, the president of the agency looks kind of grim and unhappy. "We accept," he says, and then he tells his secretary to draw the contracts for us at four hundred dollars a week.

While we are waiting, Windy struts up and down telling them what a clever guy he is, and flinging triumphant glances towards me and Margie, and also other kind of glances on Margie, so that I am getting madder and madder and figuring that, no matter how much moola we get, Windy ain't worth it. Then the contracts come in and we sign them, and I don't know whether to be happy or sad. But I find out quick, because then the payoff comes.

The business mug looks at Windy. "Mister Smart Manager," he says coldly, "I've got two things to tell you. The first is that I don't like you or your methods. And the second is this: You barged in here and demanded four hundred dollars a week for your clients. Well, you got it. But perhaps it may interest you to know that we had already drawn their contracts at five hundred, and they would have had that price if you hadn't interfered."

So even Margie was satisfied when I promptly terminated our contract with Windy by giving him a punch in the nose.

THE END



I was not meant to blush and fall to pieces at the first awkward offensive maneuver made by one of those cowboys of the clouds.

ALIAS X-17

Here's where the plane tells on the men who fly and service it. The uncensored confessions of the flights and fancies of an Army trainer

BY GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

WITH CARTOONS BY VERNON GRANT

I SUPPOSE I never really had a home—just a career. I was born, to use the word in an elastic sense, in Inglewood, California, out on the edge of town among the weeds and tin cans, in 1936. The precise date of my delivery was November 9 of that year. I am what an innocent outsider might regard as the placid, unexciting drudge of the skies: a basic training airplane in the United States Army Air Forces.

But only the kind of person who saw nothing but a grease monkey in the young Henry Ford would form such a notion. In fact, to let you in on a secret, the X-17 now painted on my wings and fuselage is an alias. I'm Old 400 of Randolph Field, and I've meant more to more people than any one airplane that ever left the ground. I have never killed a soul, but I've given a lot of cadets and instructors some pretty lively moments. Of the thousands of American flyers who have been trained in me, every one has hated me. In fact, I might as well admit that what most of them said when they were assigned to me was, "*Me* fly that old ground-looping bitch? Unh *unh!*"

Anyway, during my years in the pilot-training business I've been grinding into the sky day and night, mostly in the hands of beginners. I've scared the daylights out of lots of them, tortured others, who had to fly me, with my very reputation. In a sense I've been a sort of double-tough Mr. Chips. They've loathed me, but I've seen them through their lessons. And, friend, when they learned enough to fly *me* successfully, they could take the rest in stride!

So, having had interesting relations with so many military men (many of whom were later to leave their mark on history), having fascinated all and terrified *almost* all of them, having had, withal, the most turbulent career of any airplane in the Army, I have decided to set down my autobiography. It may bore you blind. Me it captivates.

Talk About Something Ritzy

SCARLETT O'HARA dressed for a party never looked any better than I did when I first rolled out of the North American plant at Inglewood. As you know, some airplanes are very slender and sort of wasp-waisted—like, say, an Airacobra—which is all right, I suppose, but I was considerably more Mae Westy, with a nice well fed blue fuselage, plump yellow wings, and red and white stripes on my—well, ample tail. I was one of those babes designed for rough treatment at the hands of a lot of determined but clumsy aviation cadets. I was not meant to blush and fall to pieces at the first awkward offensive maneuver made by one of those cowboys of the clouds.

I had cost the Army $13,894.50.

Circling in the traffic pattern, I know what's going on on the ground.

That was without radio equipment, which amounted to $706, making my total cost run to $14,600.50. I hold 104 gallons of gas—or about five hours' supply, since I burn about twenty gallons an hour.*

My family name is BT-9, which means basic trainer of the ninth model accepted by the Army.

In one sense I'm just like you: if I'd had my way about it, I'd have been different. I'd have been an advanced trainer instead of a basic trainer!

Now right here, just when everything has got well under way, I have got to stop and go into the tiresome business of telling you what a basic training school is, because if this story is going to make any sense to you, you will have to know what part a basic school plays in the general Air Forces training picture.

Of course your natural horse sense tells you that the word basic implies elementary, which would further imply the first step in training.

And right there is where you are wrong. Primary flying schools are where the beginners go. A basic school is the equivalent of high school. Advanced flying schools are the same as college.

I DON'T know who it was that picked out the word basic for such intermediate schools as Randolph, but if he has not, since that time, switched over to the Camouflage Corps, the Army is not getting the benefit of his greatest talent. What the Air Forces is thinking about I cannot imagine—unless, just possibly, winning the war. As I was saying, if I'd been an advanced trainer I'd have been sent to Kelly Field instead of Randolph. Because when I came into the Army there were only these two training fields, and Kelly and me would have been much more *simpático*.

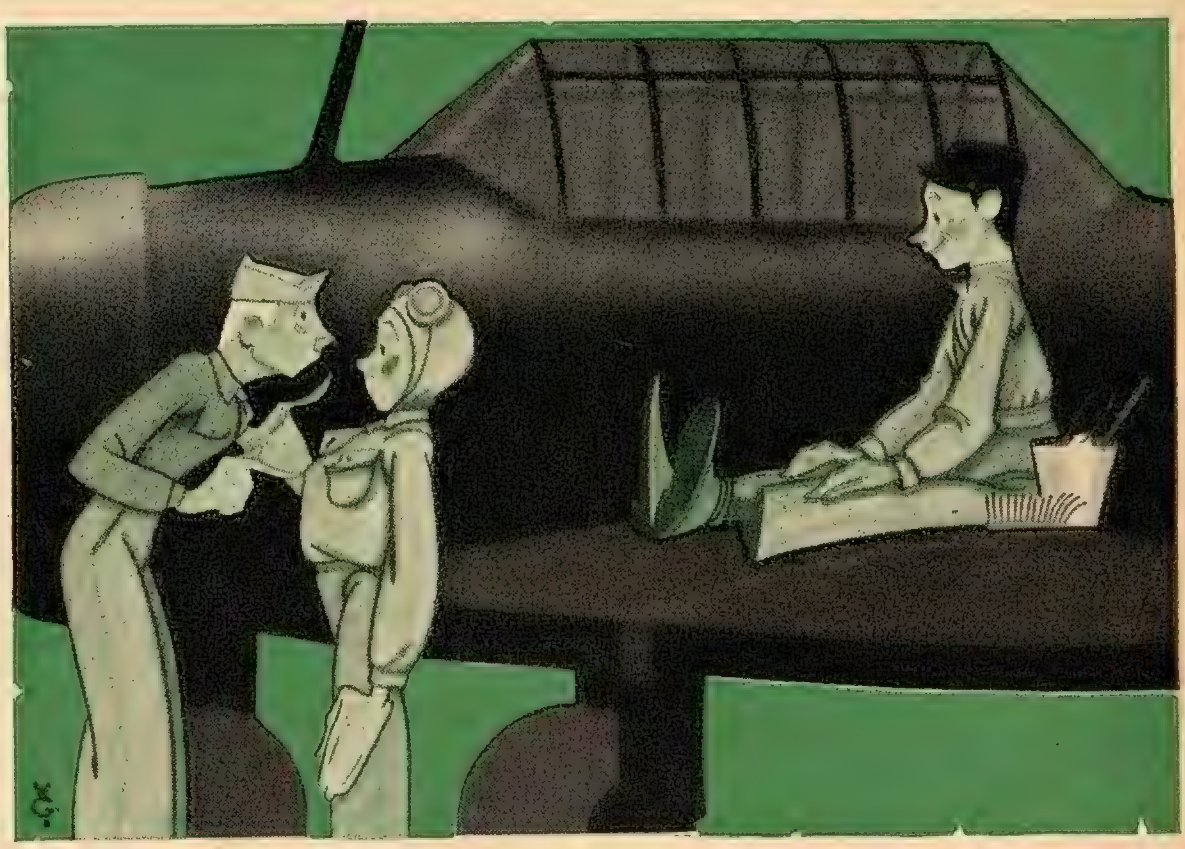
Architecturally speaking, Kelly is just a general mess: old buildings, new buildings, skyscrapers, and shacks—the kind of place an old military airplane can sort of relax in. Because the military life was never supposed to be too dainty in the first place, which is something the builders of Randolph never caught on to.

I first dropped my wheels on its level sod when Randolph was still wet behind the ears. There wasn't even a good stand of grass in front of the comfortable Spanish-style houses and barracks and hangars. There weren't many planes, there weren't many cadets.

To get into the Air Corps in those days was just about as easy as for a rich man to get through the eye of a needle. You had to be a cross between Einstein and Strongfort. The thing was, the Air Corps was broke and could take only a hundred out of every thousand applicants. Those cadets, those old-timers, looked on flying as a hell of a privilege, as a kind of exciting pioneering which they did for fun and entirely apart from what happened in international politics. All the cadets had convertible coupés and San Antonio society by the tail.

The boys flew half a day, spent the hot afternoons swimming, and the evenings courting the pretty San Antonio girls. In those days the field was known only to strangers as Randolph. To San Antonio and the cadets it was the Country Club.

It was like a high-society military academy. Oh, veddy, veddy. Spit and polish. Veddy pukka pukka. Tile bathrooms, they tell me. Tailor-made uniforms. Imagine the government furnishing those little squirts tailor-made uniforms, when they'd be too cocky in overalls! Oh, they got the best of this and the best of that till it was enough to bring tears to the eyes of those having to live around them. And the hangars—clean, expensive, uniform, tiresome. Why, when you were cranking up in the morning you practically felt like you ought to say "Excuse me" if your engine backfired.



The instructor says: "Those alleged chandelles you were doing put me very much in mind of a drunken man falling down a staircase."

My Ablutions Are Hard on Other People's Constitutions

TO me, dawn is a fine time of the day. About seven o'clock in the morning the day shift of grease monkeys comes yawning on to the job, and the flying cadets are still at breakfast or taking calisthenics or whatever they do until they come onto the hangar line. You know that everybody is still tired from the work and heat of yesterday. Too, sound carries so well in the soft dawn air that when the first mechanic climbs into your cockpit, yells "Clear!" and engages the starter, and your motor crashes into thundering life, you have a real feeling of accomplishment. You know you have waked up hundreds of people who might otherwise have got a little more sleep.

I mean, there is nothing more annoying than to have to wait around while other people are sleeping, when they might just as well be awake and doing something that might possibly amuse you.

Actually, the very first thing that happens is that all of us planes are given our pre-flight inspection. As inspections go, this one doesn't amount to much. The mechanic just checks our instruments, fuel tanks, and lubricant supply. He sees about the battery, generator, magnetos, and makes sure both rows of spark plugs are firing. Finally he checks to see that all bolts, nuts, and fittings are tight. This done, we're ready to go.

Then this grease monkey climbs in the cockpit and, feeling like the best possible combination of Doolittle, Colin Kelly, and Orville Wright, gives me a little throttle. The prop winds up enough to pull us along, and away we scoot across the ramp, zigzagging from side to side, because my big radial motor is up in front of his face and the only way the mechanic can see where he is going is to zigzag and look first down one side of the motor, then the other.

The mechanic, of course, has left the canopy pulled back so his hair will blow wildly, like that of a great aeronaut indeed, and by the time he has taxied me out on the line his only equal in the American Air Forces is General Arnold, whom just now this mechanic thinks kindly of as "ole Hap."

After I am spotted on the line, this grease monkey hangs around, rubbing me with a rag and generally handling me in a way that is pretty indecent, until some cocky little instructor waltzes out where I am parked, followed by a cadet who is

(*Continued on page 51*)

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*Isn't that awful, taxpayers? But suppose I was a Flying Fortress—or a heavy tank. Then I'd really make you squeal. War ain't only hell; it's expensive. Go buy more bonds.

ONCE UPON A WEEK-END

After all, there are people named Smith. Jane just couldn't believe it and thus she almost loved and lost

BY

ROSAMOND DU JARDIN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

SEAMAN JOHN SMITH stretched his six feet two of bone and brawn in the fine, creamy sand of the Surfside Hotel's private beach. Seaman Smith's short dark hair was crisp with moisture. Long legs and a muscular back, tanned as toast, protruded from opposite ends of his wet blue trunks. Seaman Smith had just emerged from a mid-afternoon dip in Lake Michigan. Now he was bent on drying out leisurely, the while he let his mind roam back among the pleasures and excitements that had befallen him in such goodly number during the past twenty-four hours.

Johnny Smith of Great Lakes Naval Training Station and, before that, of Frying Pan, Missouri, had stepped, since the start of his week-end leave the day before, into a bright new world. A world, incidentally, which still seemed strange.

"Never run into a set-up like this before," Johnny drawled to himself, burying his face in his crossed arms, "'cept maybe in the movies."

The pleasurable excitement that had bubbled in him like champagne ever since he'd been notified of his luck hadn't lost its kick yet. He hadn't even known, up to a few days ago, that the Surfside Hotel, in a fervor of patriotic zeal, played host each week-end to ten enlisted men who had been picked by their commanders as having merited the holiday. Even if he had known about it, Johnny would never have expected to be chosen. It only went to show you—

The last twenty-four hours had been a series of firsts for him. First stay at a swank hotel. First visit to a night club, where the music was keen and Johnny and the nine other soldiers, sailors, and marines had sat at a long table with roses blooming down the center. First time a dazzling blonde in tulle and sequins had stood with maroon-tipped fingers touching Johnny's shoulder and sung a torrid love song till he blushed. First time—and probably last, Johnny amended grimly—he'd ever had breakfast in bed.

If the folks back home knew about that! he thought, grinning a little against his bent elbow.

There was tea-dancing going on in the Sea Room right now. Johnny guessed that was where most of the fellows were—either there or in the nautical cocktail lounge. But Johnny had chosen to go for a swim, although the lake was so different from the river near Frying Pan it made him homesick.

Johnny lifted his head and looked around the half-deserted beach. Evidently Sunday afternoon wasn't the most popular time for the Surfside's guests to swim. There was a pretty girl sitting a few feet from him, staring up the beach expectantly as though she were waiting for some one. Either that, Johnny reflected, or she'd been looking idly at him and didn't want him to know it. He let his head sink down once more, shutting his eyes against his arm. But the girl's image stayed there, captured on his eyelids. Her hair was a sort of tawny brown, almost the color of his spaniel Pokey. And her eyes were the same blue-green as the water, the dark smudges of her lashes making them seem light by comparison. She'd been swimming, because her hair curled damply against her tanned shoulders and her brief green-and-white suit looked wet.

He opened his eyes once more, and as he watched her unobtrusively, she got to her feet and stood biting her lip. Then, to Johnny's complete surprise, she took a couple of steps toward him and asked, "I—wonder if you'd do me a favor?"

Johnny could only mumble, "Why—why, sure, ma'am—"

SHE sat down beside him and smiled. She said, "I'm not in the habit of speaking to strange men—but I'm so mad I'm desperate! You can help me if you will."

Johnny gulped, "Why, sure, ma'am," again.

The girl's smile had faded. She asked, "Have you ever known any one who was always late? Not just a little late—sometimes an hour?"

Johnny shook his head. "Can't say I have."

"Then you're lucky! I know a man"—the blue-green eyes grew stormy—"I'll bet I've been waiting for him half an hour right now. And this isn't the first time! Being late like that's a habit—and a person ought to be able to break a habit!"

"Sure ought," Johnny agreed. He found himself fully sharing the girl's resentment. Any guy lucky enough to have a date with such a knockout had no right to keep her waiting.

Johnny said flatly, "It'd serve him right if you up and left!" And then, at the thought of her going away, a cold wind seemed to take the edge off the sunshine. Because if she did that *he* wouldn't have a chance to be with her any longer. And even if he hadn't laid eyes on her till five minutes ago, the thought induced a sense of emptiness and loss. "I mean—that is, I don't mean *I* want you to go—" he tried to amend it hastily. But that didn't sound so well, either. So Johnny just sat there, color flooding his face.

The girl's nose wrinkled with laughter. "Never mind. I think I know what you mean."

Johnny laughed too, and the embarrassment seemed to run out of him. Usually girls got him all fussed and seemed to take a fiendish delight in keeping him that way. But this one was different. She made Johnny feel at ease. He had never felt so at ease with a girl before, and he found himself eager to prolong the unusual sensation.

"What do you want me to do?" he reminded. "You said there was some way I could help."

The girl nodded, her wide eyes thoughtful. "I think there is—if you don't mind helping me put something over."

She proceeded to explain her idea. She thought it might teach her dilatory friend a lesson if he found she had acquired another man. She had tried going off without waiting for him before, but that hadn't done much good.

"He promises to do better," she told Johnny, "but he never does. So I thought—if he found me with you—well—" It was her turn to blush now as she exclaimed, "I'll bet you think I have a lot of nerve!"

But Johnny denied this. "I think it's a swell idea." Johnny would have agreed wholeheartedly with any suggestion that gave promise of keeping her beside him for a while.

"Are you a guest there?" The girl indicated the towering hotel behind them with a motion of her head.

JOHNNY supplied details. He told her about his incredible luck in being chosen, described the new experiences that had piled up. "Before I joined the Navy," he finished, "I lived in Frying Pan, Missouri."

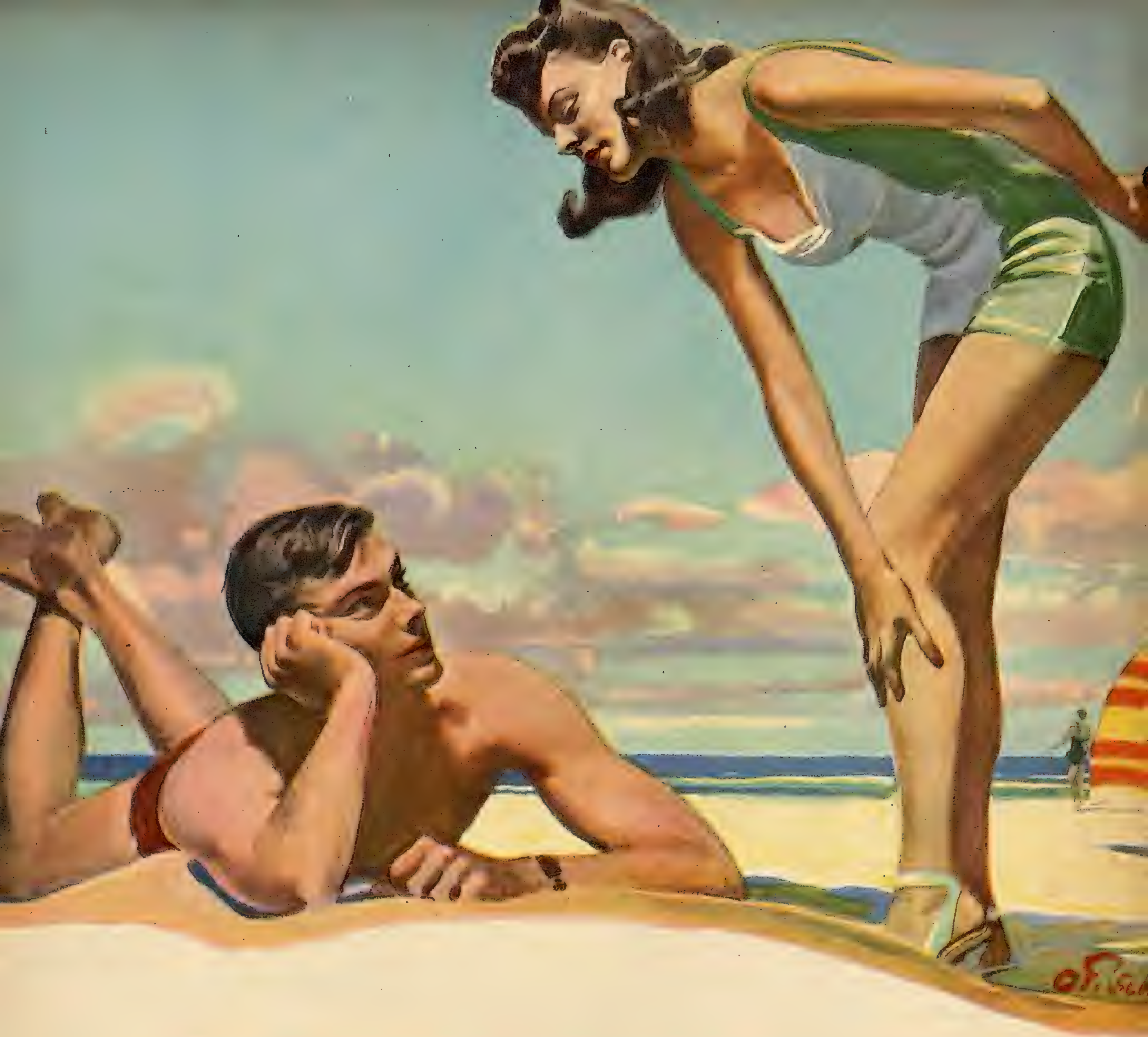
"No fooling? Is there really such a place?"

"Sure. Right nice little town, too."

"Then that accent of yours is Missouri."

"What accent?" Johnny drawled in surprise.

Laughter bubbled up in her throat. And Johnny laughed too. Never before had he met a girl who was such fun to be with, so natural, so nice. He liked everything about her—the way she talked, the way she looked at him with one eyebrow quirked higher than the other, the way she smiled. He liked her.



To Johnny's surprise, she took a couple of steps toward him and asked, "I—wonder if you'd do me a favor."

It was a warmth within him, that liking. And it spread and filled an emptiness he had been only half aware of before. Sometimes, when he'd seen other guys in his barracks looking at their girls' pictures, writing letters, he'd wondered what it would be like to have some one— But then, when the girls at the USO tried to be friendly, he'd frozen up in that crazy way of his, that way he couldn't help, shyness locking his lips, so that the girls left him after a little while for a more appreciative audience. But this girl—well, she was wonderful, Johnny thought fervently.

He asked desperately, afraid she didn't find the silence as friendly and satisfying as he did, "You a guest at the hotel?"

She shook her head, amused. "Just because I swim at their private beach?" Her blue-green eyes twinkled between charcoal lashes. "I crash it once in a while—but their rates would break me."

The shadows had begun to lengthen and Johnny had almost forgotten about the other man, the one she was waiting to put in his place, when the girl said, "I guess he isn't coming at all this time."

Johnny thought she looked disappointed. Certainly she wasn't smiling now. She said gravely, getting to her feet, "It was nice of you to try to help. Thanks—and good luck, sailor."

Johnny was on his feet now too, towering above her. She put out her hand and Johnny took it. He wished he didn't ever have to give it back. He couldn't say the words that rose to his lips—she'd think he was nuts! She took her hand away and started walking down toward the water.

"Where are you going?" Johnny wanted to know.

"I'll swim back to the public beach south of here."

Panic made Johnny bold. He gulped, "I'm due back at Great Lakes before long. But I've got to see you again—"

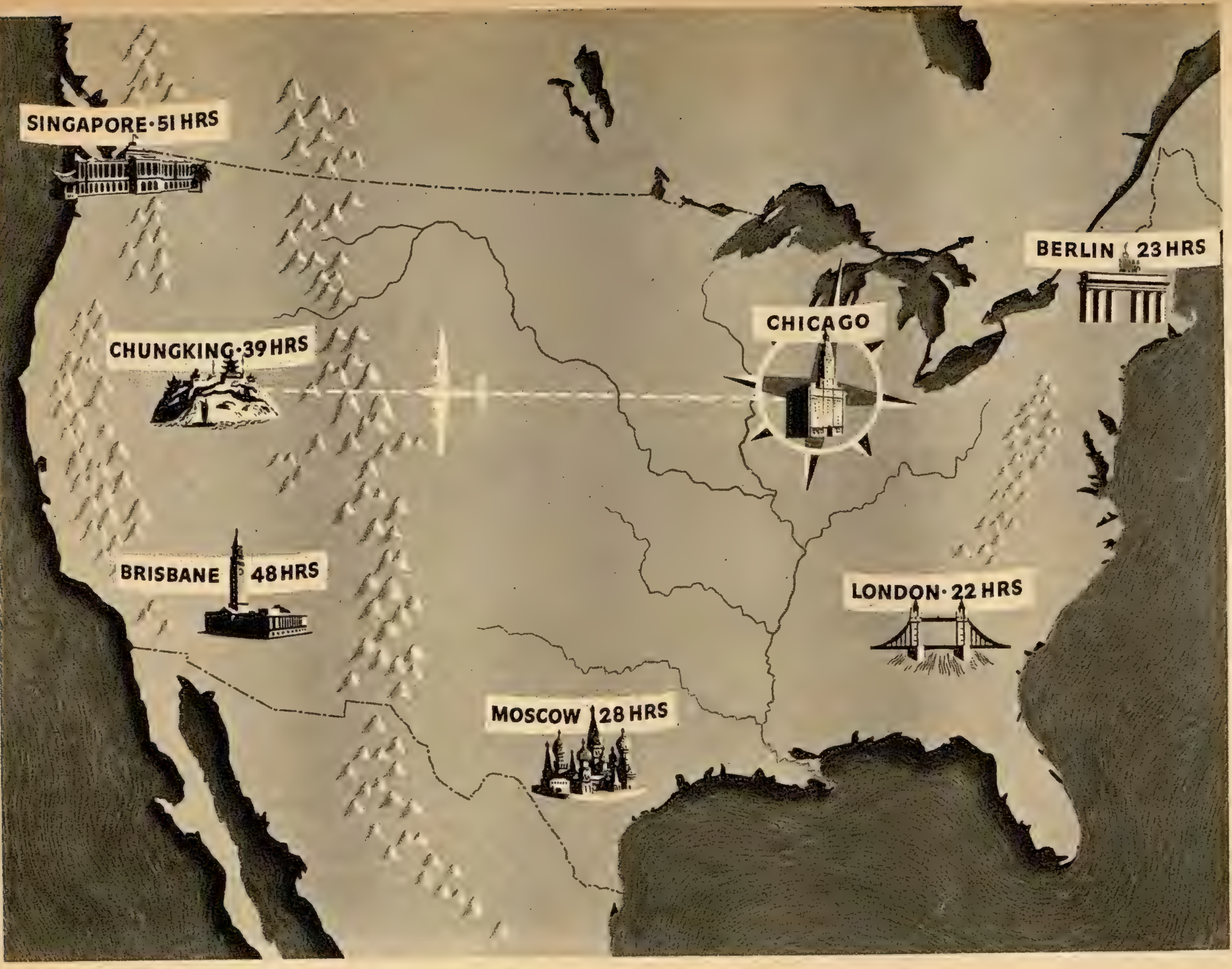
A sudden thought struck him, like the yawning sight of an abyss at his feet.

"Look—" he said. "My name's Smith—John Smith. What's yours?"

She stood there, very straight and slim, an expression Johnny couldn't fathom in her clear eyes. She smiled then, but he couldn't fathom her smile, either. He only knew something was gone from it.

She said, "What an odd coincidence! My name's Smith, too. Jane Smith."

(Continued on page 66)



What's Chungking doing in Nevada?

THIS, YOU WILL SAY, is a strange-looking map of the U.S.A.

There's Chungking, China, right where you'd expect to find Elco, Nevada.

But we put it there to remind you that you can fly from Chicago to Chungking in 39 hours' elapsed time – about the same time it takes to travel from Chicago to Elco, Nevada, by train.

And that's why we put Moscow, Russia, where San Antonio, Texas, ought to be – and Singapore up near Seattle, Washington.

The number of hours shown over each of these foreign cities represents the elapsed time by air from Chicago to that foreign city. Its location on the map shows the approximate distance you could travel in the U.S. by train in the same length of time.

Perhaps you hadn't thought of the world as being so small. But it is. Today, because of the long-range plane, *no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.*

No longer, in a world shrunk so small, can there be such a thing as a hermit nation. Not when the Atlantic can be spanned in 372 minutes, and the broad Pacific in only 35 hours.

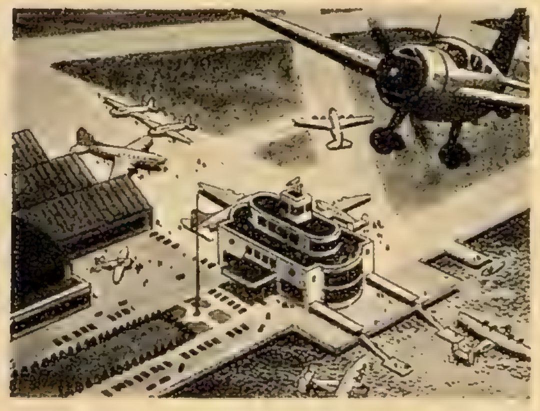
As a nation, we didn't fully understand this, at first. But when we did become aware of it, we quickly recognized the need for speeding the production of vast numbers of military aircraft, and training the personnel to fly, fight, and maintain them.

This has been done – is still being done. And mastery of the air – which was not ours to begin with – is now helping to change the once-desperate hope of ultimate victory into a certainty.

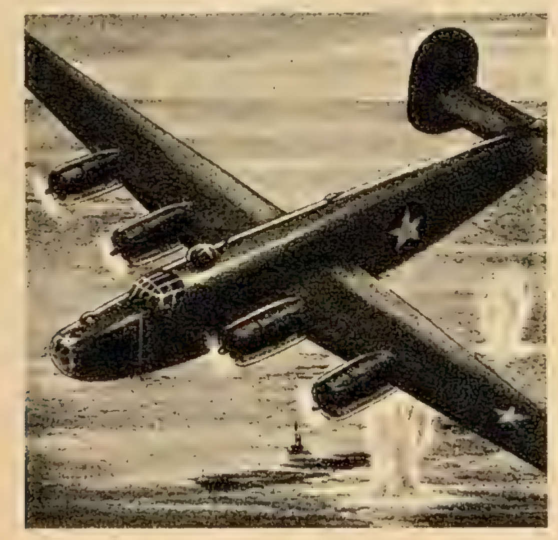
After Victory, when we set about the task of *securing* our freedom and

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

a lasting peace, the plane will take its rightful place as a tremendously *constructive* force, welding the peoples of the earth together in friendly trade and intercourse and mutual understanding.



A nation on wings — *In 1940, there were less than 100 major airports in the U.S. By the end of this year there will be at least 865, not counting military airdromes, all capable of handling even the biggest planes now flying. In addition, there will be well over 2000 smaller landing fields.*



The 4-engine, long-range Liberator bomber *carries a* heavier *bomb load* farther *and* faster *than any other U.S. bomber in action against the enemy. Those operating from U.S. and British bases on anti-submarine patrol have been nicknamed "V.L.R."* (very long range) *Liberators. Fully loaded with depth bombs, they fly 2000 miles or more, have sunk subs as far as 1000 miles out in the Atlantic. Because of their extremely long range, Liberators were chosen to carry out the devastating raid on the Ploesti oil refineries in Rumania.*

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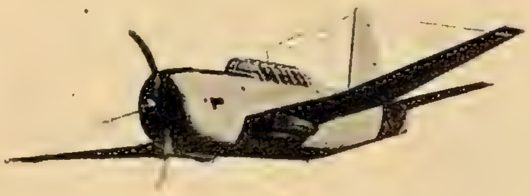
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The long-range Army Liberator bomber is now being built by Ford, Douglas, and North American, as well as by its designers, Consolidated Vultee. Sharing the blueprints of a great weapon for Victory with other manufacturers is the American way of waging a war.



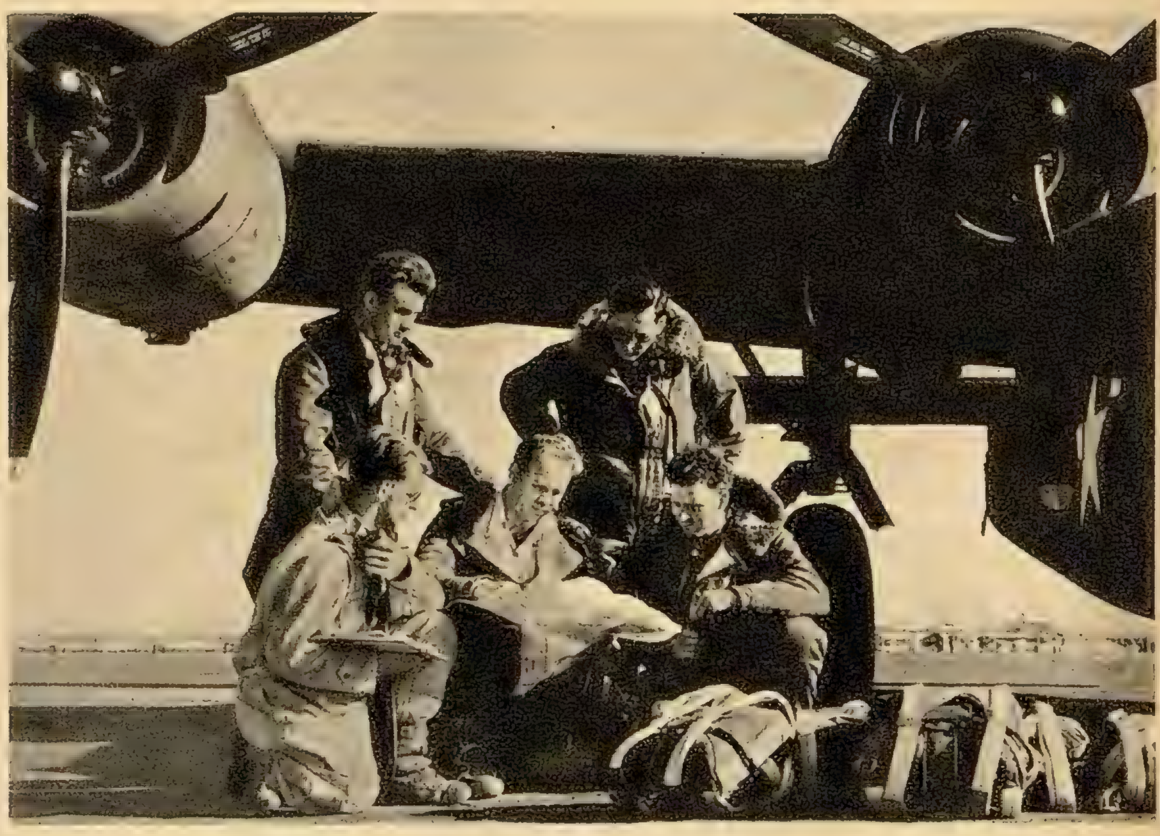
The tough, bullet-fast Vengeance dive bomber is a Consolidated Vultee combat plane. Powered by a 2000 horsepower engine, and with hydraulic dive brakes for perfect control when streaking earthward toward its target, this deadly Army plane is giving a superb account of itself on our global battlefronts.

Well over 40% of the tens of thousands of workers in the Consolidated Vultee plants are women. Many of them were teachers, housewives, salesgirls — people who never worked before in an office or plant. But now they are skilled aircraft builders, doing their part to hasten the end of the war.

• • •

More than 10,000 subcontractors and suppliers are pitching in and working 'round the clock to help us put more and more Liberator bombers into the hands of Army and Navy pilots.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.



Trans-oceanic flying transport — *Swarms of Liberator Express transport planes — workhorse version of the 4-engine, long-range Liberator bomber — are flying America's globe-girdling supply lines, carrying military equipment and personnel. "Payload" capacity: up to 10 tons. One Liberator Express operating for Consairway — Consolidated Vultee's foreign service transport line for the Air Transport Command — has already flown 31 round trips to Australia.*

FREE: Consolidated Vultee is eager to make whatever contribution it can toward a clearer understanding of today's new global geography.

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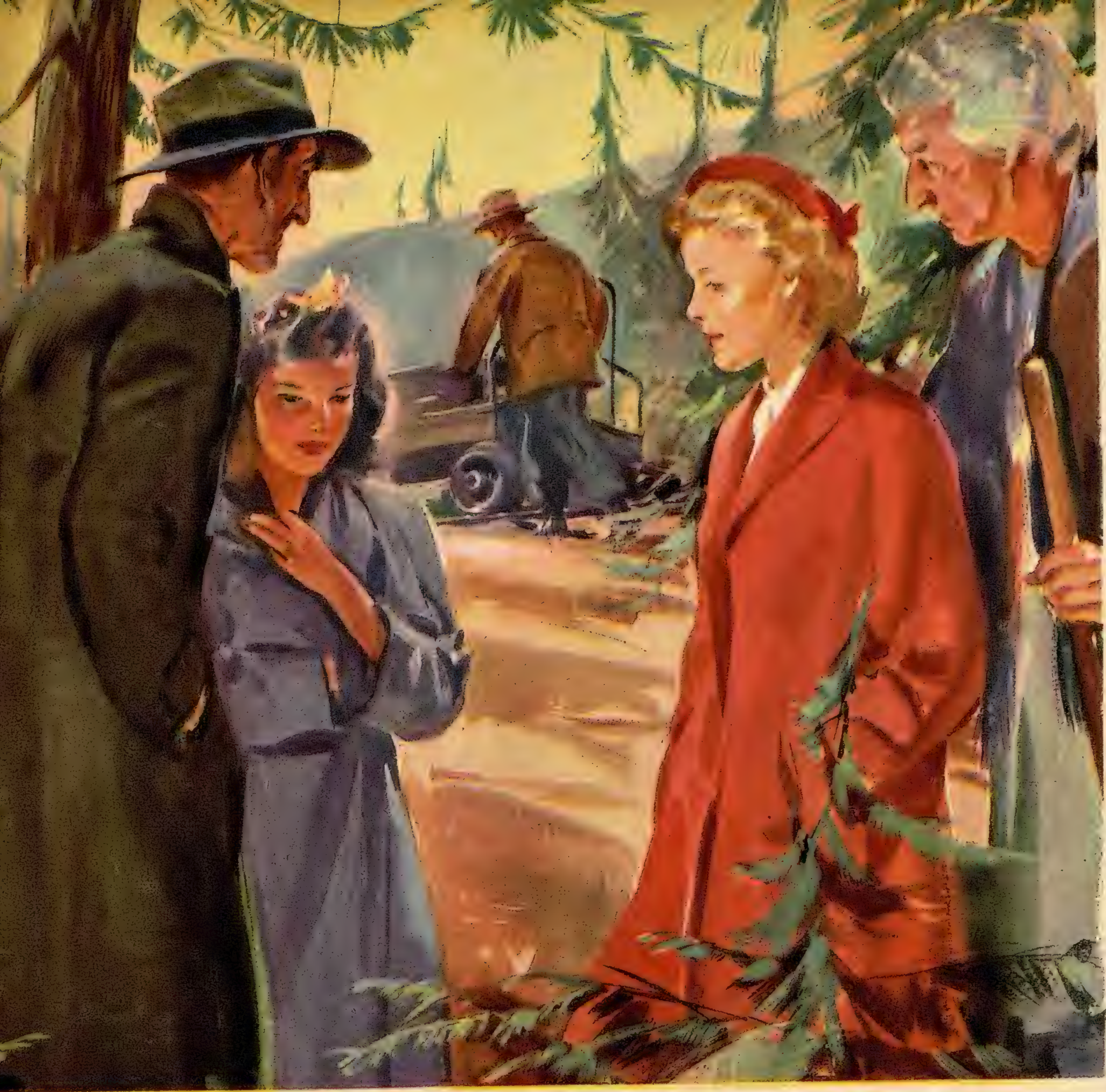


"Sure she'll stay," Jaspers said. Gale's eyes sought Lily. No answer there.

Broken River

Heedless of Gale's warning, Rack plunges ahead while his greatest enemy prepares to strike

BY

JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE contract to cut the spruce on the Bishop tract, God's Pocket, was the first good business that had come to the Broken River Logging Company in years. And now a redheaded slip of a girl was trying to take it away!

Rack Tinker, Broken River's woods boss and adopted son of the president, Big Red Tinker, took the girl, Sara Bishop, to the camp to meet Big Red, his wife Addie, and the men who had stood by the outfit during lean times. He hoped to convince her that they could do the job. Their equipment was old, but the men were good loggers and the company had a railroad to carry the spruce to the mill. But Sara was not impressed.

"The bank says you are not financially able to log God's Pocket," she said, "and I fully agree with them."

"You're forgetting the contract," said Rack. Clyde Prio, a Westburyport lawyer, had drawn up the contract which Sara's widowed mother had signed, and had himself put up the earnest money for the deal.

"Your Mr. Prio made the contract iron-clad, up to a point," Sara told Rack. "You have a right to try to log the spruce. I can't stop you. But there's a stumpage payment of ten thousand dollars due six weeks from today. If it isn't made on time, the contract breaks itself."

What Sara wanted was to turn the contract over to Sam Horton, who would then rent Broken River's railroad to get the spruce to the Horton mill. Rack disliked Sam, and refused to consider the proposition.

"We'll see you in six weeks," he said, sounding more confident than he felt.

Rack had something else on his mind besides the logging contract. A lanky man, Will Jaspers, had appeared out of nowhere to blackmail him for something that had happened in his past, something the district attorney would be glad to know about. Rack refused to pay.

"I got to have dough," said Jaspers. "If I'm workin' here an' eatin' regular I won't be walkin' past the courthouse all the time. That ought to be worth somethin' to you."

So Rack gave him a job, then turned his attention once more to the problem of logging the Bishop spruce.

Rack liked Old Jim Horton, Sam's father, as much as he disliked Sam. With Gale Nordlund, Clyde Prio's attractive secretary, he went to see Old Jim about making a deal to have the Horton mill cut the lumber.

"I turned the mill over to Sam," the old man said. "Talk to him."

Rack knew then what he was up against. The mill was a whip in Sam's hand to smash Broken River. There was a driving violence in Sam Horton, as there had been in his brothers, Cecil and Jed. Somehow Sam had learned part of the truth about that mess of Rack's that lay in the past. And now he wanted vengeance.

GALE and Rack went down the driveway and turned, to reach the black macadam road. Gale's eyes went to Rack's face questioningly now and then. It was some time before she spoke.

"Is it so bad?" she asked.

Rack's smile was slow. "It could be worse."

"Not from your expression," Gale said.

She waited, walking quietly at his side. After some moments it became apparent that Rack was going to tell her nothing.

She said, "I'll find out from Clyde."

"Find out what?"

She made a face. "All right. Go stupid on me."

"But there's nothing to tell."

Gale lifted her hands in disgust. "Nothing to tell! Oh, keep your damn secrets. Who cares?"

Rack grinned. "You do. You're nosey."

"Go to the devil!" she snapped.

And after that she walked fast, her mouth hard and furious. Rack had always been like this—damn him! He lived beside a stone wall. When he was on your side he was grand—always ready to help you when the going was tough, to lend a shoulder to weep on. But try to help him. Ask him something about himself and you found the wall between you. He'd grin at you from the other side—still a nice guy but out of reach.

Gale wasn't sure when she'd bumped the wall the first time, or when, for that matter, it had stopped hurting her head and began hurting her heart. It might have started with that first quarrel. He'd taken her to a basketball game, but only as far as the door. "Sorry," he'd said, "but we're not going in."

It seemed he'd lost his money. Well, she had money; she'd lend him some. No, he didn't borrow money from any one. She could go in alone. She'd refused to do that; he'd take her in or he'd take her home. So he had taken her home, a four-mile walk that brought her to her father's porch angry enough to scream.

"But why?" she'd asked. "Why wouldn't you take my money?"

"I've a reason," he said.

The reason, Gale had finally decided, was somehow tied to a yesterday. It was then she'd learned there were two halves to Rack. He'd share today with you, but yesterdays were inviolably his own. And you can't do with half a man. You can't have a husband who spends half his time on the other side of a wall. Gale wanted all of Rack so badly it hurt.

And she'd tried. There'd been hunting trips—Clyde Prio and Big Red in the background—long, crisp nights with the smell of spruce, a slice of yellow moon, and all the allure a woman could muster. But she'd never been closer to him than in his arms. Not in years of trying . . . trying everything.

Rack, striding easily at her side, grinned down at her. "Well," he said, "got it figured out yet?"

SHE gave him a black look. Then, as they turned onto the street of Westburyport, she reached for a casual note: "A man came to the office looking for you yesterday. He said he was a friend of yours."

"Jaspers?" Rack asked.

"That's the one. Some friend!"

Rack smiled. "Don't be so critical of the less fortunate. He's a mechanic—wanted a job. Big Red put him to work on the cats."

"Red had better lock the cats at night."

"Why?"

"A year ago Clyde was investigating prison conditions. We went through a lot of jails, saw a lot of jailbirds."

"And you saw Jaspers?"

"No. But hundreds like him. They look at you the way Jaspers does; they talk the way he does."

"You've read too many mystery novels," Rack said.

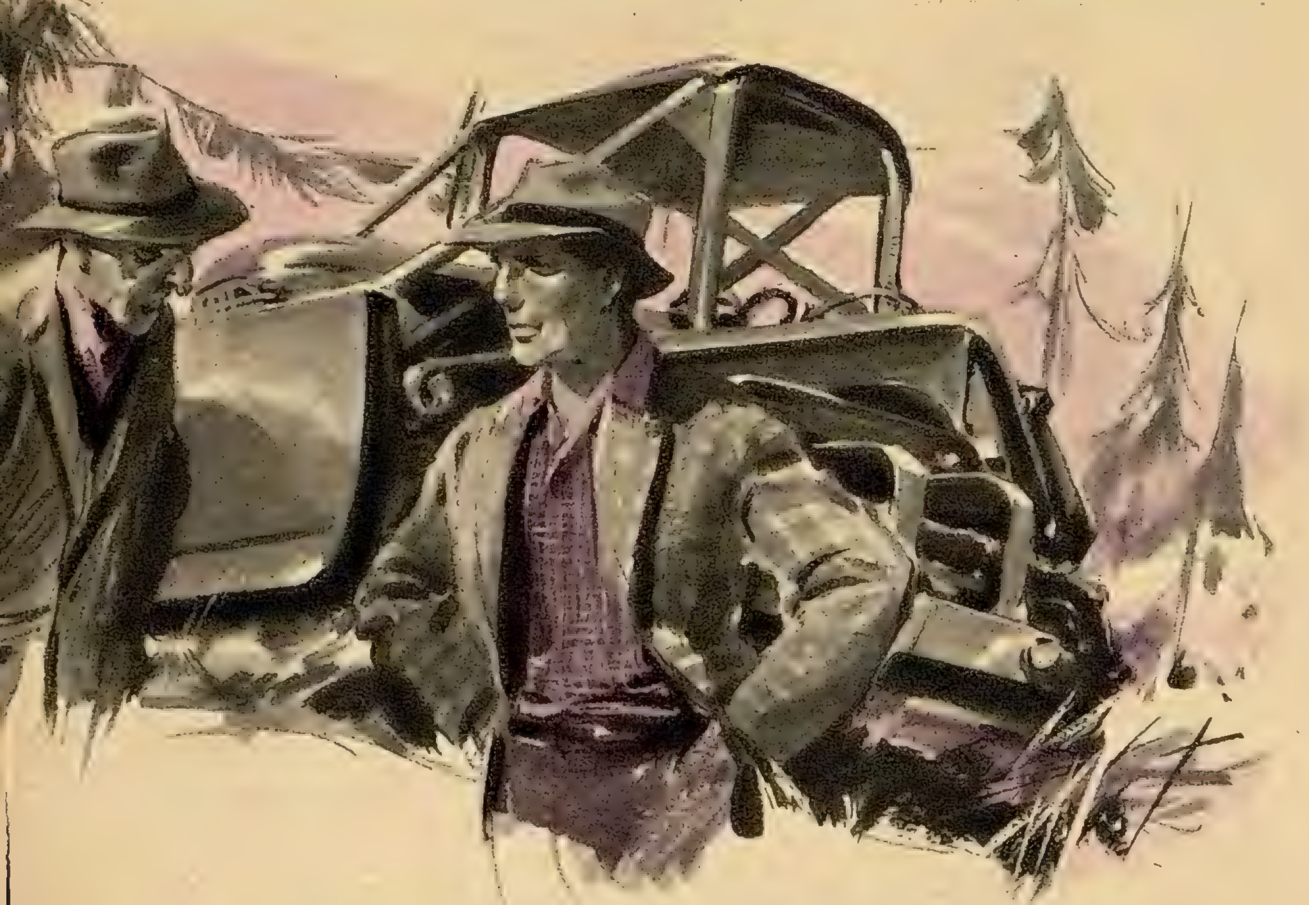
Gale's eyes became tired. "Maybe. But I always guess the answer." She thought a moment. "Sometimes it's not fun. Sometimes, when I get the answer, it spoils the story."

"Then why get nosey?"

"Because if it's there I want to know it. Now. Today. It hurts less that way."

They'd reached the bank. He stopped. She looked up at him half-expectantly. A smile was in his eyes, but beyond that—nothing. He was behind the wall again, out of reach. She bit her lips. "'By now," she said, and left him there.

Rack turned into the bank. Women, he thought. Women and their intuition. Bless their hearts and



Rack looked at Jaspers with some doubt. "Can you run a cat?"

damn their hides. Gale had seen Jaspers just once. And she had known him for what he was. She'd seen a threat in the man—felt it, perhaps—a threat to her, to her happiness, to one of her people. But a man! A man believed nothing until he saw it proved, and sometimes not then. Rack suddenly felt cheated. A woman's intuition . . . that was a short cut. It hurried the end, and unfairly. But Gale would keep on; he was sure of that. Sure, too, that she would be the first to know. Crossing the bank floor to the manager's desk, Rack thought again: Bless her heart. He left out the "damn her hide," because he knew Gale Nordlund's motives were unselfish. You can't damn some one who's honestly trying to help.

Jeffrey Richardson looked more like a well-to-do farmer than a bank manager. He had sandy hair, blue eyes that were shrewdly narrow behind steel-rimmed glasses. He came to the counter and smiled at Rack.

"Let's have it," he said. "I'm all set."

Rack Tinker said, "The news gets around."

"More than you know." Richardson grinned. "You might say the argument we usually have is over and done. I threw you out once. Then I went out, dusted you off, and brought you back in."

Rack rubbed his face. "Give me that again."

"I got two phone calls," Richardson explained. "One from Sam Horton. No money for Tinker, he said. Not a dime. So I threw you out." The blue eyes twinkled.

"Then what?" Rack asked.

"Then I got a call from Jim Horton. 'Give him what he wants—up to five thousand.'" Richardson spread white hands on the counter. "River Mill's our biggest account. Jim Horton's our biggest stockholder. Besides that, he is Old Jim. How much do you want?"

Rack shook his head. "The world's full of stinkers," he said, "and fine people. I'll take the five thousand."

THE people of Broken River held a meeting that night. It was decided they would log the myrtle. Not that there'd been a question about it; this made it official. Addie Tinker, as custodian of the myrtle, insisted that a contract be drawn. She wanted the first five thousand profit to be banked as a backlog.

Rack said, "I think we can plan to use a week, maybe two, getting that myrtle out."

"It's jumpin' up an' down," Stump said. "We oughta be at that spruce. That stumpage payment's gonna two-block us, sure as shootin'."

"We'd hang up on Harshberger's payment first," Rack told him. "It seems like wasted time, but I can't beat it. Can any of you?"

No one had a better idea.

Roughhouse said, "But I gotta have fallers. Me 'n' Angel can't cut that myrtle in two weeks."

Rack said, "I found four in town. They'll be here in the morning." He gave them a detailed account of his day's work then. "Old Jim's with us," he finished. "But Sam's got a knife at our backs."

"What can Sam do?" Stump asked.

Quietly Rack said, "I'm not sure."

Big Red looked up. "You do anything about a jammer?"

Rack said, "No, Red."

"But, dammit—"

Addie cut in sharply, "We can't afford it!"

Big Red came to his feet, his florid face working. "Can't afford it! With a contract like this? Hell and damnation! I'd get a jammer, or I'd quit!"

Stump bounced up. "You'd damn well quit, then! We need cats, double drums, main line, riggin'. Them jammers're no good anyway!"

White Hope reached out, spun the explosive Stump around. "A jammer's a good rig!" he said. "Shut up!"

Roughhouse yelled, "What's good about 'em?"

Angel Murphy climbed on a chair. "They load logs on railroad cars, you imbecile!" He shook his fist.

They were all shaking their fists then, all yelling. The fists were getting close to people's chins, dangerously close, when Addie adjourned the meeting with her broom. Nobody could swear like that in her house.

"My stars and buckets, no!"

THEY moved into the myrtle early the next morning. It was clearly a show for a double-drum cat. Every one agreed to that, save Swede Berg. He'd punched steam donkeys in the woods for thirty years, and to him a cat was "a tin can full of firecrackers!" He ran the loader. Stump and White Hope rigged a spar tree, under Big Red's watchful eye. Roughhouse and Angel Murphy took the new men out and began falling. Which left only Jaspers.

Rack looked at Jaspers with some doubt. The man wore his overcoat—he always wore it, the tails flapping around his thin shanks. The soiled scarf was knotted at his throat. He looked like anything but a logger. There was no ability for hard work in him, certainly no desire.

Rack said, "Can you run a cat?"

"Why not?" Jaspers said. "I fix 'em, don't I?"

"There's a difference," Rack told him. "Try building a skid road," he pointed out the route, "across that side hill, up the draw, then up to the flat." Rack turned. "Can you do it?"

"Yeah," Jaspers said. "Watch."

He went to work. Rack watched him slice into the hillside with the bulldozer. Whatever else you said about the man, he did have a knack with things mechanical.

RACK went back to camp, to his desk and hours of figuring. Equipment costs, log prices, labor. He was still at his desk in late afternoon, his hair rumpled and his face grim, when Gale Nordlund came to camp. "To look after Clyde's interests," she told Rack; "to see what's buzzin'."

Rack gave her a wry grin.

"That's my head buzzin', cousin." He showed her his figures. "Say we get four hundred thousand feet of that spruce this month. Eleven thousand dollars. We get five for the myrtle, five from the bank. That's twenty-one thousand. We pay Nick ten, the pay roll may be eight, the stumpage ten. That's twenty-eight thousand." He gestured. "Lend me eight thousand bucks."

Gale said, I wouldn't lend you a short beer." She put the paper on the desk and moved restlessly to the window. The low sun struck gold from her thick braids, brought shadows to her cheeks. "You and Clyde!" she said disgustedly. "You both belong in an institution!"

Rack said, "We're headed for one fast."

Gale nodded. "The poorhouse—but it's not funny."

"Suppose you let me worry about it."

"I've got an interest in this, too," she told him. "If you break Clyde, I'll be slinging hash again."

"If *I* break Clyde—" Rack pushed to his feet. "Let's bum Addie for a bite to eat while you're still in one piece."

They went to the Tinker cabin and found it empty. Rack said, "She couldn't be far away. Sit down awhile." They talked of small things for half an hour. When Addie still hadn't returned, Gale said, "I don't need any lunch, Rack."

"Coffee, anyway," Rack insisted.

He took her into the kitchen. There he shook life into the fire, put a kettle to boil.

They had coffee. Over her cup, Gale said, "Have you talked to Sam Horton about prices?"

Rack's sober eyes avoided her. "Not yet."

"You've been putting it off. . . . Rack"—Gale's voice was soft—

(*Continued on page 62*)

Coming Next Week!

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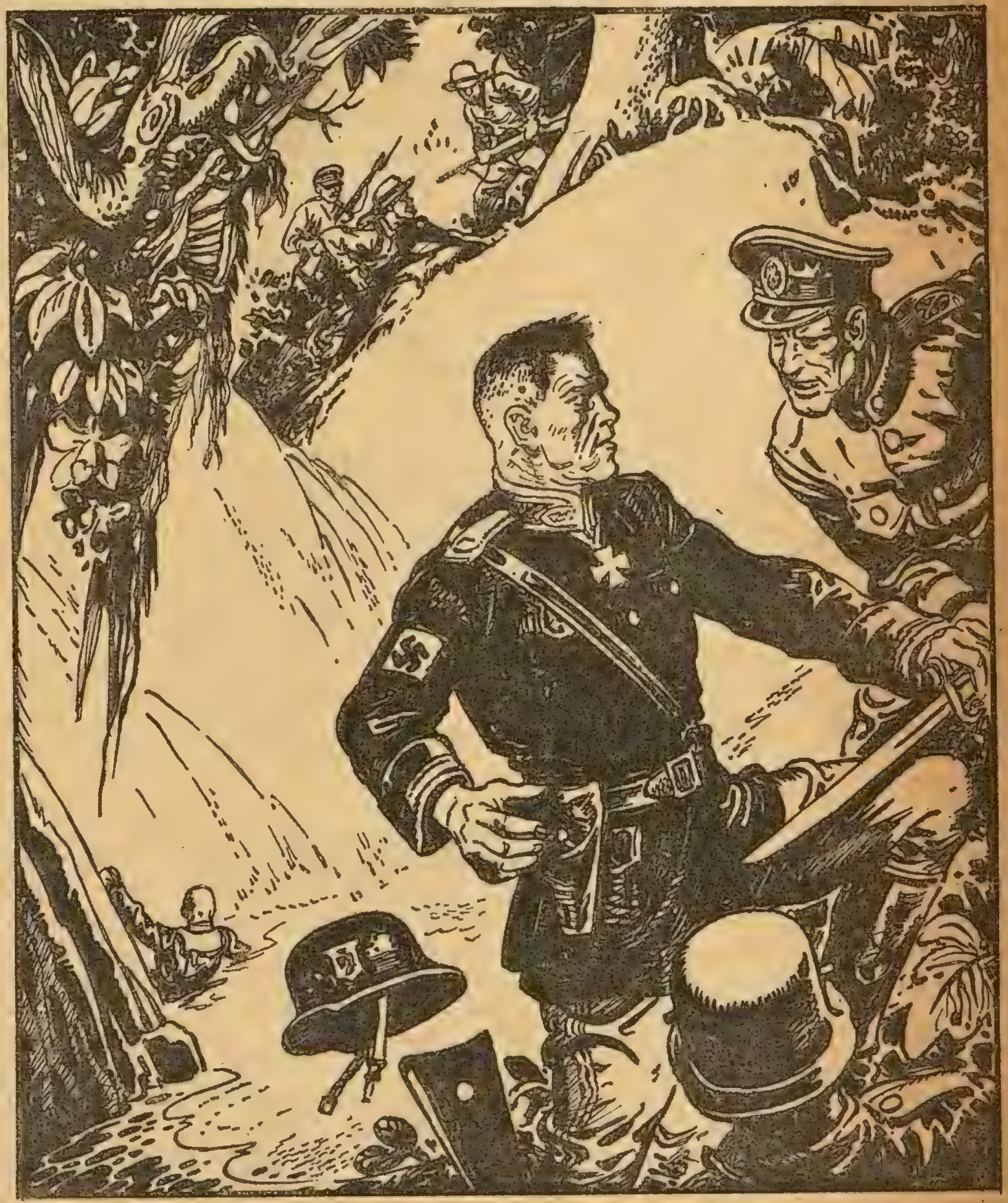

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN RICHARD
FLANAGAN

GRANT HAMMOND pushed through the dense crowd of flower-decked Peruvians gathered in a wide meadow at the foot of the Andes to celebrate the famous religious festival of Amancaes.

"She's just about the loveliest creature I've ever seen!" he exclaimed to himself.

The next moment he came face to face with the girl of whom he was thinking. She still wore the bright red dress in which she had danced. Grant stopped short, staring at her in open admiration. Her creamy complexion showed her to be of European origin, but her silky chestnut hair was combed tight to her head in the severe Indian fashion, making an oval frame for a face both intelligent and languorous.

With a proud tilt of her head she passed on, but Grant caught her secret pleased smile. He looked after her. She also was looking around, and her black eyes met his blue ones warmly. Her smile seemed to say, "Very well then, you like me. What are you going to do about it?"

His answer, to himself, was not wholly happy: "Absolutely nothing, lovely siren. I'm a married man and, what is more, I'm busy. I've got to get over a stiff political hurdle—to persuade that arrogant, thin-lipped President of your country to help push my plan for developing the Amazon basin. And you would turn any man's head forever, and no halfway nonsense."

The fact that President Montes had invited him to attend the festival had made him hope that Montes might be on the verge of agreeing to join the other nations of his continent in Grant's project.

Montes, too, had been caught by the beauty of the girl in red. He had summoned her to talk to him after the dance. But his face, when she left abruptly, wore a stifled, angry expression; and to a conventional remark which Grant had then offered he made no reply. Piqued, Grant had started to leave. Then Montes said shortly,

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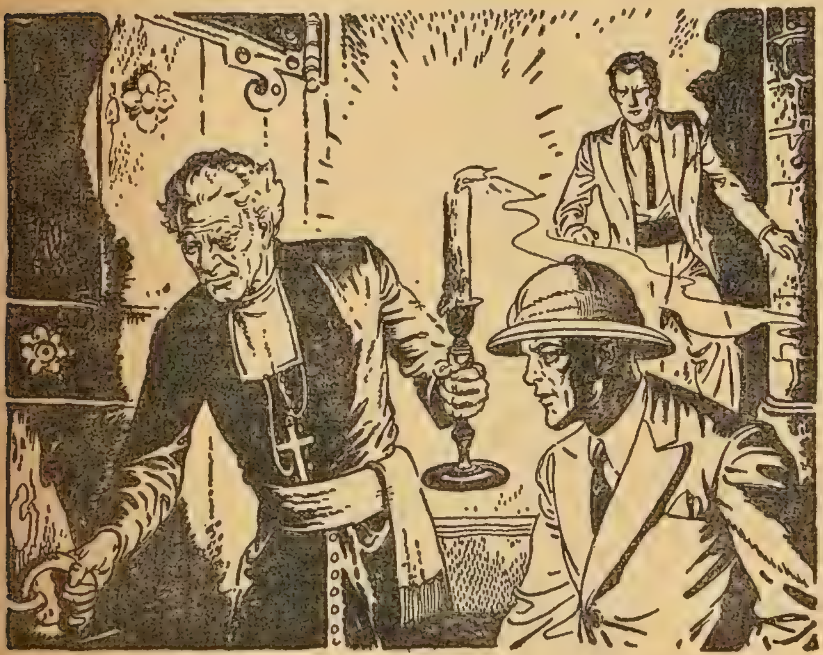
"Come to my office the day after tomorrow at eleven."

Now, as Grant turned away from the girl's alert, haunting face, a man in the crowd volunteered her name: Gabriela Hurtado de la Hoz. "The sister," he said, "of the popular leader Victor Hurtado de la Hoz. 'The Reaper,' he is called. The President hates him like poison. Fears him as well."

Later that afternoon Grant understood why. He heard the Reaper make a speech from the tonneau of an auto.

"The day of the people is at hand," he cried. "Diplomats wrecked the world with their absurd compromise peace of 1944. Six years have gone by, and that truce has been torn to shreds. Now all Americans must march shoulder to shoulder with the United States in the cause of human liberation. Every Peruvian must be allowed to take part in the struggle. Every Peruvian has something at stake—not merely the present ruler and his clique, who have seized power without regard to democratic processes."

Montes, as his hearers knew, had continued in office by refusing to call an election during "the Emergency." Until today the Reaper had not come right out into the open with a bold challenge to Montes. Listening, Grant wondered: was he just a rabble rouser? He had certainly a powerful mind and personality.



After the speech, Grant looked up his chauffeur and started back to Lima. As they pushed slowly through the crowd, a bareheaded man darted suddenly out of its midst, mounted police pursuing him. Instinctively Grant opened the car door and the fleeing man jumped inside. It was the Reaper. The car shot ahead down the long straight avenue. Shots rang out. The fugitive peered through the rear glass and laughed, then settled himself, hands lightly on his knees.

"And to whom," he said to Grant, "am I indebted for the saving of my life?"

"My name is Grant Hammond, at your service."

The Reaper's keen eyes settled on Grant thoughtfully. "I know all about you, Mr. Hammond. We must have a long, long talk about it. Ultimately you would have to see me anyway. But we still have a slight personal worry. At the bridges into Lima the police will be waiting. Of course, if you are afraid"—he looked at Grant mockingly—"I can leave your car at once."

"For me to go safely on alone," Grant said quietly, "would now be an anticlimax to an adventure well started."

The chauffeur had pricked up his ears. Grant lowered his voice.

"Speak up," said the Reaper. "Your driver is one of our men. He has already given me the sign. Hermano," he sang out, "are you afraid of the police at the bridges?"

"Afraid?" The chauffeur spat. "For you and the cause I will do anything."

The Reaper laughed. 'You see, Mr. Grant!"

"Why did you risk speaking today?" asked Grant.

"A good chance. The Church would frown on any violence at Amancaes, and Montes is a dutiful son of the Church. Besides, my people are chafing for action. I cannot let their enthusiasm wane."

"Apparently General Montes thought the Church would not be too provoked if he were to apprehend you, even with violence."

"Arrest me? My friend, the orders were definitely to kill me." The Reaper laughed heartily. "But bullets first seek out the cowardly ones, not the brave."

All the way to Lima the Reaper sat talking as though danger were a thousand miles away. Finally they could distinguish the bridge across the Rímac, and a quarter of a mile farther on he told the chauffeur to stop.

"I shall step out here," he said to Grant. "If you wish to accompany me? If not—"

"We have already decided that," said Grant.

The car rolled away. The Reaper drew a deep breath. "The nights of Lima—like a caress! Nowhere else are they quite the same."

He walked ahead confidently, parallel to the river until they descended a path eaten into the rock. Before long the towers of one of the multitude of churches in the poor wards beneath the bridges loomed up.

"Over there once swung the famous Bridge of San Luis Rey. And here is San Vicente de Paul el Viejo," explained the Reaper. He led the way through the church portals.

An elderly little priest came to them. "It is you, my son. I have been worried. Did you have trouble?"

"Everything is all right, except I don't dare go over the bridge."

"You should get back to Lima quickly. They smell something hereabouts." He glanced at Grant doubtfully.

"Padre Hilario, this is Señor Hammond, a very important Americano. The word of an American is golden. He will reveal nothing, padrecito," the Reaper said.

The priest led the way through a long passage lined with time-darkened colonial pictures. His robes swished and the heavy keys at his girdle clanked. Descending a short flight of stone steps, he stooped down, and his gnarled, trembling fingers unlocked the iron reja of a small chapel of the Virgin of the Olives. After bending his knee and crossing himself, he slid back a panel, disclosing a small barred gate. Steps led down into blackness. With the priest's blessing, the two men started down, under the river. Ceiling water dripped on them almost like rain. At last the passage spiraled up, and finally they emerged into the open air.

The Reaper looked at his wrist watch. "There is no hurry. My car will not be ready for me for an hour yet."

He led the way along dirty streets, saying, "One day we shall clean all this up and no man shall live in squalor."

THEY entered a dim little tavern and sat there talking eagerly. "The Americas cannot be successfully defended until the Amazon is opened up and utilized by the people of all the Americas," Grant said. "As long as the very heart of the southern continent remains a wilderness, Brazil, in spite of her millions of people—"

"Fifty-four million by the 1948 census," said the Reaper.

"Yet, in spite of her millions, Brazil will remain an empty shell. With the Amazon developed, the Americas become an economic unit against which no outside power can successfully commit aggression. So it has to be a continental project," Grant argued.

"But to make all countries pull together? So long as we have types like Montes in Peru, you will fail."

"Even selfish men of power are sometimes willing to write a bigger page," Grant insisted.

When the hour had passed, Grant followed the Reaper to a corner of the main thoroughfare where a blue Cadillac waited. They started off swiftly. At intersections the traffic police saluted respectfully, and the Reaper glanced at Grant with a triumphant smile.

"I could throw out Montes tomorrow," he said confidently. "But we can't afford disorder at a time like this."

They swung down the narrow main street, where the shops now were open, since it was long after seven o'clock.

"I saw your sister today at Amancaes," Grant remarked. "She's a lovely creature."

"Beautiful in *every* way," said the Reaper softly. "Gabriela is a jewel—"

"General Montes called her up to the platform after the dance."

"It is the custom for the President to honor the best performers."

"He seemed more than ordinarily interested in her."

The Reaper's face darkened. "That would not be wise on his part. But she can take care of herself. Of all my five brothers and sisters, Gabriela is a free modern soul, strong in her sweetness."

"Dine with me," suggested Grant, when the car stopped to let him out at the Hotel Bolivar.

"It would not be a good idea for either of us. But please know I am grateful to you. Except for you, I might be lying riddled with bullets. When the time comes I shall know how to repay you."

"I would do the same again," Grant said.

"Tomorrow a personal representative of mine will call on you. I can be helpful to you in many ways, here and everywhere else on the continent. After you have had your talk with Montes, we must discuss how we can best aid each other. When do you leave for Chile?"

"At the end of the week, by plane." They shook hands and Grant went in.

The desk clerk handed him an air-mail letter from his wife. Bluebelle was postponing her departure from Mobile until the following month. He had just flown across the continent to meet her, and now she let him down without warning. But Bluebelle, he thought sourly, is not one to think too much of the convenience of anybody but herself.

As his eyes lifted from the letter, he noticed a very elegant woman seated in the lobby. Her long slim legs were crossed. Flippantly smoking a gold-tipped cigarette, she stared back at him insolently. She belongs to the demimonde, he thought, but is certainly stunning.

As the elevator took him up, the boy said, "The young lady in the lobby likes you. Say the word, and I'll send her to your room."

"Who is she?"

Nervously the boy polished his hand on his blue sleeve. "I—I wouldn't dare tell you, sir."

GRANT went on to his room, bathed quickly, and changed. When he went downstairs, she was still there. Just streamlined sin, he thought. Those diamond rings? Probably fake. Resolutely ignoring her, he went on into the dining room for a late supper.

Presently she came in and, with a languid insolent movement, deliberately brushed his elbow. Mockingly she paused to beg his pardon. Pretty crude, he thought. Haughtily she took a place at a table directly across from his own. There was nothing crude about her get-up or her looks. Her challenge, the steely luster of her large black eyes, the whiteness of her shoulders—these were more than he was prepared to face.

Hastily he ordered his meal, asked for an afternoon paper, and kept his eyes on it. There was an alarming report of a big Jap fleet concentration in the South Pacific. British forces were being driven far down the Nile; seemed done for. All pretty gloomy.

Like a magnet, the woman's black sparkling eyes again pulled his glance to hers. Desperately he thought of Bluebelle: pretty, lively, and trite; jaunty but provincial, though she claimed to come from a most aristocratic Georgia family. She had none of the rapier quality of the woman in front of him.

Bluebelle's severest reproach to Grant invariably was, "No Southern gentleman would act that way." For her, all Southern males were "gentlemen." She was usually unhappy and helpless when away from Mobile, and she hated Latin America and all its people, whom she placed in a twilight zone between "niggers" and poor white trash. Yet most of the upper-class inhabitants of the countries below the Rio Grande had a far more legitimate aristocratic heritage of race and tradition than had Bluebelle's own family, which had been founded by an ignorant indented Irishman who had slugged his way up to broad acres and lace ruffles.

As Grant began his dessert, the beauty at the next table passed his chair. A little note dropped and she moved on out to the lobby.

"Meet me in my car at the southeast corner of the block. I have very important information for you," Grant read. Well, then, he must go.

When he stood beside the smart olive-gray roadster, she ordered him imperiously to get in and, almost in silence, drove swiftly out of the city to a lonesome part of a beach in one of the suburbs.

"I'm Marcela Coronado," she said when she had stopped the motor. "Daughter of the Minister of Education and"—her lips curled—"General Montes' little protégée; or, as you would say, his mistress."

"He has excellent taste. I congratulate and envy him."

"The beast!" she said savagely. "I hate him."

"He was not to be spurned, I suppose," said Grant dryly.

Her whole body quivered. "When Montes seized power, my father refused to collaborate with him and was thrown into jail. I found the only way to save him; not only that, to hoist him into the cabinet post he had refused to accept. One thing General Montes can respect is a shrewd bargainer." She paused, then resumed angrily: "Today I learned how at Amancaes he shamed me by picking a girl out of the crowd."

"DO you know who the girl is?" Grant put in. "She is the sister of the Reaper. And I feel sure General Montes is wasting his time."

"Then it is he whom the people will now laugh at," she said, laughing delightedly.

"You had important news for me?" Grant suggested.

"Yes, bad news. General Montes will not assist with your plans. He will make halfway promises, keep you dangling. Instead of co-operating with Brazil, he plans to revive an ancient boundary dispute. Peruvian troops will unexpectedly attack a Brazilian border garrison; then Montes will announce that the treacherous Brazilians murdered the pacific forces of a brotherly neighbor. If he can substitute patriotism for home discontent, the people will rally to him again, and the Reaper can even be seized and shot."

"What would you advise me to do?" asked Grant.

"See the Reaper. Do whatever he says without hesitation. He has influence outside of Peru. Perhaps you need Montes, but in the long run you will need the Reaper more. And get word of Montes' designs to your ambassador. Pressure from Washington can do a lot."

"Our ambassador must already know what is brewing."

"Ambassador Walter Hopkins is a fine man. He was in Spain, and he likes Latin Americans. But, for all his years of service, he has disdained to learn Spanish. Such little things offend us. Other nations, particularly those who are our enemies, never make such a mistake. It prevents your ambassador from getting wind of things promptly. I assure you, he is unaware of Montes' plans."

"And what else can I do?"

"Warn Montes himself that trouble is coming from outside the continent, and coming soon and swiftly and terribly. Tell him your project offers him a better chance for true glory."

"Why do you interest yourself in all this?" Grant asked bluntly.

"I'm sick about this stupid Brazilian business," she replied. "I knew why you were here in Lima, that you are to see Montes day after tomorrow," she added defiantly. "I gave the elevator boy a pound bill, with instructions that when I lifted my eyebrows to him he was to tell the particular man in the elevator that I would go up to his room."

"Would you have come?"

"That's my business. The Hotel Bolivar is full of spies. Within one hour General Montes would have known all about what I did. I wanted to shame him."

"Wouldn't that have dire consequences?"

"For you, certainly. I can still handle him when I choose." Her hand fell lightly on his knee. "Don't think me too evil. I'm a very lonely person. Everything I am, all that I have done, all that I can ever do, depends wholly on myself and no one else. Can you appreciate all that?" Her tone was really miserable.

"I think I do, Marcela."

"It is nice you call me Marcela. Today the whole realization of the sad fix I am in came over me. I want affection, love, security, the things all women want, I suppose, and which I have no way of obtaining, never can obtain now. I was willing to throw myself over the edge. Then, when you came along, I could see that you were good, not too impetuous. I will admit it gave me a certain pleasure that you are handsome."

She relaxed with a sigh against his shoulder. "Put your arm around me," she commanded. She caught his hand as it came around her shoulder, kissed it, then pressed it tightly to her bosom.

"You are trembling," she said. "Ah, then you are not made of ice or steel or wood or something." Whirling to him, she pressed her mouth against his. . . .

The memory of her kiss and her loveliness and the pulsing night by the sea stayed vivid during the busy days that followed for Grant before he left for Chile. He became convinced of her wisdom, for he found it true that the American ambassador knew nothing. He would not even credit Grant's news of Montes' designs against Brazil. But the Reaper, whom Grant got in touch with, was greatly disturbed about it.

Grant's Amazon plan, the Reaper now declared, would serve to counteract Montes' intentions. The Reaper would have his clans publicize the undertaking everywhere, particularly through their secret publications in Peru. Perhaps they could sweep up such a tide of public enthusiasm for co-operation with Brazil that Montes might hesitate.

As Marcela had warned Grant, General Montes gave him only half promises; and failure with Montes was serious, for much of the upper Amazon basin was within the territory of Peru, whose full co-operation was thus essential.

The night before he left Lima, Grant spent some time with Marcela. She clung to him fiercely; and she promised to keep him closely informed of developments, and encouraged him not to despair. Bluebelle had always thought his projects slightly ridiculous and quite beyond his powers. He would be better off, she once told him, if he settled down in comfortable Mobile as a business man.

GRANT set off with a congenial companion, Vincent Gainesville, a young American diplomat who was transferring from the Lima embassy to the one in Rio de Janeiro. Vincent believed in Grant's Amazon idea and was working for it. Their first stop was Valparaiso. They walked up to a terrace above the harbor and stood looking at an American cruiser at anchor there. Suddenly a broad smudge showed on the horizon. Presently a number of vessels could be distinguished. As the first of them neared the harbor, flags were flung out.

"Japs!" exclaimed the two Americans. Hardly had they spoken than the American cruiser started toward the harbor entrance. Apparently only then did it become aware of the flotilla.

"Look! The daring idiot. He's charging right in!" cried Vincent.

Soon the racing cruiser swung alongside the first merchantman and the guns roared out. Jap war vessels were dashing up. Airplane after airplane shot off a carrier and whirled in a great sweeping arc, then leveled forward in stepladder formation. The American cruiser, antiaircraft guns blazing, plowed straight ahead.

A thrill ran through Grant, a lump came into his throat, his eyes filled, as the cruiser finally went under, her guns still speaking.

"There's a big enough American squadron off the Peruvian coast to handle this mob," cried Grant, and they raced to the cable office.

From there they hurried over to see the Reaper's representative in Chile, a man named De Oca. He was a Peruvian exile, a slim studious man with stubby hair. He was famed throughout the continent as a literary critic, but, like most Latin Americans, had his finger in the political pie as well.

"This is the beginning," De Oca declared. "The officials of the country are already wining and dining the Japs. Since Chile is neutral, it is only protocol, but to do that supinely when Jap forces have protective custody of Chilean islands off the coast is shameful. But, ever since this and the other war started, Chile has been deathly afraid of her long unprotected coast line. She has declared the United States a nonbelligerent. In an hour like this they should fly right in."

And they did. Next morning the Japanese flotilla, having unloaded cargo but not been able to take on any, steamed out of the harbor; and before noon American bombers came sweeping over Valparaiso, overhauled and partly destroyed the convoy.

Grant and Vincent pulled up stakes that afternoon, and next day landed by plane in La Paz, Bolivia. There newsboys were shouting: "Extra! All about the Yankee-Jap battle. Other startling news—war in Brazil!"

The Americans headed for the office of the Minister of War, General Rodriguez. He had been the first to take up Grant's Amazon plan. He was a burly Indian with a strong face and laughter in his black eyes. He greeted them warmly. Grant reported no luck in Peru but progress elsewhere. He gave Rodriguez the details.

"You must go back to Peru," Rodriguez said. "Get strong under-personalities on your side. Sooner or later Montes has to accept your idea. I'll see if I can give him a push."

HEARTENED, Grant and Vincent started on the last lap of their journey, and landed safely at the Santos-Dumont Airport in Rio.

Grant found an air letter from Bluebelle. She was now leaving Mobile in three weeks, sailing from New Orleans to Havana, and there picking up a Chilean boat bound for Callao, Peru, where she expected him to meet her.

He cursed under his breath. He would have to go back to Peru soon, but hardly that soon. Then he thought of Marcela and wanted to go right back. But if Bluebelle were there, he couldn't see Marcela. A mess!

He and Vincent went at once to Ambassador Robert Grayson, who of all the diplomatic representatives, next to Treadwell in Chile, had been the most eager to give a helping hand to Grant's project. Grayson listened to their story of the Japanese attack, then frowned.

"Since you left here, there have been signs of a master scheme of the Axis. Despite censorship, a rash broke out in all the papers here that trouble was brewing with Peru. Foreign Minister Gonzalo assures me that relations with General Montes are excellent. We traced the reports back to LALD, a secret group. That bunch must be subsidized."

The LALD was the name of the Reaper's party. For a moment Grant wondered if he had let his dislike of Montes color his judgment. Had Marcela duped him? No, surely not. "The Laldistas are our best friends," he assured Grayson.

In the days remaining before he would have to leave to meet Bluebelle, Grant worked on his project. He had Brazilian approval of all his blueprints, and General Agusto Astuzo would be in direct charge of the work, with plenary powers. He would be the Goethals of the Amazon. In a few months Grant hoped to have an international bank founded to finance the great undertaking.

A scented note came from Marcela, signed merely "M." After Montes' secret plot against Brazil had been exposed he had drawn back and was veering around to Grant's plan, at least to the extent of chipping in on the bank, but was still chary about giving powers to any development commission in the Peruvian sector of the Amazon. Some special bait, Marcela hinted, would have to be held out for him. Her letter ended: "You must come—and soon."

The glow of memory so stirred Grant he was glad to allay his restlessness by constant activity. But his affairs hit more and more snags. The Japanese convoy stunt had struck fear into the whole continent. Why had the Americans been asleep? Why didn't they have an aircraft carrier on the scene to give the Japs a trouncing? Alarming again was the revolt in the south. The Germans and Italians were now flying in planes, supplies, pilots. Day by day the outlook grew more serious.

Ambassador Grayson was moving heaven and earth to get the Brazilian government to allow American forces to come in. But the officials insisted it was a domestic problem they could handle. "Don't take our help officially if you don't wish to," argued Grayson. "But take American volunteers, take help in any form you want, but don't play with fire."

Grant got another cable from Bluebelle. She had embarked for Callao. He was to meet her there—only four thousand miles off. He raged, but with the present deadlock in Rio perhaps he could save time by tending to matters elsewhere, particularly in Peru. Another letter from Marcela told him the moment was now ripe to tackle Montes again. And a postscript: "Not all your reward will be success with Montes."

Her words were like a beckoning flame. If he were to repulse Marcela, that might be terribly serious for his plans, might even destroy a good part of his life work. His whole plan now seemed to hinge on her assistance. And she was constantly in his mind as he set off the next day for the plane that was to take him across the Brazilian jungle to Manaos, his next port of call.

The plane was an old crate. There had been few replacements since the previous war, around 1940, and here it was 1951. This trip proved to be the old crate's last one. First there was engine trouble, and then a crash. The pilot and the co-pilot were burned with the plane. Four of the five passengers were unhurt, but Grant's leg was broken. What irony! Here he lay helpless in the heart of the jungle he was hoping to tame. They were almost exactly midway between the tip of the Brazilian bulge and the bulge of Peru and Ecuador in the west. For a thousand miles around were jungles, waterways, the lonely scattered settlements of lonely men on far rivers. This was truly the heartland of the Americas, and man's hand had not altered it.

Downstream a little way was Santarem, where Grant planned to set a healthful, air-cooled city, the center of Region I of his blueprint plans; and with that city would come roads, new airplane lines, railroads, machinery for wholly new processing factories—the whole a going concern almost from the first break of the sod. For almost the first time on any large scale, science would link hands with colonization and settlement.

Grant had not particularly liked the tall, handsome, boastful fellow traveler who had introduced himself as Baron Szvigurt De Braga. The man's talk revealed him as an unscrupulous adventurer, and his manner toward two young Brazilian girls, sisters, who were aboard added the fact that making a conquest of every woman he met was a point of pride and a fixed habit with him. But now the baron took efficient command of the situation. He set Grant's leg so skillfully that the break in time healed perfectly. The two girls looked after the invalid constantly. Completely fascinated by the baron, they fought each other for his favors. The fifth passenger, an elderly Brazilian, was always helpful, too. He was polite but aloof and given to silent meditation. It was he, though, who brought about their rescue after many hopeless days.

ONE morning he declared in an oracular tone, "Today, early, there will be a boat down the river. If we go down there, it will take us on. But we all have to be on the spot in readiness."

"Have you a wireless station up your sleeve?" asked De Braga.

The old man said haughtily, "I have cast the horoscope—three times now it has come out the same. We must leave at once—all of us." He was unshakable, and in the end they had to do what the crazy fellow wanted. They got Grant onto the stretcher. The girls' discarded clothes served as shoulder pads for the poles. With some grunting and ingenuity, the old man and De Braga lifted him up. The girls went ahead to pull branches aside. The way was not long, but it was difficult, and the men were panting when they laid Grant on the river bank and took up their vigil.

While the sun was still hot and high, a motorboat with a large covered barge in tow came in sight. Frantically they called, and the boat sharply changed course and headed toward shore. A single figure sat at the steering wheel—a ruddy, heavy-set Irishman in a plaid shirt and nautical cap, and smoking a pipe. Warily he peered at them as he maneuvered in.

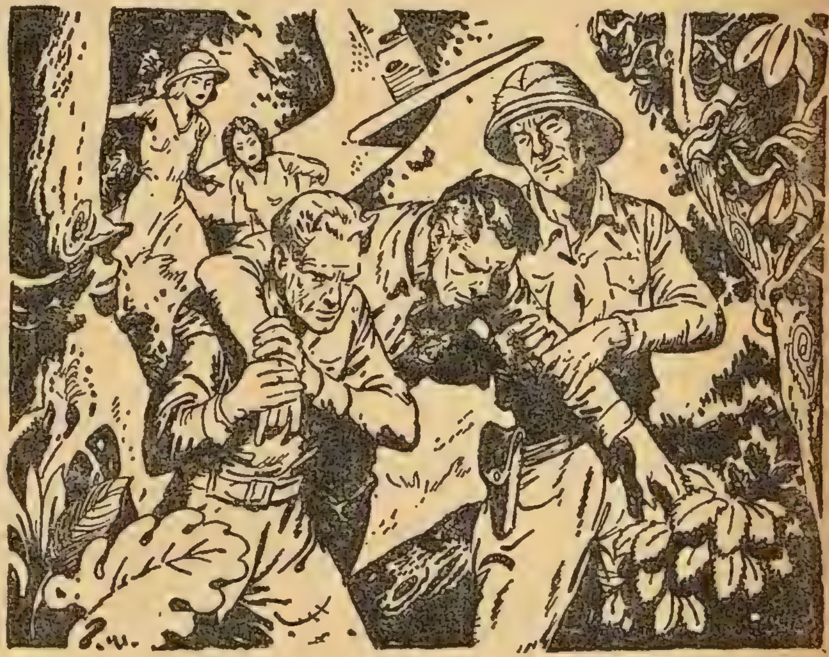
Explanations were made. When the Irishman learned the names of the girls, he exclaimed, "Not Melinda and Marta Muniz from Manaos? It's many a deal I've had with your father. And where are you folk bound for?"

"To Manaos," said Grant.

"Me too, and you're all more than welcome so long as the gas and grub hold out."

He delivered them safely; and Grant lay in the Grande Hotel, cursing his busted leg, dispatching what business he could, catching up on all Washington reports, and fuming. Through the local American consul, he finally learned that Bluebelle's boat had arrived, that she had disembarked, but had vanished. Most likely she had gone back to the States. He cabled Marcela, signing "Gringo." Censorship might dump it on General Montes' desk. She replied in English: *Overjoyed your resurrection come soon my darling.*

The baron called often. He was now living out at the Muniz plantation, and each time he came he brought lavish presents from Marta and Melinda.



"Both still gladly eat out of my hand," he assured Grant.

"How long are you going to stay around here?"

"Goodness knows. It is lush for the moment. The father evidently thinks he has me in the bag, a magnificent catch, and has hinted that it would be highly profitable for me to marry Melinda—naturally, the older girl has to be married off first. He has placed a car at my disposal. I have the free use of his many river launches. He even has a small plane in which I fly him here to town and to several upriver plantations. Were I not already married, I might succumb," De Braga confided.

On August 6—fatal day of 1950—the news swept around the world that air- and sea-borne invasion troops had struck at both coasts of South America—Nazis and Fascists from the east, Japs from the west. A Brazilian quisling was not lacking. The federal military commandant of São Paulo, the rich coffee state, had declared himself President de facto of the country, and that richest part of the land fell to the southern revolters without a skirmish. Grant, who knew the Brazilian army personnel fairly well, thought over the men who would be loyal and fight to the death. His friend General Astuzo was true and clean, also young and energetic, but not very popular among the more opportunistic army clique. In a time like this he would leap into importance and be a tower of strength. And on the west coast? Peru and Montes' forces provided the one barrier—and not the best—against any too rapid march of the Japs northward. There was Rodriguez in Bolivia. He could be counted on to the last ditch, and his forces would be on the Japs' flanks all the time.

What would the Reaper do? Surely now was the time for his LALD everywhere to rise up and demand that the invaders be expelled and to help expel them. But no news came through. And no word from that cat-and-mouse country, Argentina. An afternoon paper carried news that little Uruguay, in spite of the menace so close to her borders, had mobilized every available man and would never cease fighting till the whole continent was liberated. Tuning in on his radio, Grant heard soon after that Paraguay and Bolivia had taken their stand. Ecuador soon followed.

The following morning a heavy knock came, and before Grant could answer, the baron burst in. "You must get out of here at once!" he cried. "The commandant here, General Basilio Soares, is going over to the Nazis. He's declaring himself sometime this morning. You, as an American, will be immediately arrested! I will take you to the Muniz plantation."

From the street came the heavy tread of marching soldiers, the rattle of cavalry hoofs. "Baron," said Grant, "why should I not believe that you are merely a Nazi agent? You don't wear your heart on your sleeve, you know."

The baron grew impatient. He glanced hastily out the window. "Every minute counts. Even now we may be too late. Suffice to say, I don't flourish well where military rule has the upper hand. Brazilian enemies would gladly stick a knife in my ribs. And if the Nazis caught me, my fate would be—well, curtains. I gave them the slip once and made a laughingstock of their whole Intelligence system. They don't forget such things."

Grant hesitated. Could he trust the baron? He'd have to. With help, he got dressed. Then the baron called a servant he had brought, and they carried Grant down to the waiting car and sped out of town. The baron, as he drove, confided that his wholly primitive attentions to Marta Muniz had been discovered by her father, whose reaction—added to the political emergency—had inspired the baron to devise a means of getting far away. He was going to steal the Muniz plane, he said, and fly westward into the Matto Grosso district, where General Astuzo had headquarters. He would take Grant with him.

THE Muniz sisters and their father welcomed Grant so cordially that he felt reluctant to be a party to the baron's scheme. He slept fitfully that night, and woke early, fretful and hot, although for the moment the world was filled with freshness and the screaming of birds. He heard the voices of the serving folk, then Melinda giving orders to the gardener. Presently the baron slipped in. "After much tinkering I managed to get the radio going enough to hear the Manaos station. At midnight General Soares declared that all those who do not declare themselves in favor of the Nazis within twenty-four hours will have their property confiscated."

"Tough on Muniz."

"The sword is at his throat. My bet is General Soares won't give him time to declare one way or the other. Unless we get out of here, we may see more excitement than we want to see."

"How is the field?"

"Fair. I think we can shove off by eleven."

About ten thirty the Negro boy and two other servants carried Grant out to the plane. He did not see Marta or Melinda and felt very bad about his unceremonious departure.

De Braga came running across the field, his coat over his arm, his family coat of arms showing on his white shirt, an intricate labor of embroidery performed lovingly by Marta.

"We're all set. We've enough gas to get as far as Vila Vehlo. There we will have to bluff or bribe the officials."

"I can handle that," said Grant. "That's General Astuzo's territory, and he'll never waver."

Before they got the motor going, Melinda came running across the field.

"You are a nice one!" she cried, and at once appealed to Grant. "Szvigurt sent us off to the stables, saying he'd be right along for the ride. We've waited nearly an hour, and here he is tinkering with the plane." Melinda peered into the plane and saw the bags. "Szvigurt, you are up to something. You are going away, both of you! Why—"

"What ideas, my dear!" He gave the propeller a flip and the motor roared.

He hopped into the machine. Melinda opened the door as soon as he closed it. "I'm going with you."

"Look!" shouted Grant.

Across the pasture, just beyond the field, emerged a row of soldiers.

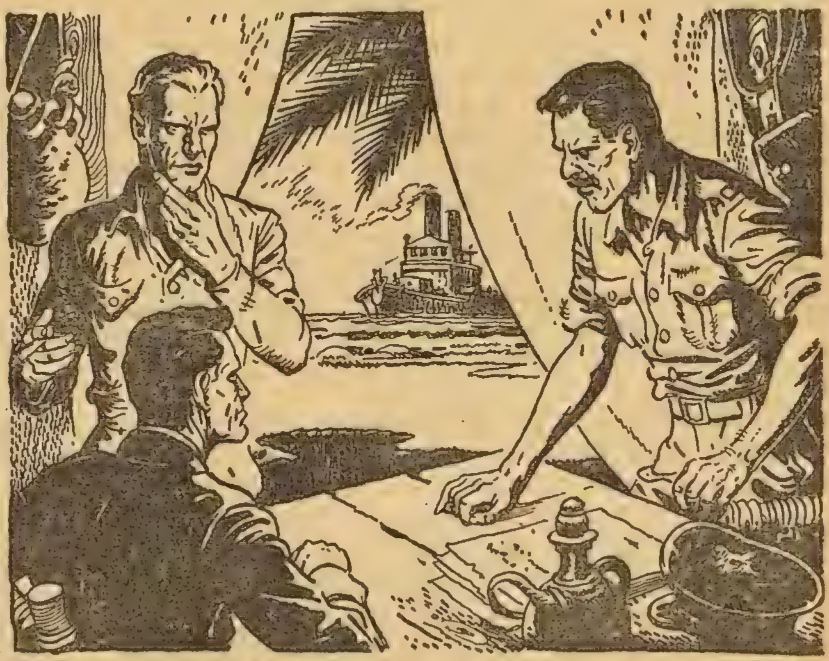
"Watch out!" cried the baron. Reaching across in front of Grant, he gave Melinda a hard shove that spun her into the grass. He drove the plane down the field. A crackle of rifle fire swept across. Bullets whined and whanged through the plane.

"Say a nice little prayer for our tanks," said the baron, driving straight ahead.

Slowly the plane lifted, just as another volley of shots whined around them. Looking back, Grant saw Melinda getting to her feet and staring angrily after them, quite unconcerned about the firing.

They circled southwest, and soon only the endless carpet of the forest lay beneath them, the clear blazing sky above them—two vast circles of blue and green. Without mishap they landed at Vila Vehlo. There the authorities wanted to detain them; but before Grant could take any action the baron had won over the commandant, got a riotous dinner party out of him, and a loan of fifty dollars to boot. Off they went again, landed at La Paz, where a phone call to General Rodriguez fixed everything in five minutes.

The Reaper was with Rodriguez when Grant, leaving the baron to his own devices, arrived at the palace. The three fell on one another's necks and exchanged news.



The Nazis had taken a Brazilian seaside resort as the prelude to hitting all along the east coast. The west coast, too, was menaced. The Chilean authorities seemed completely demoralized. Three weeks earlier the Reaper had come to Rodriguez offering the services of himself and his LALD, and the general had accepted for Bolivia. He had provided a plane, and the Reaper had gone in quest of volunteers. He made his headquarters at Uyuni, on the southern edge of the Bolivian plateau.

By the end of a week he had five thousand men under arms. Miners from the Andes had marched down—short, big-chested Indians in flat-crowned hats. Up from the Chilean nitrate fields had come hundreds of rotos, poor, some even ragged, but tough and unafraid, famous for their dexterity with knife and gun. From Argentina had come a band of oil workers; from Salta four hundred vaqueros had ridden in, loaded down with knife, pistol, and rifle. Bolivian cowboys had ridden up from the Chaco. Thirty Guarani hewers of tanin bark, having no more fare, took charge of a railway coach in La Banda and had ridden through unchallenged with their brown-stained fingers on their pistol triggers. More miners had come down from the Peruvian highlands, clear from the headwaters of the Urubamba. A group of Chalacos from Callao showed up. Each had his sharp chaveta, and they had a science of fighting all their own. They butted stomachs with their heads; their heels flew like a rooster's spurs and as dangerously. And, of course, all the leading Laldistas of Peru had come posthaste.

The Reaper had worked around the clock, kept his men busy training night and day. He was determined to have a hard-hitting force that would get results. Rodriguez had summoned him back to La Paz, after two weeks, to discuss how to meet a new threat—the Japs had begun smashing north again—and to hear what Grant Hammond could tell them about Brazil.

"The whole Bulge is gone," Grant reported. "Belem is still loyal, but the Germans are moving toward it fast, and General Soares of Manaos is moving downstream to their aid with a big force. The Americans have sent in many planes. The government is holding fast in Rio and is making some dent in São Paulo. And, of course, General Astuzo in Matto Grosso is a tower of strength—the best of them all."

Rodriguez thoughtfully drummed his desk. "If Brazil goes, the continent is doomed."

"I plan to see Astuzo at once," said Grant.

"Good. Tell him he can count on all the aid we can spare."

"He will reciprocate," said Grant.

"Good. This is a continental war now, and everything has to go into the common pot. By the way, you can turn your Amazon plan to good account now. It has governmental support and connections everywhere. Convert it into the Amazon Basin Defense Crusade, or something of that sort, and demand the same support you were to get for the development project—military supplies above all."

"We can try," Grant nodded.

"And the idea we must get across," said Rodriguez, "is that all efforts must flow into a great continental army with unified command. On one hand, we have the Reaper, who belongs to no country but to all countries. On your side, we can make General Astuzo's forces over into the eastern wing of our continental army. Then we'll funnel every aid behind those two forces, and funnel it fast from everywhere. Will Washington get behind the idea?"

Grant hesitated. "I hope so, though naturally our Department of State prefers to work exclusively through existing governments."

"All right, friend Grant. Go back with Astuzo for the moment. We need you everywhere in Latin America, and we need you in Washington; but for the moment we have to get the ball rolling. Once we've produced results, we put our cards on the table."

That evening the Reaper and Grant had a drink together at a café. The Reaper was flying back to Uyuni in about an hour. He told Grant of all he had been doing.

"And that lovely sister of yours?" Grant questioned.

"Good news. She's going to do hospital work."

"And—"

THE Reaper looked at Grant keenly. "Señorita Marcela Coronado? She was pushing your case with the general strongly. But for a lady doing merely a political favor"—he smiled significantly—"she has been half out of her mind since the news of your disappearance."

"There is nothing sentimental between us," protested Grant.

"Of course not," said the Reaper deep in his throat. "But did you let her know you are safe?"

"Yes; and I told her, war or no war, we had to get the Peruvian government pledged to the Amazon project."

"You are a persistent soul."

"What is deeply on my mind, I can find out nothing about my wife. She landed in Peru, visited the consulate, but left for parts unknown."

"I'll have my men in Lima look into it," promised the Reaper.

A tall figure suddenly leaned over the table, smiling nonchalantly. Grant introduced him curtly to the Reaper: "I present you with an air pilot, Baron De Braga, and one rattletrap plane."

He told the story of their exploit, and the Reaper roared with delight. He scribbled on a personal card and handed it to the baron, saying, "You are enlisted. Your plane will be a donation to the Continental Army of Defense."

"I shall soon be at the head of your air force," the baron assured him.

Next morning Grant left for the headquarters of General Astuzo at Utiarity, on the headwaters of the Amazon. The trip was slow and often impeded, but Astuzo's welcome made up for that. He jumped up from a desk improvised from planks and embraced Grant affectionately, crying, "My good friend—what a pleasure!"

Astuzo was sparse, strongly built, six feet tall, with sharp brown eyes, a massive skull, semi-bald. A dynamo, he never wasted time, though he was patient with a visitor until a topic had been cleared up. He was a man of rectitude and modern knowledge, unlike most of the military governors of the provinces.

"We are going to clean out the whole Amazon basin—boot out every traitor and every last invader," he told Grant. "That will prevent a Nazi-Jap junction and provide a depot for American supplies, which I hope will be forthcoming in large quantities."

"They will be," replied Grant simply, "and Rodriguez says he can spare half a million rounds of ammunition. You are to tell him where they are to be sent. He wants the Brazilian government to rename your army the Continental Army of the East."

"Too ambitious."

GRANT explained the Reaper's activities in Bolivia. Astuzo was thoughtful. "I'm not so keen on such amateur enterprises, although, as you describe the situation, it seems necessary."

"Technically he is ably advised. You and he are the two rocks upon which the salvation of the whole continent depends."

"All will be fighting, Grant. So will all the rocks, stones, boulders, granite, mountains."

"I know. But an overall plan—on that I've banked my whole line of action. The Reaper and LALD on one hand, my Amazon organization behind you on the other. Our long spade work can now be turned to good advantage. But the fly in the ointment is Montes."

"That's why I'm chary of any open tie with the Reaper, for I need Montes to bring pressure on the upper Amazon. I need his help soon, synchronized with my own efforts. We simply have to have help from the west. The War Office at Rio has assured me they have taken proper steps with Lima and Washington, that there would be no slip-up. They gave me the all-clear signal."

Patiently Grant went over his whole experience with Montes. "In the long run you will get proper co-operation only from the Reaper," he insisted. "If you can get in some successful blow, it will rally the continent, maybe pull Montes behind you regardless."

"I need co-operation when I strike that blow, or sooner. If Montes will only mass a real force in Iquitos, even that might be enough. But we must have that threat pointed at the enemy at the right moment. Also at the right moment, we must have at least a landing feint by American forces at Belem."

Grant worked far into the night. He sent Vincent Gainesville personal credentials as agent of the Amazon Development and Defense Company, established a drawing account for him, provided he would get leave of absence and work entirely on the problem of supplies and aid for Astuzo. He urged him to hurry to Peru and line up Montes for a concerted downriver push.

He wrote Marcela, telling her of developments and what was needed; that probably Gainesville would see her. Dizzy from lack of sleep, he tumbled into his cot. But there he still found himself wakeful. Where was Bluebelle? For once the poor child had to look after herself. Now there was no time at all for her.

He knew he ought to rustle around the continent, but also he wanted to be in the thick of action. Besides, the thrill of the Amazon was ever in his blood. To live on the firing line of accomplishment always—that was one of Grant's pet mottoes. And his firing line was the Amazon. And so, even against his better judgment, he decided he had to go on Astuzo's expedition, on into the Brazilian wilderness. Once some real blows had been struck, then, Grant told himself, he could get still more backing. With first-hand knowledge of the battle situation, he would have deeds to back up all his demands on the other countries. This decided, he fell asleep.

Baron De Braga, whom Grant had not seen since introducing him to the Reaper, lost no time in getting himself detailed as part of the Reaper's staff: special air messenger, to be sent on desert reconnaissance flights. This suited him perfectly, and he would have proved invaluable but for his love of showmanship. He could not resist the temptation to try a stunt that occurred to him while flying over one of the Chilean coast villages which the Japs had invaded. There seemed to be only half a dozen Jap patrols. He could probably land there, scoop up a Jap prisoner, and fly him back to headquarters. That would create a sensation! He would do it on his next flight.

But that flight began inauspiciously. As he volleyed along the camp's airfield on the take-off, a llama stepped daintily into his path. He hit it squarely, and his light plane jolted over and nosed sidewise. He got out of it just before it burst into flames. To the dressing down he got from his superior officer he replied politely that he would like to borrow another plane and go up again at once, so as not to lose his nerve. No need to worry about that, the officer remarked. He ordered one of the best planes rolled out and directed De Braga to circle over the camp and then come down. The baron circled. Then, with the officer staring up at him from the door of headquarters, he made straight for the western hills.

At first he thought he would refrain from risking this beautiful plane on one lone Jap; but when the coast came in sight, and a good landing showed up near the little village he had previously spotted, he changed his mind. He set down his plane easily and in position for a good take-off without help. Pistol in hand, he got out and, protected by dense thicket, advanced toward the town. He had not gone far when two Jap soldiers, rifles in hand, came tearing along toward him, pursued by shouting villagers.

The baron crouched. Taking careful aim, he brought down one soldier and then nipped the other in the shoulder, so that his gun flew from his hand. The baron stepped out of the bushes. It was the work of a few minutes to kill the fallen man and set off with the other for the plane. The crowd was beginning to catch up, the men reaching for their machetes to kill De Braga's prisoner.

"He's a prisoner of war; we need him for questioning," De Braga explained. But he allowed them to truss the fellow up, which they did with a will.

The plane had just risen over the near trees and begun to circle, while De Braga waved to the crowd below, when half a dozen Jap soldiers burst into view and began peppering. Close quarters, but the excitement spoiled their aim. The plane climbed and headed over the mountains.

When the surprise of De Braga's return to camp had subsided and the prisoner had been sent off for medical treatment, the hero found himself confined to barracks. But, after a lecture from the Reaper himself on endangering the limited equipment of the forces, the baron was again assigned a swift plane and instructed to keep the Reaper informed of any Jap troop movements in the area which was to be the next object of the Reaper's attacks. De Braga agreed to behave. The fate of the whole expedition depended on his co-operation.

Nevertheless, he could not restrain his desire to get a good lick in when, a few days later, he found himself within easy reach of a detachment of Japs that was closing in on a smaller force of Chilean vaqueros. He dove in low, machine-gunning the enemy and forcing them to disperse among low rocks. Bullets whipped around his plane, but he swept down for the second and third time. Then a dozen Jap pursuit planes he had not seen were headed straight toward him. He climbed up fast against the sky, straight above them, and drove on south. But by the time they had stopped chasing him his gas was almost gone. His best bet, he decided, was to land along the beach, and he did.

Looking at his map, he calculated that he must be not too far up the coast from Valparaiso for him to sail down there if he could find a boat to do it in. He set out on foot along the beach, and, with his usual luck, came upon an abandoned old fishing boat. Leaky as it was, it held out. A few days later he sailed, at dawn, into Valparaiso harbor. There was enough change in his pocket to get him to Santiago, where he had both friends and enemies; and at noon he was ringing the bell of his friend Bill Goddard's house. During the last World War the baron had been a technician in Chungking, China, and had known Bill slightly there.

A small, round, bright-eyed woman in negligee opened the door. As she saw his trim uniformed figure her eyes brightened still more. A born coquette, thought the baron, and wondered whether she would be worth bothering with. The Goddards, she told him, were out; but he easily established his identity and she invited him in. While she bustled around the kitchen getting him something to eat, he sat on a stool and watched her.

"Have you known the Goddards long?" he inquired.

She stirred the eggs in the pan. "For some time. I came right after my husband was killed, and they have been very kind to me." She kept looking at him flirtatiously while she worked.

He kept sizing her up. She's thrilled by a male, he thought. Not much in that head of hers, but a trim if not perfect figure. Could be a mean girl.

"Do you think the Japs will get into Santiago?" she asked him.

"I'm afraid so," he answered; and such a wild expression came into her face that he could have sworn he was looking into the eyes of an insane person.

"What will we do?" she cried, wringing her hands. "None of us will be safe, especially the women."

De Braga was amused. So that's what's gnawing her! He took out a cigarette and looked her over insolently. She did not miss the meaning of his careful study of her. She tossed her head defiantly, but held back the sleeve of her negligee temptingly as she poured his coffee. It was plain that the subject of Japs obsessed her, for she kept reverting to it. As she talked she grew hysterical. She rose, swayed beside him, then clutched the edge of the table. De Braga jumped up to steady her. She leaned heavily on him, closing her eyes.

"You'd better lie down," he advised.

When he had led her to her room and helped her over to the bed, she caught his hand in a fierce grip. "Don't leave me!" she cried. "I'm afraid. And my head aches so!"

If the baron hated anything, it was a woman with a neurotic headache. And he had planned to do a dozen and one things today. But she sighed deeply and, when he stroked her forehead, smiled at him through half-closed eyes—and the baron postponed his errands.

Some time later Bill and Gracie Goddard came home. Then De Braga discovered that the lady with the headache was Grant Hammond's wife; and Bluebelle Hammond learned that her husband was alive, off now in the Brazilian wilds.

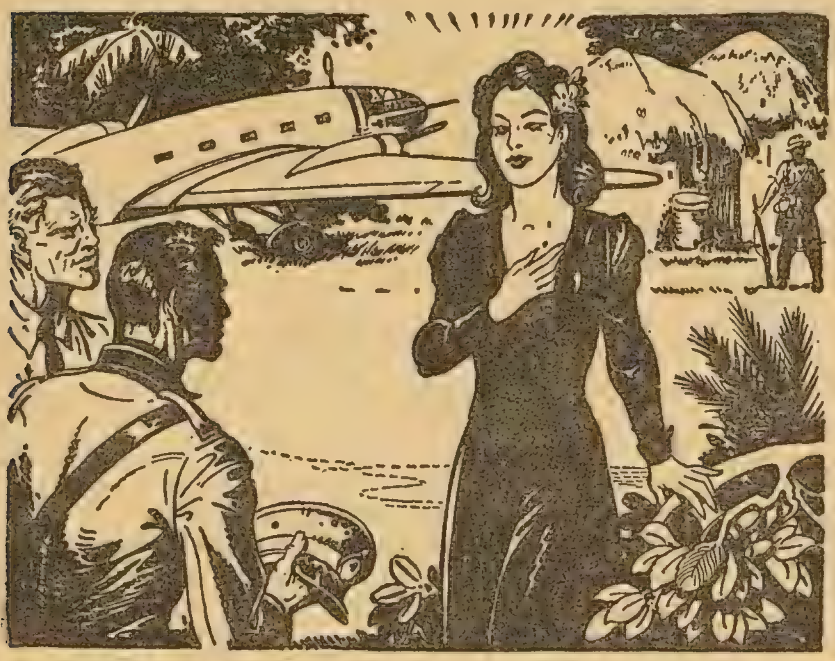
In the next few days Bill secured an appointment for the baron as flying instructor to the Chilean army airfield. Occasionally he participated in flights north or south against the Japs, and life was fun. But during a brief residence in Santiago several years back he had established a bad reputation where women and money were concerned. A prominent official had threatened to shoot him on sight. Now, De Braga presently learned, the official was going to carry out his threat. The best thing to do, he concluded, would be to make off with a Chilean army plane as soon as he got the chance, and fly back to the Reaper's headquarters.

Meantime he enjoyed himself as the fourth member of the Goddard ménage. Bluebelle put aside her widow's weeds regretfully—they were becoming—but she got a thrill out of spending the last of her money for bright new clothes. A letter came shortly from Grant at Fort Liberty, in which he told of his vain efforts to locate her.

It had been forwarded from Mobile. Evidently the friend to whom Bluebelle had entrusted the errand of leaving her forwarding address at the American Consulate in Lima had failed to do it.

Grant had, of course, no word of all this. He was working night and day, and seldom thought about his personal affairs. News was beginning to come in to Fort Liberty over the radio about the Reaper's successful raids on the Japanese. They had been forced to draw back from their intended attack on Valparaiso, halt their movement toward Iquique, throw strong lines all along the railway, and strengthen foothill garrisons.

Argentina now put all her armed forces, except those indispensable for immediate national defense, wholly under the Reaper's orders. Bolivia, Uruguay, Paraguay, and now Chile followed suit. Brazil agreed to contribute forces to the continental army, but retained command of those at home necessary to fight the Nazis. Astuzo was instructed to reach an agreement with the Reaper regarding Amazon operations if occasion arose.



Brazil, however, could contribute little, for the Nazis had now fanned out north and south along the coast, and serious setbacks were experienced with the growing revolt in the south. But a crack fully equipped brigade was rushed through to Ollagüe, and as time went on every country of the Americas sent at least a token detachment. Five Mexican aviators made a brilliant flight from Mexico City.

When all countries except his own, Peru, had named him commander in chief, the Reaper sent a representative to Washington to negotiate for supplies and assistance. But the State Department was still wary. The government would continue to send planes, tanks, and other military aid wherever most urgently needed. If then any government wished to pass any of this material on to the Reaper, that was its business. But the War Department secretly promised to heed all suggestions coming directly from the Reaper and to provide assistance. Colonel Graham Johnstone—a good man for the task, since he spoke Spanish fluently—was sent to the Reaper's headquarters as a liaison agent. The Navy Department sidestepped, said it was all the Army's business, and could not be convinced that naval operations should be especially coordinated with the Reaper's land movements.

Grant was jubilant. This would make everything simple, and the chances of joint co-operation of all the border countries in the reconquest of the Amazon and Belem were moved nearer to realization.

Astuzo now decided to move the whole camp to his main mobilization point beyond Utiarity at Jurena on the river of the same name. He had a thousand Pareci Indians signed up as "allies." They would be invaluable in spying out the land, scouting for food, and they and their women could carry incredible loads through the densest jungles.

An early-morning start was made. The Parecis were first on the road, heavy packs sustained by bands over their foreheads. Long trains of mules and oxcarts labored after them, loaded with food, ammunition, and drums of gasoline.

Before his officers, Astuzo named Grant a colonel in the expedition. The younger officers of lower grade took the little ceremony with every evidence of cordiality.

"You are now under military orders," Astuzo told Grant, "but you will be on your own initiative. Keep circulating about among the men and give me suggestions. See that the radio equipment is in good working order and be ready to send out messages."

They could make only about a dozen miles or so a day, but when the moon was bright they kept on well into the night. At one point Astuzo decided to let all his forces go on ahead of him and his officers. Then, when the officers arrived, they found a big force spread out on either side of the steep-banked river. That night, at an improvised table, Astuzo and Grant worked late over reports and messages, with a Brazilian mine owner, D'Doria, typing at their side. The whole situation was discussed. Grant prepared letters for Washington, wrote again to Gainesville, urging him once more to cut loose temporarily from the service. To Marcela he wrote all that had happened, and how he longed to see her again.

He sent a long communication to the Reaper, congratulating him on his successes and indicating the necessity for him to concern himself not only with Pacific coast strategy, but, as commander in chief, to work out a coordinated plan for the upper Amazon. Astuzo wrote in similar vein and gave an account of his own plans. If the Reaper came to Brazil, Astuzo would instantly put himself under his orders.

Before knocking off work, they tuned in on the radio, and heard that in Washington a young congressman from New Mexico had demanded to know why there had been no co-ordination between the Reaper's movements and the American planes based on Mollendo, Peru; why had there been no shelling of Chilean ports by American naval units at points where the Reaper was to attack? He demanded that the government—as had all the other governments—name the Reaper as commander in chief and put every ounce of steel behind him.

Very late Astuzo and Grant walked along the river bank. Below them stretched a thousand dugouts on which his men had been working for weeks. Every good-sized tree, except those right at the village, which he ordered not touched, had been felled for miles about and gouged out with fire and adz. In addition, he had had about twenty canoes brought overland.

"TOMORROW we set out," he decreed. "At present, so our runners tell us, there are only small garrisons on the lower Tapajos. If we can establish ourselves there properly we can cut the traitor's forces in two, isolate them from the Nazis, eventually take Manaos above and Belem below, and in any case we can defy the world as long as our flesh and spirit do not falter."

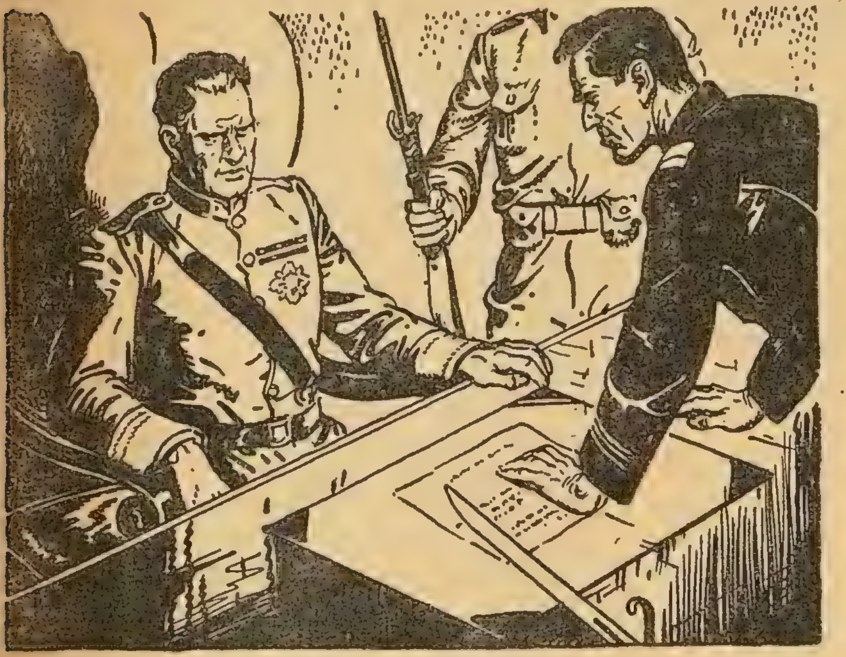
And so gradually they worked down to the junction of the Arinos and floated along the broader Tapajos. The junction with the Amazon still lay five hundred miles away, and there were many rough spots, rapids, falls, and finally the great cataracts. The color of the water was now much darker as it charged fuller with silt from so many tributaries. From time to time they now met canoes working upstream, one with a big load of guarana tea. All such traveling canoes Astuzo seized, paying cash for them and the cargo. The owner was invited to join the expedition or to drop off at the first downstream settlement.

At Baracõa, a little settlement that rose up mysteriously along rising ground on either side of a cobbled path, they surprised five enemy soldiers fast asleep. A big store of supplies was secured, including a cache of rifles and cartridges.

From here on garrisons had been placed in all settlements. In Itaituba, just below the big Apue Falls, was a large contingent of German and Brazilian troops.

If now Astuzo could clean out the hostile force at the falls and thereafter portage down his own upriver supplies, he would be well equipped to float on down the unbroken lower Tapajos to Santarem and to the Amazon.

The enemy at the falls was now hemmed in, but cornered men fight savagely and the Nazis were veterans. There was great carnage. Grant saw men fighting hand to hand, with cold steel, on the edge of the rocky precipice. Locked together like the two halves of hinges, some plunged over into the smoke of spray, or fell like flying black bats, arms spread. And by the end of a long hot bloody day all the enemy had been cut down or had fled into the jungles, mostly to die in worse torture, all except one bloody-headed group of Nazis, who staggered out with raised hands.



Weeks later, on a little forest bluff, the soldiers looked down upon the town of Santarem on the Amazon—a flake of gold and ivory in a twist of bleached sand, brown water, and jungle, out of which rose an old fortress and big church with high thick walls, ramparts commanding the principal streets.

The morning light gleamed, rose, amethyst, silver on the rocks, white on the sand flats, green on the leaves, and blue and brown on the flowing waters—a wondrous sight. Beyond and beyond stretched marshes and jungle—an unknown empire. Giant trees stuck up like the waving crests of a million warriors.

All morning the troops worked down toward the town, trying out first one tangled route, then another, finally camped on an important elevation close to town.

The slow hot hours passed, then the chill night. A corporal shook the men awake. Before dawn they were deployed along the face of the last hill at two-yard intervals. A breathless wait. Orders to descend.

Cautiously, using prearranged signals, they sneaked from tree to tree. Two thirds of the way down they were discovered. A sharp fire rattled, presently the staccato of machine guns. Astuzo's men fixed bayonets. The bugle rang out—"Charge!" The thin line flung itself down the slope, leaping, plunging recklessly down slides of sand. Cannon commenced firing from the fort, dropping shots into the jungle with heavy crashes. Crackles of rifle fire spurted out from new quarters.

The struggle for Santarem promised to be endless, when a welcome surprise altered the whole set-up. Watching their chance, a loyal group in the city staged a quick revolt simultaneously in fort and church. Every Nazi was put to the knife, and the traitorous officers were lined against a wall and shot. The city was captured.

The victory threw the whole hemisphere into a frenzy of excitement and hope. Out of the very heart of the continent, in the midst of the deepest jungle, had risen a great flaming beacon of men's freedom. For Grant the taking of Santarem had a grander significance than for anybody else. Here he planned to plant the first of the great air-cooled cities of the tropics. It would be man's greatest symbol of modern conquest over nature.

With four or five good planes Astuzo could clean out the enemy snooping along the river, perhaps move right on down to Belem. But gas supplies in Santarem had been destroyed, and Astuzo had scarcely enough to supply his river craft. Instead, Nazi planes came over day after day. They wrecked another corner of Santarem not yet destroyed and blew a great hole in the side of the fort. Astuzo's original plan had been predicated on aid from upstream from Peru. That still was not forthcoming. Now, in spite of everything, the Japs had thrust two seaborne expeditions into Peru.

Astuzo's scouts learned that the Nazis were coming up the river in full force in two large gunboats, a converted ocean-going vessel, and a swarm of smaller craft. Astuzo hurried vessels and forces downstream to seize strategic points from which, if his men got the worst of it, his slower craft could escape into the network of side streams and return to Santarem. That center was to be held till the last drop of blood. Fast launches towed rafts loaded with captured field pieces, and these weapons were now cunningly planted on a high bank.

Grant accompanied Astuzo downstream at the head of a still larger force. The boatmen were singing as they pushed off in their heavily loaded craft. True, there were many dead buried in the sandy campo outside Santarem, a whole meadow dotted with crude crosses, but the losses had been less than expected and success quicker than anybody had dreamed.

Astuzo and Grant were standing on a low sandhill when they sighted the oncoming Nazi flotilla. The shore guns roared, and splinters flew from the deck of the first gunboats. Men fell. The boats replied, but soon had to back downstream. For five days Astuzo held the oncoming force at bay. But enemy forces wormed through the jungle and cleaned out Astuzo's artillery at the point of the bayonet, trapped a large force, and sent his boats scurrying up a dozen inlets for safety. Simultaneously the two gunboats rushed upstream, followed by the rest of the flotilla. All Astuzo could do was run for it still farther upstream. Cut off from the mouth of the Tapajos, they were also cut off from Santarem. No way on God's green earth to get to it except half around the world.

Astuzo studied the map. "Not a chance," he remarked. With frozen face, for a long time he looked across the wide red-brown stream at the tangle of marsh and jungle. Then, with an easy confident gesture, he decreed, "We shall become river *guerrilheiros.* With us we have our fastest vessel. We shall move on up the river. We shall storm right into Manaos itself. Boys, in Santarem, Colonel Granha will give a good account of himself. He can keep the enemy at bay for weeks, for months, for all eternity. Our goal is Manaos."

A shout went up: "On to Manaos!"

GRANT had got a radio working and sent out appeals to Montes and the Reaper for aid. Astuzo serenely led the way forward. Within a mile of the junction of the Madeira, they rounded a bend and came upon a whole fleet of vessels anchored offshore or drawn up on a sandy stretch.

"The enemy!" shouted somebody.

"Straight on!" ordered Astuzo without batting an eye. "No enemy. Friends!"

The force had come down from Porto Vehlo and was made up equally of Brazilians and Bolivians. Astuzo jumped ashore and was greeted by a tall spectacled officer.

"General Sender! When did you arrive?" asked Astuzo.

"Two days ago. Yesterday a plane from Porto Vehlo flew over and signaled us you were coming up. What has happened to the Peruvians, in heaven's name?"

"They never budged."

"Confound Montes!"

Astuzo's expedition now took on the dimensions of a real fighting force again, and they headed up the river toward the old rubber town.

That evening good news came over the wireless. The Reaper had scored swift victories in the far south of Chile. At Santarem the attacking enemy had been driven back to their boats with great slaughter. Astuzo talked over plans with Grant, who knew the country hereabouts intimately, and they planned an action which at first went well.

Astuzo divided his forces at the big island below Manaos, and sent the larger part around the south side. He himself advanced through the broad channel just above the city to create a diversion, while the main south force swept in to shore at the lower river landings. But, as they advanced, enemy planes came over, dropping bombs. Other planes came over, and everybody crouched to aim.

Grant shouted with joy. Silver bombers—American! They swept in low in formation, evenly spaced. Soon overhead was a tangle of maneuvering planes and a blaze of firing. The Nazi and traitor planes wheeled in flight like sparks from a rocket. Astuzo's vessels rounded the bend far out, drawing fire. The American planes came back low, raking the enemy boats, and sinking several. Then, having observed the major part of Astuzo's flotilla fighting below the town, they apparently believed the boats above must belong to the enemy, and fired into them. That turned the tide against Astuzo and ended the hopes of months of toilsome advance down the wild Tapajos and the Madeira River country. The river was wholly lost, wholly in the hands of the enemy. For Santarem would soon be overwhelmed. The shortsighted Peruvians would now have to stand wholly alone, between the Japs and Nazis, striking hard to effect a junction across the center of the continent.

BELOW the defeated army was hostile Manaos, the Amazon swarming with hostile craft in the water and in the air.

Above them was the wildest stretch of country in all Brazil, only a few tiny trading settlements far upstream, the rest a tangle of impenetrable forest, of vast unknown plains. Five hundred miles across those limits of jungle and campos lay still another terrible wilderness in the inner Guianas; still farther to the northwest lay the inner wilderness of Venezuela and Colombia. Astuzo's little band was now the outpost of one of the world's mightiest empires, but it was an empire that did not belong to man.

They lay up in an inlet all the following day while boats were repaired, then about 4 A. M. crept out on the main river and by dawn reached the broad landing and wide sloping grass of the Muniz fazenda, where Grant had previously stayed. The house had been burned. What, Grant wondered, had happened to Melinda and Marta and their father? Guided by his memory, Grant led his companion survivors up a little stream to a good spot. A limestone ledge shelved off between marshes, with, beyond, a small forest. They pitched camp at its edge, in clearings near several lagoons, before the country opened out to grasslands. They found a narrow thread of water, which, when cleared of growth, let them get their boats close by, safe from attack or seizure.

Astuzo spoke seriously to the men: "We may be here a long time. We have few supplies. We shall have to piece them out with what we can glean from the forest and the campos. You men"—he designated two in the ranks—"will at once go into the forest and cut down a slim tree and trim it for a flagpole. Colonel Grant Hammond, you will set up the radio immediately, get it working, and announce to the world tomorrow the dedication of Fort Liberty in the heart of the continent."

The following day Astuzo drew all the forces up in formation. The flag was run up the little mast, the bugle sounded, and Fort Liberty made its first mark on the pages of everlasting history. Astuzo read off a list of promotions and assigned officers to special duties.

Day after day Grant sent out messages over the great empire of forest, over the vast network of rivers, toward the far seas, east and west and north and south. He told of events in camp—the laying out of barracks, the daily hunting parties, the airfield. Some of these notices were picked up and found their way into the press.

Presently Astuzo made a raid down the river and pulled in several vessels. Other raids followed. Grant played these up dramatically. Shortly after the third foray an attempt to oust them was made, but the attackers were mowed down before they even hit the ledge, and the sharp-toothed fishes and the crocodiles pulled the bodies to bloody scraps before they could be gathered for decent burial.

This story made the headlines in every continent. Fort Liberty suddenly became a romantic triumph, a word that sprang from the lips of everybody everywhere among the United Nations. Hollywood, of course, started rushing through a film about it.

Planes came over and bombed. Five cabins were blown to smithereens, but fortunately only two men were killed. Astuzo set to work to decentralize the camp, scattering the buildings in small clearings.

"If we only had gas," he said ruefully, "we could easily maintain an air force. As it is, we are likely to run out of gas even for the launches."

A week later three American planes came down from the base in British Guiana, bringing ammunition and supplies. Grant sent off by them a letter to the American commandant in Guiana with a list of supplies needed. He also sent letters to the Reaper and to Marcela, and one to Bluebelle, from whom he had not heard. He addressed it to Mobile.

Brazilian papers brought in by the planes told about a new and startling Brazilian leader, a modern Joan of Arc. She was nicknamed "A Passionaria," after the famous apostle of the Spanish Civil War, and in scarlet gown was exhorting the troops on all fronts. She herself had not hesitated to plunge into battle, gun in hand. Wherever she appeared, the forces swept everything before them. Her sobriquet signified the Passion, the suffering of Christ on the Cross, the resistance of evil and oppression, the martyrdom of liberty.

A few days later the camp was astonished by the arrival of a Brazilian plane from Porto Vehlo, out of which stepped this beautiful creature.

Grant, happening to be in the airport, gasped. It was Melinda Muniz, and she had matured into queenly dignity. General Astuzo immediately turned over his own quarters to her until a suitable place could be arranged, though she protested against being shown any favors.

That evening she and Grant chatted for a long time. Her father, she told him, had been shot by the traitor General Soares, and that had made her resolve to work for the downfall of the invaders and traitors. Her sister Marta was doing hospital work.

The next day, clad in a long scarlet gown of sheer material that clung to the curves of her body, she spoke to Astuzo's forces. The flame of her single shining purpose leaped and crackled about her as she spoke, from her full but lithe body, her flashing dark eyes. The effect of her on the men was overwhelming.

AS the weeks dragged on, Fort Liberty became a dismal place. The rain came down in sheets, day after day. The camp grounds were a quagmire. No dwelling kept the rain out fully. Malaria was rampant and the American volunteer doctor had died of dysentery. The airfield was a muddy lake. No plane could take off. Flights of American planes from the north had ceased.

A Passionaria, who had planned to tour the Spanish-speaking countries, was mired in camp. She proved a tower of strength to the soldiers, who worshiped her as a goddess. Grant found increasing pleasure in her company. She told him she would use his ideas about the future of the Amazon in her "hope" theme for the outcome of the struggle—if she could ever get away.

One morning a plane hovered over the field, and after repeated reconnoitering ventured to land. It plowed deep into the soft earth and only by competent handling landed upright. Grant was astounded when the baron stepped out, and then lifted out a small pretty woman.

"Grant!" cried Bluebelle, flying into his arms.

He was instantly filled with mixed emotions—glad to see her, but aware that her presence in camp would be a real problem.

The baron turned on Grant an amused grin. "Tell me you are charmed to have my company again."

"You're in the soup now with all of us—and soup it is," Grant replied. "General Astuzo is probably the strictest disciplinarian the world has produced."

"And what if I manage to have your good general eating out of my hand, as I did the Reaper?" boasted De Braga.

"You will find shortly that he eats out of no man's hand."

"Lead on. Pave the way as best you can. But I must see the general at once. I have important messages and documents for him—also for you."

Grant took them both to Astuzo. The general held out his hands warmly to Bluebelle, saying, "The wife of Grant Hammond!"

But his quick eye took in Bluebelle's snug traveling suit, her carefully marcelled hair. Such a woman, not born of the frontier, could cause endless trouble. How would it affect Grant, on whom he now leaned so heavily? But he cordially offered to do everything he could to make her comfortable. She thanked him with a slightly disdainful smile which confirmed his fears.

Grant then introduced De Braga, and left them together. He took Bluebelle to his cabin, which she surveyed with utter dismay. Before she could find her tongue, he gave her another embrace and rushed back to headquarters. He ran into A Passionaria. The rain had started, and she was wearing a bathing suit. The insects did not bother much when it was raining, and in this way she saved her other clothes. She said now, "When your wife is settled, I shall call to see if I can help."

Bluebelle, standing in the door of the cabin, watched them. "Who is that woman going around half naked to excite the men?" she demanded, when Grant got back. "You act as though you were very good friends."

"We are." He was about to tell her she had been in the plane that had crashed, but decided it would not be wise. Her lips compressed.

"Take it easy, Bluebelle. Don't make too many judgments till you know your way around. You will have to stay here a long time. These rains have grounded all planes for four to six months. There is no way to get out; God knows when there will be."

"Oh, Grant, that's terrible!"

"Not if you pitch in and try to help and meet everybody on an equal footing."

SHE came to him and lifted up her face to be kissed. Her nearness aroused him and he drew a deep breath. "I have been desperate without you, Bluebelle. Perhaps our being together will compensate you for what you will have to endure here."

Presently he got the story of her trip. When he had failed to meet her at Callao, they told her at the consulate that he was lost in the jungle. She had first thought she would go back to Mobile; but then she had remembered Bill and Grace Goddard in Santiago, and had wired them. They had replied that she must come and stay with them. She had received none of his letters. It had been nice there until the Japs threatened the city. Then she had been terribly frightened. They couldn't have any more fun, and she and Gracie had gone every day to work in a hospital. It was horrid.

And there was a native—Bluebelle's tone implied that a native was a lower animal—a girl who was going to have a baby. A Jap had caught her— Such a horrible thing to think of, with the Japs sure to get into the city! Then Baron De Braga came to stay with the Goddards. That was when she knew she was not a widow. So, of course, when he told her he was going back to the Reaper's headquarters, she had persuaded him to take her too, and to fly her all the way to Fort Liberty. The baron had intended to go right back to the Reaper.

Grant laughed. "That was why he glared so at the plane up to its belly in the mud of our landing field. He knows he won't get a chance to steal another here and get away when he feels like it."

Bluebelle looked away. She began to pepper Grant with demands about the living arrangements of their cabin until he was relieved when an orderly came to say he was wanted at Astuzo's headquarters.

Astuzo and Grant went over the messages from the Reaper. The latter expressed his admiration for Fort Liberty, hoped that soon he could lend a hand on the Amazon, but promised nothing concrete.

"Who is this Baron Szvigurt De Braga?" asked Astuzo. "What do you know about him?"

Grant told him.

"I see," said Astuzo thoughtfully. "A slightly boastful chap, but competent. I have assigned him under Colonel Pineiro to keep the stalled planes in as good shape as possible. Later we shall find other duties for him, enough to curb some of his other proclivities."

Melinda went over to see Bluebelle shortly after Grant had left. Though they could speak to each other only by signs, Melinda made it clear she wanted to help. But Bluebelle managed to show Melinda she had no use for her. The latter never came again.

When, about a month later, Bluebelle told Grant she was going to have a child, he was worried. He could only hope that before the event all would run smoothly and that she would have the chance to get away. There was something appropriate in his having a child to share the fortunes of Fort Liberty.

AS the rains gathered fury, the camp floated in a sea of mud and life grew more cramped and miserable. Bluebelle wept that her nice suède shoes were ruined, and then her slippers. She began to sink into a terrible lethargy, not troubling to wash or fix her hair, though it was the rule of the camp that every one should look as spruce as possible.

Occasional raids were staged on Manaos. Now and then the enemy struck back, with little success. Except for the cross of Bluebelle, Grant enjoyed it all. She accused him of having trapped her in this hell-hole. She continually nagged him about A Passionaria. Each day she grew more slatternly and despondent. Every effort to cheer her up was futile. He brought her orchids from the jungle, and she tossed them into the mud, saying, "What a joke!"

There was fresh excitement one day when a big passenger plane flew in and three passengers stepped out: Marcela Coronado, Gabriela Hurtado, and Vincent Gainesville.

Vincent had thrown up his safe diplomatic job to get into the fighting. He had, as Grant had suggested, sought out Marcela Coronado. She, by that time, was operating her plane as a visiting hospital, going wherever the fighting forces needed her. She had become acquainted with Gabriela, had liked her, and had taken her as assistant. When Vincent told the two girls that he wanted to get to Fort Liberty, they volunteered to fly him there. And why not, they said, offer their services and supplies to Astuzo?

Astuzo received the girls first. He thanked them for coming, and welcomed Gabriela especially as the Reaper's sister. In a few moments Grant Hammond appeared. He uttered an astonished "Marcela!" His eye ranged over her and gathered fire. But when he saw Gabriela he went quickly to her, saying, "Señorita Hurtado—don't you remember?"

Gabriela flushed. "I thought you looked very familiar when I saw your picture in the papers. And now I know—it was at Amancaes, after I had danced. We looked at each other and then turned and looked again—"

Astuzo was clearing his throat, anxious to get the two girls assigned to quarters and to hold a council with Grant and Vincent. When the girls had been escorted out, the three men went over all the information that Vincent could give about the Reaper's progress—now good—and the attitude of the United States and the South American countries toward what Fort Liberty represented. Filled with hope and new determination, the three declared themselves ready to face a long, hard siege.

That night the dinner at Astuzo's was the gayest party Camp Liberty had known for a long time. Afterward Grant and several officers, although the rain was pouring down, walked A Passionaria to her cabin, then all took Marcela and Gabriela to the planes, where for the time being they were to have their dispensary and living quarters.

Marcela, whispering, asked Grant please to come back after the others left. His blood pounded. Inevitably he found himself later knocking at her door. She opened it and melted into his arms. But, though she lifted her moist lips, he did not kiss her. "With Bluebelle here at camp, I can't do this," he said.

"She's nothing to you any more. She is no good to herself, no good to you."

"One has to face the music."

"I understand, dear," drawled Marcela, in a tone that made him flush. "Then let me be just your old friend, who wants to help you." She pulled his head to her and stroked his face.

He told her the whole story of Bluebelle—how she had once seemed important to him, sweet and pliable, but had grown brittle and unappealing. "Then the hours I spent with you in Lima removed the sting of years of disappointment."

Her head bent lower over his till they breathed as one person. Their lips were about to meet when the door opened and Gabriela jumped in, stamping her feet and shaking the wetness of the storm off her.

And suddenly Grant was glad she came in when she did, even if she had seen them close together, even though, with slightly quivering lips, she was pretending very hard not to have seen them.

In the days that followed he watched the effect of camp life on the various persons. Vincent Gainesville kept on serenely, managing to look always dapper. The baron, having won most of the camp's finery at cards, was able always to present a dazzling spectacle. Gabriela apparently found life, here as anywhere else, an effortless thing. The more Grant saw of her, the deeper his feelings for her grew. And Marcela—Marcela always looked fresh and superb. The baron never missed an opportunity to be near the girls.

"They are very difficult women," he sighed. "But both are worth my best talents."

But, for all of the baron's attentiveness, the two women were soon so busy day and night, with so many patients, that mostly they brushed the men out of their way.

MARCELA frequently looked at Grant reproachfully but amusedly. If he did not get to the airport, she found time to see him during the day. Every afternoon she went to see Bluebelle, trying to cheer her up. But Bluebelle grew constantly more unpleasant to her and made Grant's life miserable with baseless accusations. Presently Marcela ceased going. To Grant she explained, "I don't mind her remarks—a sick person's privilege—but I make her too agitated to do her any good." She laid her hand gently on his sleeve. "I'm sorry for you, Grant."

"I know."

"I understand you better now. I'm your friend, you know—eternally. Don't think I place too much stress on merely physical relationship. I owe you more than I can ever repay already."

"We are deeply in debt to each other," he replied.

She laughed. "Apparently we both got bargains."

But it was Gabriela he now thought of constantly. He sought little ways to help her, and she was grateful. At the same time he tried not to show his feelings. Maybe—when the tangle was straightened out—maybe some day—

"What do you think of our famous Baron De Braga?" Grant asked her one day, a trifle anxiously.

Gabriela smiled mysteriously. "I knew you would ask that sooner or later. You are dreadfully afraid innocent little Gabriela might be swept off her feet, and yet you are quite too much the gentleman to tell me you believe the baron to be a dangerous scoundrel."

"He has his good qualities."

"You men! Do you all go around praising each other? The baron makes you over into a plaster saint. But we women—we know how to tear each other to pieces."

"You never tear Marcela to pieces."

"I just don't need to," she said.

"You haven't answered my question about the baron."

"Oh, yes, I have. Weren't you subtle enough to catch it?"

"I see."

"Now, don't be that way," she pleaded, catching him quickly by the arm. "The baron is remarkably clever, very charming, but a confounded nuisance. I like to concentrate on what I'm doing, and he's too much underfoot. Does that answer you?"

"From the day when I saw you dance in Amancaes—"

She cocked her head thoughtfully. "I have plenty of faults. I'm too full of pride, perhaps because of my brother."

"You love him very much?"

"I worship the ground he treads. And when I'm in doubt about anything, I ask myself: Now what would he do in my place? It helps a lot."

"But you don't need to be a reflection of anybody else, not even your famous brother."

"It doesn't hurt anybody to have an excellent model now and then. A woman has her weak moments. We work hard. I often get tired and gloomy, and I hate to think what I might do in such a moment if a comforting man came close—oh, some one like you." Her frank gaze flustered him.

"I'd be a good one to lean on! My life is pretty much a mess."

"You will get straightened out," she replied cheerfully. "You will have a harder time doing it than most, for you think of duty and things like that. But, on the other hand, you don't let personal difficulties swerve you from your purpose, not for a single minute. That's the sort of strength I admire most."

He looked into her eyes, and his head swam. The baron spent his time flattering her, he thought, and here she flatters me, and I say nothing.

Of late she had come often to see Bluebelle, on whom she had a good effect, for his wife thought her just an insignificant girl and felt no jealousy of her. Besides, Gabriela had the knack of handling people. Marcela had sympathy only for those who interested her, but Gabriela loved all human beings, the weak and the evil, the strong and the good.

Not long after the girls' arrival yellow fever broke out in camp. They set aside one shack as a pesthouse. Grant organized a clean-up squad to dig extra drainage ditches and rid camp of every spot in which water might collect and be a breeding bed for the carriers. One afternoon he discovered that Bluebelle was keeping under her bunk a number of open jars of water. Horrified, he questioned her sharply.

"It's rain water to drink," she said triumphantly. "You never drink out of the jar they bring in every day, so I know you've put it there to get rid of me. And I've fooled you!"

Grant stared at her. Definitely she was showing signs of mental disease—dementia praecox, he thought. If that were true, he could do nothing to save her. And the child—would it share the same disordered mentality? A double horror took hold of him. Quietly he emptied the receptacles. How many mosquitoes had they bred already? How many times had they bitten Bluebelle, himself?

Bluebelle screamed at him to stop, but he paid no heed. She broke out in fury: "You pompous ass, you think the child is yours, don't you?" She laughed insanely. "It's

Baron Szvigurt De Braga's. It's no Northern Yankee trash; it's an aristocrat with real blue blood. Yes, it happened in Santiago, and I'm glad!"

He did not answer, merely threw out the last of the water. Her words seemed to be the tale of some one else's life.

Frantic from his silence, she screamed: "Well, why don't you kill me? If you were a real man, you would." Her voice dropped to a whine. "I was afraid of the bombs and the Japs and all sorts of things. You wouldn't have wanted me to have had a Jap baby when they came in and took Santiago, would you?"

Oddly, he felt no bitterness toward Bluebelle after that. To him she had become just another sick patient in camp, to be watched over, cared for, cured if possible. He could understand what had happened to her. Her safe little world had been broken up, and when one moves out into the larger world one must change or perish. Bluebelle had not changed, and so now she was perishing. His thoughts shifted to the baron. Grant suddenly had a desire to take the man's throat in his two hands and choke the life out of him. The feeling faded quickly. This was no time to let any personal problem intrude into the main business of fighting for Fort Liberty.

They were beginning to suffer from daily enemy bombing now, and Grant sent out incessant appeals for medical aid. One afternoon a big gray plane brought Dr. Babcock, a lively little man sparkling with good humor, a yellow-fever specialist who had worked with the Rockefeller people many years. The plane was packed with medicines, quinine, serums. This was fortunate, for Marcela's supplies were about gone. What was also good, he brought a compact operating table and necessary surgical instruments.

Fort Liberty had not been forgotten by the United States!

When Astuzo praised the doctor for risking his life and sacrificing himself to come here, he retorted, "Sacrifice my eye, general! I wouldn't have missed this epidemic for anything. Yellow fever is my specialty. It's no sacrifice; it's a rare opportunity."

He set right to work to isolate the yellow-jack spirochaete and prepare vaccine.

THE following night Grant spent a long, happy session at the radio listening to the welcome account of the election of a successor to President Montes of Peru. The Reaper had, by a bold, brilliant stroke, ended Montes' power. Vincent had related the story. The Reaper, after recapturing Santiago, had swept the Japs back from other important points. When Montes, instead of co-operating, virtually outlawed the Reaper from Peru, the Reaper calmly paid a personal call upon him. In their talk the Reaper pressed the question of the Amazon expedition. Montes hedged. Nor would he recognize the Reaper as leader of the army.

Then the Reaper invited Montes to a victory banquet at which, climaxing a patriotic speech, he thrust a pen into Montes' hand and a document under his nose, and called upon him to sign, and so recognize the Reaper as continental commander. The United States, he announced, had already done so. Montes, though taken aback by that news, contemptuously refused. The Reaper's men sprang forward, covering Montes and his men with their guns. Montes, breathing heavily, still refused.

The Reaper ordered him led to one side. Montes stood there, rigid, jaws locked. In a quiet voice the Reaper gave him an ultimatum: sign, or ride out into the hills that night and be shot.

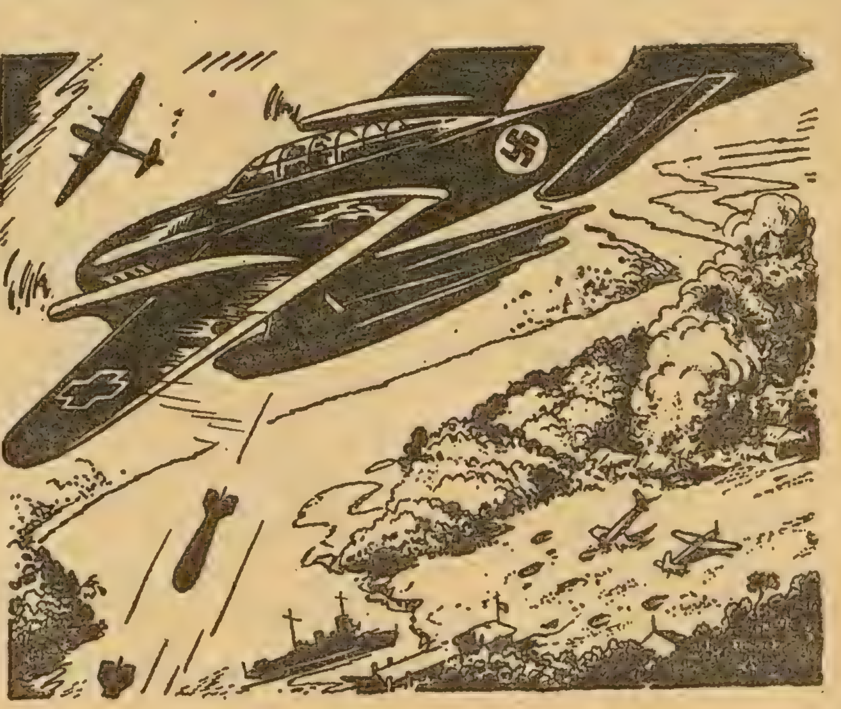
"If I sign, what guaranty have I that you will not shoot me anyway?" asked Montes hoarsely.

"None whatever, general, except my word. Your decision at once—my patience is gone."

So Montes had signed. Reporters were called in, and the two men posed side by side, smiling into the camera. Montes did not stand for re-election, but a man of liberal tendencies was put up. The Reaper's party put up De Oca; and he was elected by a landslide, as Grant now heard over the radio. Peru had at last an executive to be proud of.

Grant hurried over to the pesthouse to find Marcela and tell her. Since it was time for her to go off duty, he escorted her over to her plane, where she and Gabriela had their quarters.

"Do you think I'm getting so much satisfaction out of all this, Grant?" she said as they walked along the jungle path. "I'm not a woman made for sacrifice and duty. I want to get where I'm going. And yet, here I am. I suppose what holds me up, Grant, is—well, you. Why I should care a straw about you is more than I know. But I have a feeling that when I am doing all this and doing it well—that is what you would want; maybe my charm is enhanced a bit with you. Most of the time you make me want to break things—the way you stalk in, look around, snap out a few orders, and vanish."



"I'm working around the clock, too."

"A lady can do with a little affection now and then, Grant. Not much; just a little pat on the head."

They ran into Gabriela, due on duty at midnight. She peered at them in the dark. Grant suddenly felt the need of explanation. "Marcela was not well, so I brought her home," he said.

"I'm sorry, Marcela! Are you feeling better?"

"Just nerves. Now, having cornered the chief for a few seconds, I'm feeling marvelous."

Gabriela laughed in a strained way. "It would revive me, too," she said. Then, embarrassed, she hurried down the path.

She had scarcely reached the pesthouse when the drone of airplanes was heard. Heavy firing began to come from all sides of the camp. Then a bomb fell and burst, setting fire to some of the cabins. Other blasts followed, and the screams of men. Across the clearing darted a nude figure —Bluebelle running wildly, shrieking, "They are trying to kill me!" Suddenly she crumpled up in the deep grass. Melinda and Baron De Braga reached her at the same moment. Melinda had snatched up a blanket with which she covered the body.

A soldier ran past. "Hey, you," shouted De Braga, "what has happened?"

"The enemy! Somehow he has gotten through the western jungle and marshes, and now they have crossed the campos and are attacking the airport in force. God knows how they worked it."

He ran on. The baron tried to send Melinda to shelter, but she cried passionately, "I am going to wherever our men are fighting," and ran through the dark to the river front, where the guns roared incessantly now. Later General Astuzo, passing along the front, found her trying to ignore a wounded arm. Deeply concerned, he got her to what was left of the pesthouse. The doctor was busy, but Vincent cleaned the wound, Astuzo supporting her. She made no sound, but she bit a hole clear through Astuzo's uniform. Vincent detected a curious gleam of tenderness in the stern visage of the warrior who had led them all these months. Maybe—Vincent conjectured.

As the weeks rolled on, the steady day-and-night pressure of the enemy became more terrible, and the haggard, ragged defenders grew despondent. Why did the United States not send aid by air? Not even a scout plane over the area. Reinforcements, food, medicines, ammunition could now be brought in. But nothing came. Then, when murmurings grew loudest, a fleet of bombers came roaring over. At first the defenders thought it was a new and worse raid by the enemy, but the five-pointed star was quickly identified. The planes ranged straight on down the river toward Manaos. Before long the forces of Fort Liberty heard the faint but endless roar of bombing, and once more their spirits rose. To their surprise, they found resistance weak, and launched a full-fledged drive. The enemy was caught completely off balance, and some eight hundred were surrounded. About sundown a white flag was hauled up a tree, and Astuzo suddenly had the problem of seven hundred and twenty survivors to feed and guard.

The next day still more American planes came over, but again winged on southwest, and once more they heard heavy explosions.

"The Yanks are bombarding Manaos and giving it to them hot and heavy," said the defenders gleefully.

About eleven o'clock next morning a launch swept into the inlet with a white flag on the bow and other flags at the stern. A shout went up from the camp, a roar of gladness, as some one recognized the continental flag. Haggard men rushed to the water's edge and found sudden strength to haul the boat up on the beach. Grant and Astuzo hurried down. Out stepped the Reaper and his officers.

"Grant in person!" cried the Reaper, and hugged his friend with joy.

"This is General Astuzo," said Grant, "the best soldier in all the world."

The Reaper drew himself up stiffly and saluted. "I congratulate a brave and noble commander."

Astuzo returned the salute. "I am wholly under your orders."

"And my sister, Grant—is she all right?"

"She is fine."

"Thank God for that!"

Astuzo sent an aide to call her, and led the Reaper to headquarters. "You have taken Manaos?"

"Yes. And the whole river will soon be ours. We shall move on down swiftly. But to you belongs most of the credit. Without Fort Liberty we might never have been able to make it. We have had bitter times on the river, and the blood of our dead and of their dead has stained it for a thousand miles. But at no time have we had the constant grueling that you have had here."

As they reached headquarters, Gabriela came flying up and rushed into her brother's arms.

"Sister mine!" he cried, hugging and kissing her. "You are thin, but, except for your stunning rags, you look well. And the light in your eyes—it's worth coming twice a thousand miles to see. We shall soon have you dressed up in the latest fashions and you will look as fine as ever."

"Right now she is as beautiful as she ever will be," put in Grant.

Presently the supplies came and a big meal was spread out on oxhides through the main encampment and the adjacent clearings. Officers mingled with men, but a table was rigged up for Astuzo and the Reaper, and there stood Dr. Babcock, Vincent, Grant, Gabriela, Marcela, and A Passionaria. The baron was missing; no one ever knew his fate.

Astuzo made quite a ceremony of introducing A Passionaria.

"One person I have long wanted to meet," said the Reaper. "To me, you are a symbol of the new Brazil, of the future now close at hand."

By the time the banquet was over, the launches were ready to evacuate the force, and men carried their belongings and supplies down and piled in, shouting and singing. Astuzo instructed Grant, as health dictator, to remain behind and clean up. "I want all possibility of infection wiped out. The bodies are to be burned with gasoline, all buildings burned." His voice broke slightly. "Fort Liberty must now be wiped off the face of the map. But the red-circled star of it will shine on all the maps of the world for all time. Fort Liberty is not this crude pile of rubbish where we lived like so many trapped rats; it is a citadel in the heart of every one of its honest and loyal defenders, of every true man of the whole continent." He turned and looked across the marshes so recently red with blood. "I salute you all, friends and comrades, who gave your lives." It was the longest speech Astuzo had made. "Enough!" he said roughly, and turned and went down with the Reaper to the shore.

As Grant watched their vessel push off, Gabriela waved to him, and her looking back seemed like an old precious dream that had begun in the yellow spring fields of Amancaes when their eyes had first met; and this was part of the unwinding of a golden thread that had never broken.

It was three days before Grant's task was done and the torch applied to what was once Fort Liberty. Big columns of fire rose up into the sky while Grant watched with a feeling of sadness, and then, in the red-tinted dark, led his crew to the launches.

When he got to Manaos, he found that Astuzo and the Reaper, with the bulk of the forces, had already driven on down the river. At the hotel there was a letter for Grant from Marcela:

> Dearest Grant:
>
> Au revoir, beloved friend. I go to greener pastures far away. It is best. What the future holds I know not, but doubtless it will provide some sort of amusement, if no more than thinking of a moonlit beach not far from Lima, or thinking of a night of hope in a plane deep in the jungle, or thinking of dark difficult hours when I faced all things by your side. And so the world spins on, and maybe the future will also hold a few little memories rich for you also.

His eyes blurred slightly. Marcela—so wise and brave—she'd land on her feet. He hoped so, anyhow.

There was other mail—communications from the bureau he'd been informing in Washington; queries as to the failure of his reports to arrive; finally, strong admonitions, an order to report to Ambassador Grayson in Rio, an order to report at once in Washington; finally, an order hinting at treason and informing him his salary was suspended. He smiled. Such was fame for you! Up there in that bureau Fort Liberty was just a tiny speck somewhere in a jungle, something to enthuse about at a cocktail party and forgotten the next moment in the scramble to get an allotment of new tires.

Before he started down the river he pitched in and caught up on those reports. Word came of the long awaited naval and air attack by the United States on Belem. The marines had established a bridgehead there and were now fighting their way into the city. A second American force slipped by the city upstream to occupy adjacent points on the river. This meant that the Nazis and their treacherous allies were doomed, that they could now offer very little effective resistance to the Reaper's advance.

At last Grant was able to hurry down after his comrades. He caught up just as the Reaper stormed into Santarem. Word came immediately to him that the Reaper wanted to see him. At headquarters he found Astuzo also.

"Astuzo and I," said the Reaper, "have been talking over your Amazon plans. They should be given a symbolic start now. This afternoon the three of us are dedicating the cornerstone of your great new air-cooled city in Santarem. I have had the stone cut, ordered the cement mixed, and I hope it has been carved to your satisfaction. It will bear your name as the founder of the modern Amazon. It's far too much credit to give you as yet, but I want to do this, and do it solemnly. It will be a pledge among us three that, while breath is in us, we shall see that the work goes on, and a statement to the wide world that we plan to use victory for great achievements."

And so, before a company of the assembled forces of the

Continental Army and the curious, somewhat mystified citizens of Santarem, the stone was laid. Then the Reaper and Astuzo flew to Rio, on invitation of Brazil's President; and shortly Grant was sent for, too. Along with the official invitation came another—an invitation to the wedding of Astuzo and A Passionaria, to be celebrated two days hence in the Presidential Palace, with the Archbishop officiating.

As Grant's plane crossed the great jungles of Brazil and skirted the mighty palm-fringed coast, all his thoughts centered on Gabriela. He tried his best to see her as soon as he arrived, but urgent obligations kept him rushed. Finally he was dressing for the wedding, and still had not seen her. But in the palace they found each other. There was no mistaking her happiness. As one of the bridesmaids, she was dressed in a cloud of lavender and looked far more lovely than the bride. There was time only to squeeze her hand and tell her that. They arranged to see each other on the morrow, and then she fled, pausing halfway up the marble staircase and looking down at him—in her eyes a new challenge, more inescapable than that she had once shown him at the fiesta of Amancaes.

But shortly Grant was called to the American embassy. The President in Washington had agreed to see Grant. That meant something all-important for his plans and he would have to leave by plane that very afternoon. He could not see Gabriela!

With a sinking feeling he went to make his final preparations. The rest of the time was a mad rush. Accompanied by Vincent Gainesville, he made the Santos-Dumont Airport with only a few minutes to spare. He had shaken hands with Vincent and was just stepping into the plane when a figure came flying down the runway. It was Gabriela.

"I just had to say good-by," she panted, suddenly very much embarrassed.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, and it was sweet. "Good-by, lovely Gabriela. I shall be back soon, very soon."

In a few minutes more the plane was in the air, and he caught the last flutter of her handkerchief.

Now the white and green gardens of Rio spread out below, the tall church towers, the shores of white sand beside the purple. There was Sugar Loaf Hill and there was the Corcovado, with its enormous statue of Christ, the Prince of Peace. There was the endless jungle, miles on miles of mighty forest; and there, north, in the heart of that great empire, downstream from Fort Liberty, was golden Santárem and the cornerstone of a new world.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

CHALK up, as a lady to watch, **Betty Smith**, whose first novel, **A Tree Grows in Brooklyn** (Harper & Bros., New York, $2.75), is a mature and memorable book.

Somewhat reminiscent of James Farrell, it doesn't prod and search and work over its characters as the Farrell technique does. Miss Smith's book is, therefore, more readable and her people more engaging.

Her locale is the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, which would roughly correspond to Farrell's Chicago. For Mr. Farrell's Danny, we have Miss Smith's Francie Nolan, and this is Francie's story, shared by her family, as well as other poor but good and conscientious citizens of Brooklyn, and some of its shadier ones.

Betty Smith

Francie's story begins when, as a little girl, she and her brother Neeley complete their usual Saturday transaction of selling junk for a few pennies to be spent on candy. These are the children of Katie and Johnny Nolan. Katie was a lovely girl and a hard worker, daughter of Austrian immigrants. Johnny was a lovable, shiftless Irish lad whose voice had been beautiful in his youth and had served him in his capacity of singing waiter. Life was too much for Johnny, whose children had come before he was old enough to vote and who could find a world worth living in only through drink.

George F. Beurling

Katie worked as janitress to assure a roof over the family's head. Johnny worked when he could, and drank steadily until just before his third child was born. Then he knew in fact that he was defeated and, sober, he cracked up faster, caught pneumonia and died.

From this pitiable start and out of these drab surroundings Francie managed to create a life worth living and remembering. She grew into young womanhood strong and straight in mind, human and lovable.

In telling Francie's story, Miss Smith handles her people expertly, her dialogue naturally and well; she pours into it humor (as in the case of Uncle Willie Flittman, who had a feud with a horse), pathos (as in Johnny Nolan's death), even tragedy and horror (in a fine set piece about the fiend who tried to attack Francie and was shot by Katie).

More important, she has created a livable character. Francie Nolan will undoubtedly hold her place in conversations and readers' minds for a long time to come. That is one test of a good book. Francie will find her way into the movies, as did Kitty Foyle, which is assurance of a popular book. A Tree Grows in Brooklyn deserves the first and is a natural for the second.

MALTA SPITFIRE, by **Flying Officer George F. Beurling** and **Leslie Roberts** (Farrar & Rinehart, New York, $2.50), deserves a reading on two counts. It is a smoothly told story of a fighter who distinguished himself considerably knocking down German and Italian planes against desperate odds in the skies above beleaguered Malta. And it gives a picture of the island that so bravely stood off Axis attack so long.

It would have been a better book if it had told less of Beurling's troubles attempting to join the R. A. F. and accommodating himself to it once he was accepted, and more of his exploits in the skies above Malta. But once it hits its stride it is unwaveringly exciting.

NATURAL COLOR
PHOTO FROM
BRITISH COMBINE

BIRTH OF A NEW BRITAIN

Will the new Britain insist that Princess Elizabeth become the wife of an American?

AMERICAN air lines are promising postwar transatlantic flights at prices that will put week-ends or summer vacations in Britain within the reach of vast numbers of U. S. citizens.

But those American tourists will see a totally altered Britain. The country you have known about from films and books and prewar visits has been through the melting pot of Hitler's air blitz and is emerging in a completely different shape. After three centuries of magic sleep and beauty, England awakes.

"The stately homes of England" are already changed beyond recall. They will never be again. The aloof aristocracy that came over with the Conqueror has found Life stamping with earthy foot through its polished ballrooms and plowing up the turf of its shaven lawns. And these are but the first heralds of changes far greater.

Britain has made up its universal mind to much more than slum clearance, nursery schools, school meals, altered health conditions, the democratizing of the nobility, and the adult education of the masses.

The old England is gone forever and so are her old ideas—making for some startling changes. A British journalist here previews them for you

BY FRANK S. STUART

Steadily and irresistibly all through this war a vast weight of British opinion has been growing that Princess Elizabeth should marry an American.

We who stood alone against the world in 1940 understand, without selfishness or guile, that the English-speaking nations must combine in a common citizenship if the world is to stand the shocks of another hundred years.

Truly, the old order changeth. Recently I got out my bicycle and rode ten miles to visit one of England's premier dukes. Turning up the half-mile drive to the house, I crackled over weedy gravel hillocks. Ten gardeners, before the war, pounced on every sprouting weed in this yellow gravel that was rolled, then, like a billiard table. The shrubs have hung trailers right across the drive; they used to be trimmed and dressed like Guardsmen on parade.

Somewhere in the distance I heard the last remnant of the duke's world-famous foxhounds, forlornly lamenting their meatless diet.

I passed the stables, once full of blooded hunters. There are two old favorites there still; they looked out and whinnied distaste of war, and no wonder, for the back of their stables was blown off by a bomb two years ago. Rusting in one section of the stables are two Rolls-Royces and the twenty-seat private bus in which the duke's guests used to be fetched from the station.

The absence of petrol makes the duke and duchess cycle when they go shopping in the village, a mile away. The duchess shops shrewdly and well among villagers who used, in slump times, to live on her bounty. She has to take her place in food queues like the rest of us, for fish and other rarities.

Nearing the house, I met the duke coming in with two filled coal scuttles in his hands. He put them down, shook hands, and wiped his brow. "By Gad, I underpaid that little devil Jenkins!" he said, puffing. "Never dreamed what this job was like, then!"

I took a scuttle and we went in, to find the duchess and her sister mopping the three-hundred-year-old oak of an illimitable ballroom floor.

These people who employed more than thirty indoor and outdoor servants, and thought themselves ill-used if one left without due notice, have now no servants at all beyond two charwomen of independent means and a veteran Home Guardsman with a game leg, a great artist with the hand scythe, with which, when there is no petrol, untold acres of

(*Continued on page 52*)

GERMANY'S STRATEGY OF DEFEAT

Continued from Page 13

the Wehrmacht's complete loss of face in the eyes of Japanese militarists, causing an irreparable break in the Axis structure. As such, it was the beginning of the end.

Actually, Stalingrad sealed the failure of the German-Japanese alliance. The portents of coming events were discernible much earlier. Twice since Pearl Harbor, Hitler had attempted to influence Japanese grand strategy. On both occasions he was rebuffed. In December, 1941, General Eugen Ott, at the time Reich Ambassador in Tokyo, urged an immediate Japanese invasion of the Hawaiian Islands. He based his recommendation on a report by American agents of the German international espionage organization, headed by Admiral Canaris, claiming that the Pearl Harbor debacle had left the island group virtually denuded of effective defenses.

However, the Japs were unwilling, or unable at the time, to comply with the German request. When they came around to the invasion attempt some months later, their forces suffered the disastrous defeat of Midway. Hitler never forgave the Japanese for what he called "a case of incredible strategic bungling."

The second German attempt to dominate Jap strategy occurred in the late spring of 1942, when General Ott was instructed to suggest to the Imperial Army Staff that simultaneous action from east and west would knock Russia completely out of the war and remove one of the principal obstacles to an eventual junction of the Axis partners in the Middle East.

Tokyo regarded the proposal favorably. The widely scattered ground and air forces of Japan were regrouped for such an operation. Then something happened. Just as a Japanese invasion of Siberia and the maritime provinces seemed imminent, the Jap war lords underwent a change of mind. Berlin today is convinced that they were motivated by the typically Oriental reasoning that a mutual bloodletting of Germany and Russia would work out to Japan's advantage. Whatever the motives, the result was Stalingrad.

THE fiasco of a co-ordinated German-Japanese strategy was well under way when Hitler made another attempt to prop the tottering Axis structure. With Wehrmacht prestige on a sharp down grade, a military man was no longer the proper Reich representative in Tokyo. General Ott was recalled and Heinrich Stahmer, close friend of the Führer, was appointed in his place.

Originally a professor of Far Eastern economics, Stahmer was intimately familiar with the resources of the Orient. He spoke Chinese and Japanese fluently. He was persistent, yet at the same time endowed with a pleasant soft-spoken persuasiveness—an attribute rarely found in German diplomats. All of which made him the ideal man to deal with Hitler's wily Asiatic partner.

In the light of Stahmer's avowed purpose, and considering his unquestioned fitness for the Tokyo post, his recent report to the Reich Ministry for Foreign Affairs is a real eye-opener. At the conclusion of the voluminous document, Hitler's special envoy had this to say:

"To consolidate and maintain her new Asiatic-Oceanic empire Japan is prepared to sacrifice any number of Asiatic lives. She is equally determined not to sacrifice a single life for interests that are alien to her own long-range purposes. In her pursuit of these purposes Japan is willing to pay for German help in much the same way as she would be willing to pay for American or British help, should circumstances favor a driving of bargains with these nations at the expense of Germany. In all her dealings with Japan, Germany will be well advised to take this acute Japanese realism into account. Germany can expect no favors from Japan unless such favors involve a direct or indirect means toward the prosecution of Japan's long-range plans."

An English lady, self-appointed supervisor of village morals, accused a workman of having reverted to drink because "with her own eyes" she had seen his wheelbarrow standing outside a public house.

The accused man made no verbal defense, but the same evening he placed his wheelbarrow outside her door and left it there all night.

—*Encyclopedia of Creative Thought.*

This strictly realistic appraisal of the situation by one of the Führer's intimates proves conclusively that the cornerstone of Hitler's strategy of conquest has been knocked away and the structure can no longer be supported. The Führer's boldly conceived German-Japanese alliance turned out a complete failure.

This failure is but one of numerous causes that led to the adoption of Germany's current strategy of defeat. The fundamental cause, according to a view recently expressed by Grand Admiral Erich Raeder, now chief of the new Kuestenverteidigungsdienst (coast defense service), lies in the continental psychology imposed by the Nazis on the German military mind. A strategy of conquest that invited the determined opposition of the world's two leading naval powers, demanded the establishment of a naval counterbalance by the conquering combine. But the naval constellation of the world presented no means of accomplishing any such counterbalance. It was a situation that compelled the Nazi war lords to plot their strategy of conquest along circumferential and frequently tortuous overland routes.

In theory, the Nazis figured on the checkmating of enemy naval power with air power. However, the development of the Luftwaffe from the very outset was dominated by such minds as Göring, Milch, Udet, Kesselring, Sperrle, Keller, Bodenschatz, and von Richthofen. Among them was not one expert in naval aviation. Their guiding philosophy in building up the Luftwaffe was its employment as a powerful adjunct to land power.

Throughout the early phases of this conflict there were repeated opportunities when the entry of a half dozen aircraft carriers at a pivotal point would have forced a quick decision. No one in Naziland had thought of building these carriers. The Kuestenseeflugkommando (coastal air command), whose long-range patrol bombers at one time played havoc with Allied overseas communications in conjunction with the U-boat fleet, was always treated as a stepchild. At no time during the conflict was it able to engage in decisive operations of its own, Nazi propaganda claims to the contrary notwithstanding.

AS an adjunct to land power, the Luftwaffe, of course, has proven itself a deadly weapon. But one factor commonly disregarded is the actual extent of punishment that the Luftwaffe had to absorb while serving as an instrument of conquest.

Statistics obtained from German archives throw all previous estimates of Luftwaffe losses into a cocked hat. It is a fact that from the beginning of the war until the start of operations in Tunisia the Luftwaffe has lost a grand total of more than 33,000 combat planes of all categories. It is likewise a fact that during the same period the Luftwaffe has lost in excess of 73,000 experienced pilots and other flying personnel, not counting the wounded who returned to service. Such is the staggering price that the Luftwaffe paid for the conquest of a continent.

With the German military mind dominated by a continental psychology, it was only logical that Hitler's strategy of conquest should rely on the ground forces, commonly called the Wehrmacht. This is the reason why the German Army, on the whole, has held up remarkably well, all considered. We have had an endless variety of reports, mostly from Russian sources, claiming all sorts of German combat casualties. Some gave the fantastic figure of 10,000,000 Germans killed, completely ignoring the fundamental fact that an army that had suffered such tremendous losses would have long ago ceased to exist.

Recently obtained statistics from German archives disclose the manpower loss of the German Army—in killed, missing, and permanently incapacitated—at somewhat in excess of 2,100,000, including the final campaign in Tunisia but not subsequent operations along the Russian front. In addition, there were more than 3,400,000 wounded, but a number of these must be discounted inasmuch as they ultimately returned to active service. These are German Army losses exclusively; they do not include Italian losses or those of other Axis countries.

At that, the loss is a staggering one, especially since it involved the cream of the Wehrmacht. A ranking German general admitted that fully 60 per cent of the young soldiers who participated in the campaigns of 1940 have perished or otherwise been put out of action. It is this particular factor that must enter any analysis of current German strength. It is likewise this factor, combined with several others, which brought about the collapse of Hitler's strategy of conquest and the adoption of the present German strategy of defeat.

Frank BEAVEN

"Do you smell smoke?"

HITLER'S strategy of conquest envisaged his tapping the rich resources of the Caucasus, the Volga basin and the Middle East. His military failure put an end to this dream and the Nazis found themselves restricted to the resources of the Ukraine—the only portion of their territorial gains capable of yielding appreciable benefits.

Thus far the Ukrainian yield has been disappointing. Lengthy statistics are wearisome and I shall confine myself to simple percentage figures. Placing the normal productive capacity of the Ukraine at 100 per cent, the Nazis expected to extract 35 per cent in 1942; they managed to obtain a meager 15 per cent. They counted on a 70-per-cent yield in 1943, but Reich Commissar Koch's estimate, submitted in May, promises only 30 per cent.

Russia's reborn armies, pounding at the Ukraine's gates, may break through and take possession of this potential Nazi larder before it has commenced to really produce. The protective military cordon has an average width of 100 miles, and such fortifications have been overcome before.

Hitler finds himself the originator of a vicious circle from which there is no escape. He has poured a tremendous investment into the Ukraine. The fact that much of it was robbed from other countries makes little difference. To hold no more than his own in a grim war of attrition running into years, he simply must have the food of the Ukraine. To retain this larder he is compelled to maintain a vast armed force for the Ukraine's protection. Yet this very force is continuously drawing on the man-power resources that he sorely needs for the Ukraine's economic development.

Also the constantly swelling armed forces demand the production of tremendous amounts of equipment for their maintenance. Allied bombings have made certain inroads on the German manufacturing plant. As yet these inroads are not decisive, as the Nazis have managed to transfer a considerable part of their factories to the relatively secure east. The Nazi arsenal today is largely located in Saxony, Silesia, and the Protectorate. But as Allied air bases are established in Italy these important targets will come within effective bombing range.

Admittedly, Germany is still doing fairly well in the production of arms and munitions. But this very fact, coupled with vastly increased demands on food distribution and the wholesale evacuation of bombed areas, confronts her with another gigantic problem—that of transportation.

For the movement of bulk goods Germany has always depended on a vast river-and-canal system. The Nazis have greatly expanded these water transport facilities. But along in December, sometimes earlier, many rivers and canals freeze up, especially the immensely important arteries from west to east. It is then that the entire transportation burden is thrust upon the railroads, and the wail of Germany's railways for relief is rising to high heaven.

German rails were built to specifications based on a certain amount of train movement. The requirements of war transport have in many cases tripled and quadrupled this movement. The simple effect of friction between wheels and rails has created a repair problem with which Hitler's Wehrwirtschaft was not prepared to cope. For three long war years rails occupied an inconspicuous place on a long list of steel priorities. They were treated as a stepchild that grew up into a monster. This spring, after a terrific winter strain on a greatly weakened railway system, some 22,000 miles of track, or one eighth of the Reich's total track mileage, demanded immediate reconditioning.

But track deterioration, serious as it is, represents only part of the difficulty. The really big problem is locomotives. At the outbreak of war Germany controlled 182,000 miles of trackage, and to serve it she had 65,400 locomotives, or one for about each three miles of track. She took over 21,000 miles of Russian railway track, but only 2,260 serviceable locomotives. Even these were of a wide-gauge type and their conversion to standard gauge required fourteen months. In the meantime German locomotives had to do all the hauling in Russia.

A similar picture prevailed in other occupied countries. The present strategic situation of the German armies, stretching as it does over an entire continent, demands that all strategically vital lines be kept in operation. Yet at the outset of this year there was only one locomotive for each six miles of track throughout German-held territory, or one half the number of locomotives available in 1939 as against a more than doubled freight load.

The German backlog of locomotives awaiting repairs speaks for itself. In September, 1942, it was 3,200, but in May of this year it reached an all-time high of 6,200. And with another desperate winter in the offing, little in the way of real relief is in sight.

IN short, every important phase of the Nazi economic front is in the process of deterioration. The only relatively bright spot in the picture is the food situation, and this one is largely dependent on the dubious case of the Ukraine.

Hitler failed in his alliance with Japan. He failed in the air and on the ground. And, lastly, he failed at home. Successively, each of these failures begot the next. Together, they dictated Germany's present strategy of defeat which found its expression in the Fortress Europe.

One most curious aspect of the Fortress Europe is that there are hardly two ranking German generals who will agree on what it actually encompasses. There was a time when Tunisia was included in the conception of Fortress Europe. Next, it was understood to include all of the continent and pertaining islands, but already—some time before the Allied invasion of Sicily—the geographical definition was modified. Nazi leaders began to differentiate between the Fortress Europe itself and its approaches. Included among the latter were not only all the Mediterranean islands but even Italy and Greece.

Clearly, the Nazis are attuning their propaganda line to the scope of things to come. Should the invading Allies take possession of certain parts of the European mainland, Berlin will simply reclassify such parts as not belonging to Fortress Europe. In this respect there scarcely is room for doubt as to the elasticity of the Nazi mind.

Perhaps the best obtainable definition of Fortress Europe is the one given by Colonel General Alfred Jodl when, one day in March, following the Stalingrad disaster, he drew a series of lines on a map and said, "Unless we hold along these we are lost."

THE line drawn by Jodl starts at the North Cape, follows the coast of Norway to Stavanger, then jumps across the North Sea to the English Channel and proceeds along the Atlantic coast of France to the Pyrenees. It starts again at the Gulf of Lions, follows the Mediterranean coast to Genoa, cuts the base of the Italian boot to the Po delta, and goes down the Adriatic coast to Albania. From here it leaps to the area of Salonika, then runs with the Bulgarian border to the Black Sea. Cutting across this sea it encompasses the Crimea and hits the shore of the Sea of Azov in the vicinity of Melitopol. It continues straight north to the Dnieper bend, follows the course of this river to its source, then goes due north to Lake Pipus and the Gulf of Finland.

For the protection of their own coast the Germans have planted a gigantic mine field across the southeast corner of the North Sea, all the way from Texel Island to the Jammerbucht. The strength of the coastal forts in Jutland is doubtful; some are still under construction. For the present, the German command relies principally on a mobile reserve of six divisions stationed in Jutland and Schleswig-Holstein. Heligoland Island may be considered a counterpart of Malta. The West Frisian islands are strongly fortified and garrisoned by fortress troops and marines.

The beaches of Holland, from Den Helder to Hook of Holland, bristle with pillboxes, *pak** positions, and tank traps. The islands in the Rhine-Scheldt delta are a maze of mine fields and interlocking artillery nests. Yet it is symptomatic of the Nazi mind when compelled to resort to a strategy of defeat that during the past six months the Organisation Todt has been hard at work on the West Wall fortifications, extending them deep into Dutch territory.

The Atlantic Wall runs from the vicinity of Zeebrugge all the way down the French coast to the Bay of Biscay. Beyond any question these coastal fortifications are of the strongest type. They are safeguarded, in addition, by a triple chain of pillboxes across the base of the Breton peninsula, from the Bay of St. Michel to the Loire estuary. It is wrong to assume, however, that the coast is fortified along its entire length, which would be an impossible task. The Nazis have simply constructed a series of strong points in locations most suitable for landings. In between stretch miles of coast line without a single gun. To counteract landings at such points the Nazis have set up in the rear a series of hedgehog fortresses after the Russian model. The principal hedgehogs are Ghent, Lille, Arras, Amiens, Rouen, Caen, and Rennes.

Again in this case the fear psychology born of a strategy of defeat has asserted itself. Far behind these fortifications the Organisation Todt is busy reconstructing the forts of the Maginot Line whose guns were removed in 1940-41 to man the defenses of the Atlantic Wall. Moreover, the German command has garrisoned a strategic reserve of sixteen divisions in these forts.

The defenses of the French Mediterranean coast are still sketchy. Marseilles, whose population was largely evacuated, is being converted into a strong defense bastion and a line of coastal fortifications is in various stages of erection. In the meantime the defense of this coast is entrusted to a highly mobile force of eight divisions.

At the present writing the nature of the German fortifications in the Balkans is largely unknown. Much of this work is still in progress.

For the protection of the Ukraine the Nazis rely on a double line of strong defenses. One follows the course of the Mius and Donetz rivers. It consists of extensive hedgehog positions with an interlocking system of tank traps and pillboxes. The second is the Ost Wall, formerly the Stalin Line, extending from the Gulf of Finland to the Crimea. Of late, however, again influenced by the strategy of defeat, the Nazis have started a third line along the Bug and Duna rivers.

WITHIN the continental confines girded by these fortified lines the character of all military enterprise is of the strictly defensive type. The recent reorganization of the Wehrmacht, with its reduction in size of the panzer divisions that used to serve as offensive spearheads under the strategy of conquest, its emphasis on fortress troops, and its creation of the Kuestenverteidigungsdienst for the defense of the most vital coastal areas, is clearly an expression of the defensive mentality that has gripped the German command and is filtering into the ranks of the Reich's armed forces.

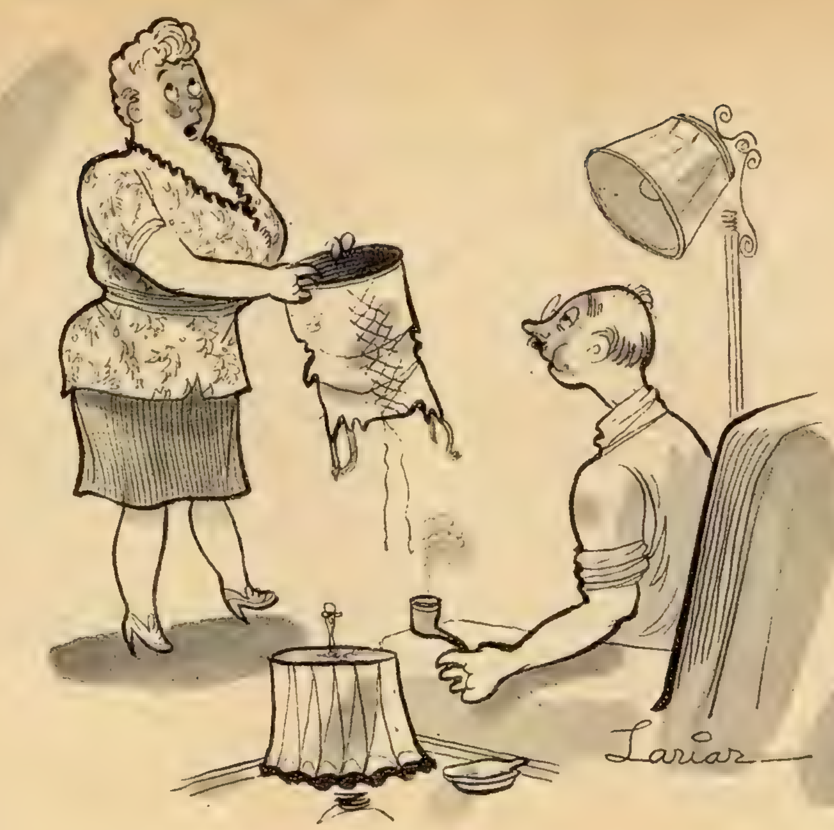
Their innermost fears are plainly evident from the following passage in the previously mentioned Heeresbefehl No. 78. It says:

"Enemy landings on any point of Europe's mainland will have as their ultimate objective the destruction of German power. The enemy's proclaimed intention is to deprive Germans of all fruits of their dearly won victories and to destroy for all time the German right to national security. Germany is to be disintegrated and the German nation made a helpless prey to Bolshevik barbarism. . . ."

Therewith the German command itself furnishes the most telling illustration of Germany's strategy of defeat.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT



"Well, I guess it's back to toast and tomato salad again."

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* Contraction for *Panzerabwehrkanone*, meaning antitank gun.

ALIAS X-17

Continued from Page 23

no more afraid to sass that instructor than you would be to go into Gargantua's cage and strike him smartly across the nose with an old hot-water bottle.

Sometimes I wonder: what have these instructors got that the Japs haven't got? Well, I don't know, but they've got it.

Anyway, the instructor turns to the cadet and says, "Those alleged Chandelles* you were doing yesterday put me very much in mind of a drunken man falling down a staircase. Try to remember that the belly-buster's place is in the old swimming hole—not in the initial stage of a Chandelle."

"Yes, sir."

The grease monkey, still standing by, is now imagining himself the instructor, and is very annoyed with the cadet for doing yesterday's Chandelles wrong.

WHEN the instructor and the student climb in, the instructor makes the student check everything: see that my controls move freely, that the oil temperature is high enough, and about a dozen other things.

My radio is revved up and both men pull the radio phones which they have been wearing high on their heads down on their ears.

The instructor picks up the transmitter and says, "Now, mister, try to keep in mind that you are flying the orneriest airplane in the Army.† And that if your mind gets wandering, this thing will break both our necks. Aside from that, there's nothing else to worry about."

"Yes, sir."

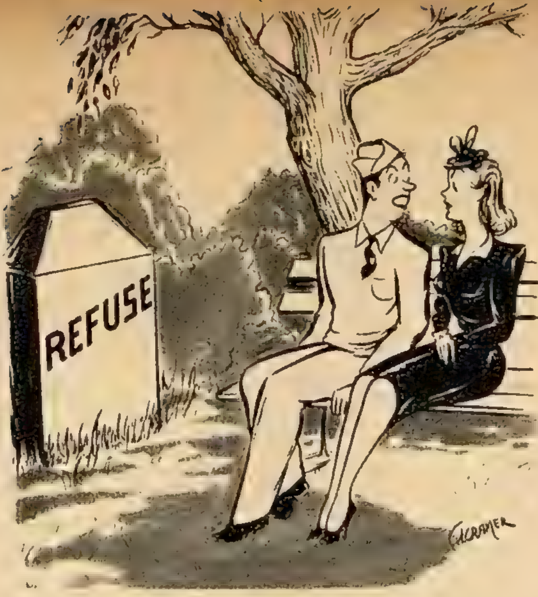
By now the cadet has taxied me onto the field, lined my nose into the wind.

"O. K.," the instructor says, sore at having to fly me. "Give 'er the gun. Take off."

With his left hand the student pushes forward on my throttle lever. Mightily I huff and puff, then start running across the turf. My tail wheel comes off the ground. My fuselage is now parallel with the field. If I had ears, this is the point where I'd lay 'em back. Now, with the motor screaming and my prop chewing into the air and my wings beginning to lift, my wheels rise off the ground and slowly stop spinning. I'm in the air, lurching through it at a hundred and twenty miles an hour. And everybody better look out.

An hour later, as I come back into the traffic pattern to land, somebody on the ground will notice my number. The word will pass along the hangar line: "Old 400's coming in!"

The assistant on the crash truck punches the dozing driver. "Old 400's about to land," he says.



"Let's move where you can't see that sign!"

Quickly the driver makes sure everything's set for a fast dash across the field.

Circling in the traffic pattern, I know what's going on on the ground. And I feel all the thrill any other outlaw ever felt who knows he has got everybody scared stiff, knows people can't get him out of their minds. What else is fame but that others can't forget you whether they want to or not? Especially when you don't care a hoot whether they like you or hate you—just so they know you're there. Somehow you get a lot of real pleasure out of aggravating them.

Anyway, so I'm coming down onto the field, and I know everybody is pretty much dreading the next few minutes and holding themselves in readiness to start running.

So what more do I want? Without a flicker, I glide onto and across the smooth turf. I am saving my stuff, you see, until a few of them relax and begin to take me for granted. All of which I regard as a kind of charity on my part. You know the old saying: "Everybody loves a surprise."

Some Heels That Click

NOW, just in case you ever meet a cadet on the train, and also in case you have the slightest interest in understanding what he is talking about, it might be well for me to give you a sort of glossary of the terms cadets use. Of course, if you only want the gist of what he will be saying, I can give that to you here in advance. 1. He is a hot flyer. 2. The girls can't resist him.

But he will also have had a series of flying escapades of which he will be eager to tell you, and in case one or two of them might be of some interest to you, I will set down a list of cadet slanguage. Armed with this list and a good technical dictionary, you may be able to follow what he is saying, because this cadet is going to flash all sorts of things on you—like *Immelmann,* which until you have looked it up in your dictionary you will naturally suppose is a Nazi spy instead of a flying maneuver.

RANDOLPH RIP. What the Randolph barbers do to a human head—a tonsorial tantrum in which no divots are replaced.

HOMING DEVICE. A furlough or leave of absence.

BLACK WEDNESDAY. Calisthenics with rifles on that day.

BIRD DOGGING. When a lower classman dances with an upper classman's date.

GET EAGER. To strive to the utmost.

RAT. Balls of lint that suddenly appear on the floor; most noticeable when a cadet is standing at attention during an inspection of his room.

MICE. Little "rats."

SPIN IN. Go to bed; take a nap.

TAKE OFF. To leave at a high rate of speed.

RAUNCHY. A name applied to anything that is dirty or in bad shape.

PUSH-BUTTON PILOTS. Those cadets who are assigned to flights using the BT-13s and 14s, differentiating them from those cadets who train in the more elderly and rambunctious BT-9s, such as me.

ROLL UP YOUR FLAPS. Stop talking.

SUGAR REPORT. A letter from a cadet's patootie.

DRIVE OVER. Come here.

TAXI UP. " "

MISTER. The name every cadet is known by from the day he enters the Air Forces until he gets his commission.

CADET WIDOW. A young lady who has known flying cadets for several classes.

BUNK FLYING. Talking aviation while in the barracks.

DRIVE IT IN THE HANGAR. Let's stop bunk flying.

STORM. Excited cadet's condition: when he is panicky or doesn't know what he is doing, he is in a storm.

DAWN PATROLLING. Arising before reveille.

DODO. Name given to flying cadet until he has soloed.

GIG. Demerit.

TOUR. An hour of marching on the ramp with rifle and white gloves: given as a penalty.

HOT PILOT. One who thinks he is exceptionally good.

6 AND 20 TOOTSIE. Any bit of enticing femininity who is responsible for a cadet returning late from a week-end leave—"6 and 20" meaning 6 demerits and 20 tours.

RIDING THE BEAM. Gazing at the ceiling after violating a custom in the mess hall.

WHOOFIN. To tell a rather tall tale or fable. Examples: "I love to fly Old 400." Or: "I read a book written by an airplane."

So much for cadet slang, which you will recall I did not promise you wouldn't be silly.

There's Something Funny About Flying

I HAVE finally figured out why some of those boys who used to fly me are rubbing out so many Japs: They cannot fly an airplane well enough to make a good target. Either that, or they have improved a lot since they used to land me so hard that it would frequently bust my landing gear and put a curvature in my fuselage.

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* A Chandelle is a maneuver and too complicated to tell about right here.

† This always makes me feel great.

However, I will say that I have seen some of the worst of these runway-plowhands come back after they had got their wings and drop something really hot, say a B-25, down on the turf so gently that the rest of the crew could never tell where flying had stopped and taxiing began. And it makes me wonder if maybe I haven't got the hardest racket, after all—if maybe I wouldn't have been a lot better off to have been a combat plane. I think I'd look pretty flossy with about ten little swastikas painted on my fuselage, each standing for a late Focke-Wulf or Dornier or Junkers.

Anyway, it is more stylish nowadays to have the Japs or Hitler for your natural enemy rather than a lot of American flying cadets which, no matter how you figure it, are mine. Besides, maybe those other people would not be so tough.

I am not crying my eyes out about anybody else's troubles, but sometimes I do feel just the least bit sorry for some of the cadets.

They are always going at a run, and when anybody tells them anything they have got to stop and listen, because it may mean their necks if they get something wrong.

Usually they are pushed around so much, instructed so much, that they soon get to be just a set of fast regulation responses to regulation stimuli. At least, you get to thinking they are, and then a rugged individualist will turn up with some outrageous stunt that will set everybody crazy.

I remember once there was a Cadet Sanderson whose instructor could not get him to take a firm, self-reliant hold on the controls whenever we were coming in to land. The instructor tried every possible way. But by himself following through lightly on the controls, he could always feel them getting wishy-washy as we neared the ground.

The instructor talked this case over with his other students. Finally one of the students struck upon a plan that was bold and drastic but should force on Mister Sanderson the self-reliance that until now he'd never possessed.

* * *

What we call confidence in ourselves we call conceit in others.

—Lord Dewar.

* * *

On the very next day, as the instructor and Mister Sanderson were coming in to land, the instructor touched Mister Sanderson on the shoulder. Then, when Mister Sanderson looked back, the instructor reached down into the cockpit, loosened the screws that held his control stick in place, lifted it out, showed it to Mister Sanderson, and dropped it over the side.

Mister Sanderson looked perplexed, faced back toward the nose of the ship, fiddled a minute in the cockpit, then *he* lifted out a stick, showed it to the paralyzed instructor, and threw it over the side.

By now the plane was too low for either to jump.

After allowing the instructor a few seconds of horror, Mister Sanderson (who had been forewarned of what was going to happen and had brought along a loose stick for throwing-out purposes) took control of the plane, made a passable landing, snapped open his safety belt, and ran.

Old 400, alias X-17, will tell you all the rest of her own story in Liberty next week.

BIRTH OF A NEW BRITAIN

Continued from Page 47

lawn grass can be kept at least short enough to walk on.

All the servants have gone into the forces, or into the factories. They would have preferred to stay with Her Grace, but Labor Exchanges directed them elsewhere.

"We are having a visitor for tea," the duchess said. "Alison—she used to be head parlormaid; you remember her, I expect."

And when the duke carried in the ancestral silver tray with rationed tea and bread-and-margarine on it, and the family's bit of sugar in the bottom of a chased-silver bowl big enough to bath in (we visitors brought our own saccharine), a distinguished-looking girl in WAAF uniform sat next me on a huge settee; and that was Alison having tea with her former mistress.

Head of her balloon site, with scores of girls under her command, she spoke now in a more aristocratic drawl than her hostess. The duke and I waited on her and she smiled her languid acknowledgment, even as the duke had smiled his when she served his tea two years ago.

The duchess makes her own clothes now—and makes them fairly to rival Paris. She cannot help mends in her stockings—none of us can on our coupon allowance; yet Alison's stockings were sheer and smooth, for the services get more coupons than civilians.

"What will you do after the war?" the duchess asked her. "I suppose—you won't come back to us?"

The girl smiled faintly at the yearning in that voice. "I'm rather anxious to go over with the Army of Occupation. I should like to make a career for myself, I think."

The duke looked thoughtful. Clearly, he was facing the tragic prospect of giving up the great house that had been in his family for centuries. We all know there will not be servants to run these places after the war. And income tax now leaves very many English titled people fewer dollars a week for themselves than well paid American aircraft operatives are receiving.

BUT do not imagine for a moment that you will see alterations only in the "stately homes," when you come here after the war.

I have a little house, a six-hundred-year-old house, where they used to make the cloth for England's redcoats in the days of your War of Independence. The six-hundred-year-old lawns are dug for potatoes and cabbages now; the seven bedrooms are filled with évacué children. This house and garden are no places to run single-handed, for my wife and I have two children now approaching public-school age, and we cannot do all the work here and give our children a full life, and also enjoy a full life ourselves. We must get one of those modern little labor-saving houses they have planned to build, *by the million,* to replace the houses bombed down.

You Americans know something of our great public schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Marlborough, and the rest, each jealous of its proud history, each for so long closed to the outside world and recording with each generation the same names carved on the old stonework, as son followed father to grandfather's desk.

And that, too, is gone!

Already the children of night-club queens and jam manufacturers and war speculators sit among the de Quinceys and the Churchills and the royal princes.

And it is well that it is so. We know it, though we cannot forbear to sigh.

We know that plans are already far advanced for the eventual government control of all our public schools, and the throwing-open of their ivied gates to the children of coal heavers and dockers and all others who can head the competitive entry-examination lists. Many an Eton topper will cover a plebeian thatch; coster voices will join in the Eton boat song and be heard in loud debate among Oxford's dreaming spires. And I rejoice that my son will learn at firsthand the real worth and worthlessness of the world of men while he is at school, instead of being kept in a ring fence.

Our English cities will change, and our picture-post-card villages. You who, perhaps, have gazed with wonder and almost envy at London's little crooked streets, or wandered in village lanes where Anne Hathaway listened to William Shakespeare's first love sonnets, will marvel that

(*Continued on page 72*)

THIS MAN'S WAR

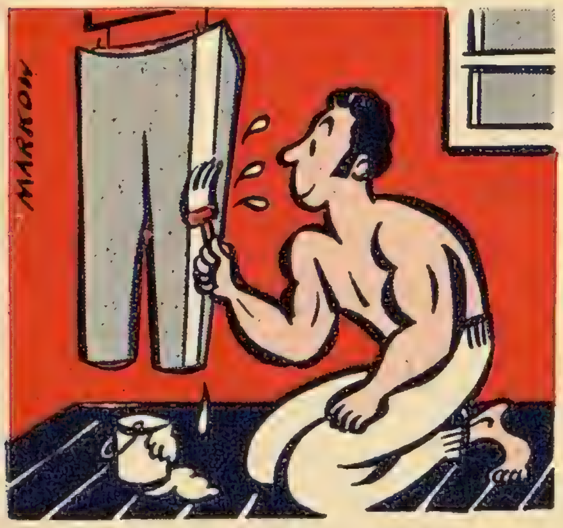
CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHY is an American soldier called a "doughboy"? Why is a rookie marine called a "boot"? Why is a sailor a "gob"?

These three nutcrackers turned up in the week's mail. I'll answer 'em in that order:

In the old days the infantry wore a dress uniform which had light blue trousers with wide white stripes down the seams. Those stripes would get dirty in no time at all.

A few smart lads discovered a way to clean them without cleaning the entire trousers. They'd sneak into the mess kitchen and rub a little flour up and down the white stripes. This was fine, unless it rained. Rain water would mix with the flour and make dough.



Doughboy

So there was our well dressed infantryman with a nice film of dough on the seams of his pants. Along came a wiseacre and said, "Hiya, doughboy!" And the name stuck. (At least, that's where the old-timers claim it originated. In case you've heard any other versions, let's have 'em.)

The nickname "boot" for Marine rookies stems back to the days when Parris Island, South Carolina, was first opened as a training camp. Lots of it was swampy, and the first bunch of rookies were issued boots to drill in. The older marines got a laugh out of this and soon they began calling these Parris Islanders "boots." The name not only stuck but spread. Now any beginning training is "boot training" and any rookie camp is a "boot camp."

Gob is short for "goboon," which is slang for spittoon. Sailors in the old days all chewed tobacco and many prided themselves on their marksmanship in hitting the goboon. The beginners usually had to practice quite a while. So somebody got the idea of calling them "gobs." But I guess the most important thing is how they finish. Doughboy, boot, or gob—it doesn't matter so long as they're first-class fighters. And we know they are!

Old Sarge.

* * *

I have a friend who has a hernia and was rejected by the Army because of it. The Army is willing to provide the necessary operation to fit him for military service.

The question is, will he receive Army pay during the time he is under medical care in an Army hospital and also during the time he is recuperating from his operation prior to induction into the service?

I say that it is no more than right that he should receive Army pay during the time he is unable to earn a living prior to induction. But some friends of mine say he is getting his hernia repaired free of charge, and what more does he want?

F. D., Friendship, Wis.

The Army agrees with your friends. A man submitting to such an operation gets no Army pay until he reports for active duty. He has already been rejected for military duty, and if he wishes to take advantage of a free operation to fit himself for duty, that is his business. The Army does not force him to have the operation. In fact, very few such operations are provided, due to lack of doctors and hospital facilities.

While in the hospital he is merely a civilian having a favor done for him by the Army. He does not become a soldier until he is fully recuperated, reports again to his draft board, and is inducted in the usual way. These remedial operations are provided, usually by the local draft board, as a help and convenience for rejectees who want the Army to accept them. Anybody who wants pay on top of the free operation apparently thinks the Secretary of War is Santa Claus.

* * *

The boys and I have a bet on, Sarge. Was there ever a Negro general in the Army? I say there wasn't.

Cpl. E. J. K., Camp Polk, La.

You lose. There is a Negro general in the Army right now—Brigadier General Benjamin O. Davis, former commanding officer of the 369th Infantry, National Guard. He was elevated to the rank of brigadier general in October, 1940.

* * *

I have been in the Army since December, 1942, and as far as I know there haven't been any black marks against me. In fact, I would say my record has been good. Do I rate the Good Conduct ribbon?

Pfc. A. L., Camp Pickett, Va.

Not yet, but soon maybe. You have to round out a year of service. Present regulations state that the Good Conduct ribbon may be awarded, on the recommendation of a commanding officer, to any enlisted man who has completed at least one year of service since Pearl Harbor.

* * *

I am already a veteran of this war, Sarge, having been wounded in action February 19, 1942. I was discharged as a coxswain, U. S. N.

Am I entitled to receive the Purple Heart?

F. P., Earle, Ark.

By all means, you are entitled to the Purple Heart. This decoration goes to every serviceman who is wounded in action. However, don't mind the delay. Clerical work is awfully heavy, as you know, in the Army and Navy, and right now there is urgent business to attend to. You'll probably get your award in due time.

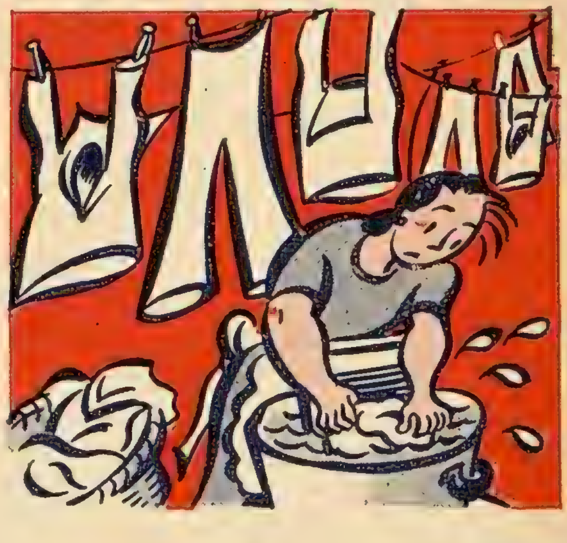
* * *

I am not a "Bluejacket" but I am a Navy wife, and I heartily agree with "Bluejacket's" suggestion in the June 19 issue of Liberty. [The suggestion was that the Navy change the color of summer white uniforms to blue.]

You see, I wash my husband's uniforms by hand. No matter how white they are when they are donned, a half hour later they begin to have streaks of gray in them.

Please "talk it over" with the Navy.

A Navy Wife, Philadelphia, Pa.



Streaks

Madam, we've been "talking it over" via this column for several weeks now. I'm trying to be neutral myself, but there's plenty of thunder on both sides, as you can see from the letters I've been printing.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

WORLD'S LARGEST

3000 ships. 160,000 men. 14,000 vehicles. 600 tanks. 1800 guns. That's the initial invasion force the Allied Nations floated across the Mediterranean to Sicily—largest the world had known 'til then. And, preparing for bigger things to come, the U. S. is now floating the world's largest War Bond drive. The quota for individuals has been set at fifteen billion dollars, or nearly $120 for every man, woman and child in this country. Launch your dollars right now and help float a loan — and another invasion fleet that will make even the Sicilian operation look small. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

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Relieve Tired, Burning, Perspiring Feet This Easy Way

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes. So quick, convenient to use. Helps tight or new shoes to feel more easy and comfortable. Tends to relieve friction and rubbing. Brings soothing relief to tired, burning, swollen feet. Grand for those with perspiring feet. Acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevent offensive foot odors. A real joy and comfort for those who must be on their feet for long hours. For real foot comfort, remember, it's Allen's Foot-Ease! Get it at your druggist today!

REVOLUTION IN THE THREE R'S

Continued from Page 19

dren wrote their own reader and entitled it Trouble Galore and a Hullabaloo.

Another class wrote a play called Hitler Pins a Medal on Mother. Mother refuses to co-operate with the family, wants a mink coat rather than War Bonds, hoards food, wastes gas, criticizes every one. Finally mother has a dream in which Hitler pins a medal on her. Both the children and the parents were deeply impressed.

Parents are invited to participate in the school's activities. The old theory that visitors are welcome during school week but must stay away thereafter has been discarded. The principal of every school where the new program is being followed has been requested to co-operate with the parents and make them feel welcome.

Sometimes parents are invited when their children are participating in a particular program. In one class the youngsters were discussing the properties of a colonial house. As their project, they had constructed a miniature colonial house and had furnished it with the articles of George Washington's day. One of the mothers was visiting the school that day, and she sat back patiently while they discussed the type of furniture to be used. The question of lighting stumped them. They argued back and forth, unable to agree upon the proper method. Finally, in some disgust, the mother broke in, "I can't see why you don't just stick an electric light into the chandelier and light the room." The children had to explain to the parent that they were considering colonial days when electric lights had not yet been invented.

ONE child coaxed his mother to come to school and witness a class play. The mother sat through the whole of it, waiting for Johnny to come on the stage. But Johnny never did. At the end of the play he came running to her and shouted excitedly, "Mother, mother, how did you like it?"

"I didn't see you!" she said in disappointment.

"Oh, but, mother," he cried, "didn't you hear the crash in the second act? That was me!"

He had been given the part of being an offstage "noise," and to him that part was just as important as any other in the play.

Another boy had urged his mother to come and pass judgment on a mural his class had just finished. He proudly showed her the painting on the wall.

"And what part of it did you paint?" she asked.

"Me? Why, mother, I didn't do any of the painting—but I carried the water for all the kids that did." He was very proud indeed. This was a class project and he was part of the class.

Sometimes parents do not understand the activity program. A mother came into a school and asked the principal when Arnold would be transferred to Mrs. Jones' room, where the new program had not yet been introduced. She wanted him to begin his education, she explained. The principal pointed out how well Arnold was reading, how he had improved in arithmetic and spelling. He reminded the mother that not long ago Arnold had always been in trouble, always fighting with the other boys, friendless; but that within the last three months Arnold had made remarkable adjustments. He had not only improved in class work but become highly co-operative. The mother listened and nodded her head at everything the principal said, but when he finished she said, trying to be tactful:

"Yes, I know all that is true, and I thank you for it—but please tell me when can Arnold be transferred to Mrs. Jones' room so he can begin his education!"

IF you should enter a classroom in most of the elementary grades, you would see what might look like mere disorder. Children move about freely, talk to each other, walk to the blackboard, go to the corner of the room for library books, or sit at their small desks and work. Hung about the walls are all kinds of pictures, clippings, and perhaps homemade figures illustrating the project then engaging the children. The classroom may be plastered with Mexican art. You would recognize at once that the children were actively engaged in a study of Mexico. Or it may be full of boats, or fishing items, or post-office slogans, or pictures and models of farm animals. Almost everything under the sun has been chosen at some time or other by the children in these classes as their "work project."

Physically, the new classroom itself is very different from the one you and I were accustomed to. The furniture is movable. Desks and chairs can be swung around into a semicircle or into little clusters, so that the children will have more freedom.

On your visit you will be received by a young boy or girl, who will greet you cordially. In one class Timothy O'Connor, age ten, did the greeting with manifest pleasure and self-confidence. "What is your job?" he was asked.

"I'm the host for this week," he replied. "When visitors come, I show them around."

He introduced them to the class committees: the housekeeping committee, the library committee, the bulletin committee, the reading and defense committees. On the blackboard was printed in large letters a

(Continued on page 56)

RADIONICS*

"AYE, AYE, SIR."

In old English "Aye" meant "Yes." But the Navy's "Aye, Aye, Sir" means far more. It really says . . . "Your order is understood and will be obeyed." The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since the war began. Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir" has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions —Electronics, Radar and Radio)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

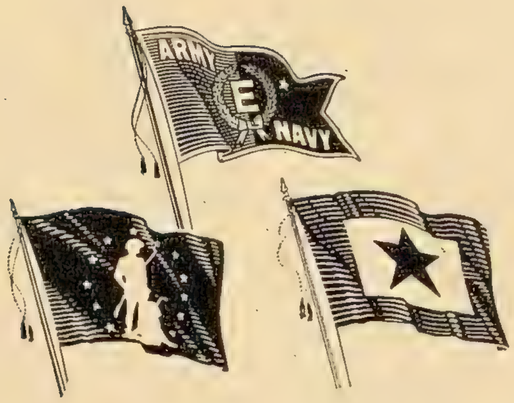
—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO



> **"the impossible we do immediately . . . the miraculous takes a little longer"**
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Don't go into debt when Sickness or Accident strikes. Be prepared—protect yourself NOW! This dependable Hospital and Doctor Expense Policy PAYS YOUR BILLS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY exactly as provided. Any recognized Hospital and any Doctor may be selected. Policy issued to Individual or Family. No red tape —no medical examination —no agents. Write today! George Rogers Clark Casualty Co., Rockford, Ill. Dept. 4012

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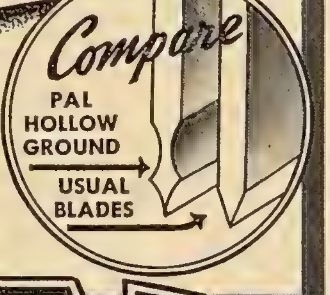
"Have to shave every day at the plant. At first it raised Ned with my face. The foreman told me to try Pal. My face says 'thanks'."
Lester A. Fishel
Seven Valleys, Pa.



PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND
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PAL
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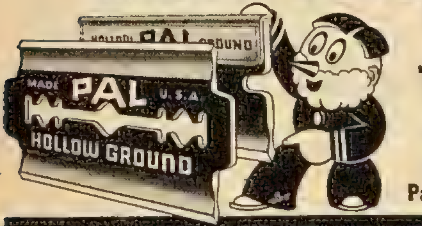

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Double or Single edge
Pal Blade Co., N. Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

(*Continued from page 54*)

list of "phrases we use." These give a good idea of the new program:

1. Unit.
2. Answer key.
3. Daily work record.
4. Other activities.
5. Made number facts.
6. Studied number facts.
7. Worked with teachers.
8. Worked on problem book.
9. Worked textbook examples.

The new approach to teaching imbues children with greater self-discipline, self-confidence, poise, and willingness to assume responsibilities. It develops civic attitudes and the habit of critical consideration of problems, people, and events. It also discovers and cultivates the creative talents of children by encouraging participation in such fine and practical arts as writing, music, dancing, and dramatics.

Discipline is not thought of as a matter of offenses and penalties. The good teacher rarely becomes annoyed at childish offenses. If she is to help a child gain self-control, she herself must not lose it. Her role is that of a counselor, not a judge or a taskmaster. Children are taught how to make a gracious apology, carry out a command, meet a specific emergency, and conduct themselves properly in class, on the streetcars, in the theater, or in the home.

Democracy is not a matter of lessons or pageantry. It is a way of living. The democratic way is stressed at every step in every activity-program classroom. Each child has personal and group responsibilities which he meets without having to wait for commands or to ask permission. In some schools the daily tasks are printed on a bulletin board and a child's name is posted after each.

CHILDREN are free at proper times to talk things over and plan among themselves. For some part of the day their business is with other children rather than solely with the teacher. In this way they are prepared to live in a democratic society.

Instead of a long list of separate subjects involving a great deal of overlapping and waste of time, the courses have been consolidated into such broad fields as social studies (history, geography, and civics), natural science, language arts, number skills, health and recreation, arts and crafts, and music. Formerly the child had to learn separately, among other things, the following: arithmetic, spelling, reading, composition, punctuation, grammar, nature study, science, geography, history, civics, hygiene, physical training, music, arts, fire and accident prevention, cooking, health education, literature, penmanship, and sewing.

Many parents are worried lest their children get a poor education in the basic tools, the three R's. They need not be. Wherever skills and drills are needed, they are taught and given. However, for greater efficiency, the drilling is confined to those pupils who need it.

Under the new plan, the children learn to read better or do their arithmetic better because they learn through meaningful experiences. A child who helps build a housing project in class recognizes very early in his career the importance of numbers and measurements, of fractions and decimals.

In a Bronx school the children worked on a Victory garden as their project. They had to clear the yard of stones. After carrying them by hand for a spell, one boy said, "It would be easier if we carried the big stones in a wagon."

They borrowed a wagon and found it *was* easier.

"What makes it so?" the teacher queried.

"The wheels," one child replied.

"If we had a wheelbarrow, it would be easier yet," said another.

They borrowed a barrow, and it did prove to be more helpful than the wagon. As it did so, they gained, by skillful prodding, a concept of leverage and its place in mechanics. Thus they learned something of physics—something that would remain with them much longer than mere academic discussion.

But educators recognize that "learning by doing" is not enough. In most programs the teacher reserves an hour a day for drills and skills. Any skill that the children have not mastered through their activity projects is stressed at this time.

PUPILS are encouraged to evaluate their own work. They keep "evaluation folders" in lieu of the old-fashioned report cards. One child wrote:

"I am up to page 5 in arithmetic. I am up to fractions. I need help in fractions. I am learning more than I used to know.

"I am up to page 15 in spelling. I need help in spelling.

"I have seven diaries. I have two books.

"I have participated in conference. I helped make up the song Join the Marines."

Another child evaluated her week's work this way:

"I volunteered to sweep the floor.

"I volunteered to be in plays.

"I volunteered to thank Mr. Nelson and Mrs. Bach for the nice program in the audurtueon." The spelling of the last word was her own.

The teacher wrote back:

"Dear Frances: I think you have accomplished a good deal this week. I don't know what I would have done without you. Let's have a conference soon. LILLIAN ROSENSON."

That is a preview of new education. Children, teachers, parents, and administrators are working together, striving for one goal—to make our democracy a living, vibrant force in the lives of all, young and old alike.

THE END

SICILIAN COMEDY

Continued from Page 15

"You are wrong," said the old man. "As you speak, it changes. Tell me, where are your brothers?"

"Dead," said Ciccu. "Dead in the desert."

Alfin heard a gasp behind him, and knew Aita had come out of the hut.

"How?" he said.

"Of thirst—like seven eighths of us when the Nazis took our trucks and left us to die."

Alfin said in a voice not devoid of a hint of gloomy triumph, "I always told you we were fools to trust the Germans."

What more he would have said was lost in a swirl of questions and exclamations:

"Where is my husband, Ciccu?"

"And my son?"

"And my father?"

Old Marta got a hand on his ragged sleeve.

"My Giacomo?" she shrilled. "My little one! Tell me of him, Ciccu!"

The young man looked at her without emotion.

"At least, he died quickly. Von Bruckner shot him when he tried to climb into one of the trucks." A flicker of fingers indicated his twisted cheek. "A German bayonet gave me this when I challenged their right to abandon us."

Tears ran down old Marta's face. "I do not understand. How could a German officer have shot my son? It is the British we are fighting. The Germans are our friends."

"Fine friends!" said Ciccu with a sneer.

The women elbowed Marta aside, panting out their questions. He answered curtly, swaying on his feet. Four were dead, two prisoners; of the rest he knew nothing. But they would not take no for an answer. As they still clutched him, begging for news in the name of all the saints, Aita swept them aside like a flock of hens.

"Let him rest—my Ciccu," she said, so fiercely that they drew back until only Alfin barred the way.

"So we are losing this foolish war," he said.

CICCU'S lips moved, but the words were lost in the roar of a plane sweeping so low they could see the crooked crosses on its wings. The young soldier's face twisted, his body stiffened, and he shook both fists at the speeding transport.

"Perhaps he's there!" he cried, his voice piercing the tumult. "They'll never let him be captured. His men said so. We can die like flies, but von Bruckner must go home in comfort!"

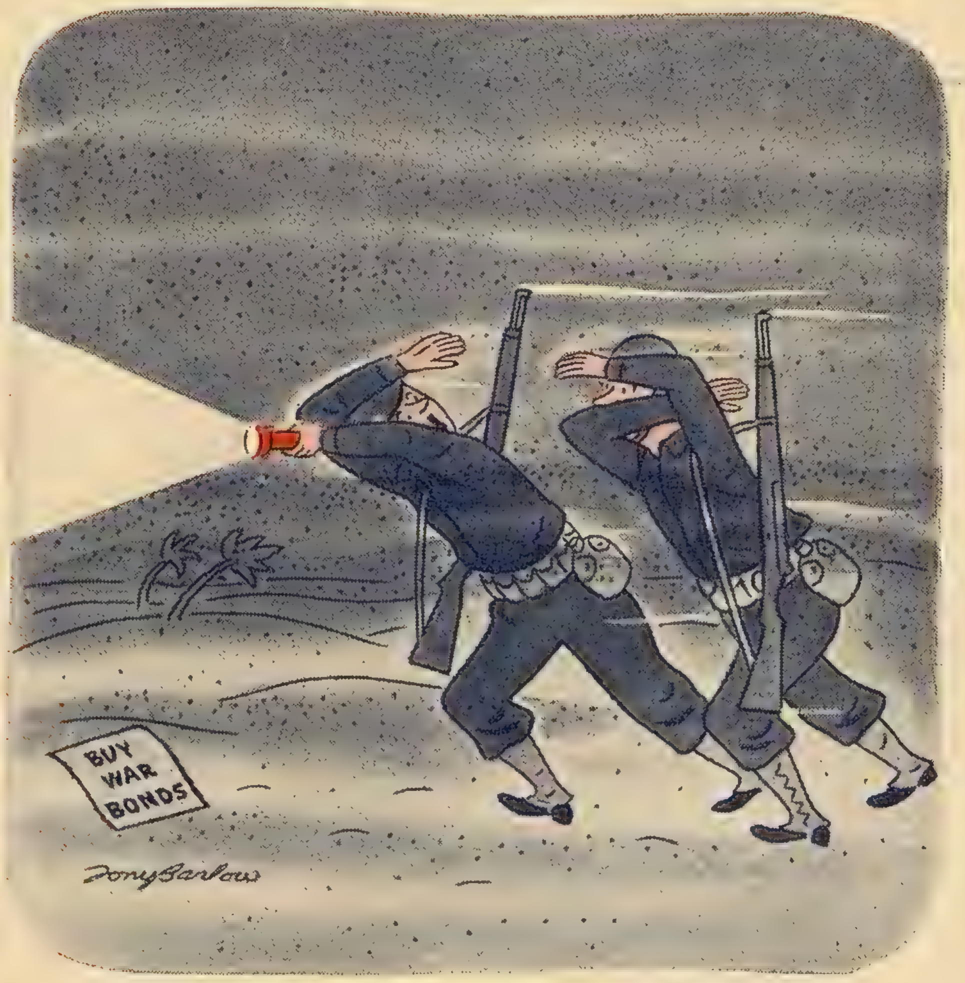
As his voice trailed away in a flood of invective, Alfin laid a hand on his arm.

"Come with me," he said, and led his grandson to the bench before the door.

When Ciccu had been a wiry urchin just old enough to follow the goats, he had often wondered how it would feel to occupy that eminence. Except for Father Donato, who twice a year climbed the steep path to bring the consolations of religion to Castello, no one had ever shared it, and in the eyes of the village the rude seat possessed the majesty of a throne. Ciccu remembered boasting he would sit there, and, even more clearly, slinking away, unable to conquer his awe. Now, at his grandfather's side, hemmed in by the women, the home toward which he had struggled so long seemed alien and inhospitable.

For the rest of the day he answered the same questions over and over, detailed his odyssey, from his rescue by the British to his escape from the prison camp and the wanderings which had at last brought him home. Again and again he told how his comrades had died, clawing in the sand for a drop of water. Again and again he described Giacomo's death, while the women wailed and rocked themselves back and forth, finding a macabre pleasure in the tragedy.

Alfin heard the unsteady voice, watched the eyes that avoided the circle of eager faces, and waited for the end. It came without warning. The unnatural calm broke in a flood of hysterical tears, and Ciccu leaped



"And to think I used to complain about sand in my spinach."

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Every "Eveready" flashlight battery we can make is going either to the armed services or to war industries. Have you enlisted in this total war, too? Your local Defense Council needs your help. Volunteer your services for Civilian Defense today.

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up, cursing von Bruckner, the Nazis, and the village with impartial versatility before he flung away, stumbling up the hillside in the night.

On the following day he went with Peppe to herd the goats. The halfwit was an unexacting comrade, his interest centered on the planes overhead. Ciccu could name them all, and in his brother's clouded mind, he soon attained the stature of a god.

At first Ciccu was content to lie on the short upland grass, warmed by the sun, cooled by the wind, scarcely more sentient than the rocks themselves; but as nature smoothed away his weariness, memory tormented him again. Peppe was in ecstasy, for the sky was never empty. Every day brought British and American bombers and Nazi transports, speeding toward Africa to return again, bearing the scars of battle.

Ciccu thought, It's begun. They're taking out their men because they know they're beaten. They'll take as many as they can and leave ours. We're not allies — we're slaves! They'll take von Bruckner. He'll always get away. He won't pay for what he's done. That kind never does. They're always on top.

The gossip of the camp came back to him. Von Bruckner had a weakness. Though he tried to conceal it, he was afraid of flying—so much so that he would not even set foot in a grounded plane. And the air was the only way out of Africa. Perhaps he'd have to stay. Nonsense! Even if the story were true, von Bruckner'd go through with it somehow. He might even be on that transport overhead, quaking in his immaculate uniform. . . .

Ciccu sat up and shook his fist at the great aircraft. Then he drew a crooked cross on a rock and taught Peppe to spit at it.

Alfin sensed the change in the village. He could hear it in the shriller tones of the women, see it in the scowls of the lads and the groups at the house doors. Excitement mounted with the days. The more folks dwelt on Ciccu's story, the angrier they grew. In truth, the picture was not pretty: Marta's son shot by the Nazi colonel, and the others, their tongues shriveled by thirst, groping in the sand, doomed, not by their enemies but by their friends. By the end of a week Castello hummed like a hive.

CICCU was asleep in the sun when Peppe roused him. "See! It's coming down to us!" stuttered the halfwit, more incoherent than ever in his excitement.

Ciccu sprang up, rubbing his eyes. For a moment, deafened by the roar, he had thought himself at the front again. Overhead a plane swooped in crazy spirals. It staggered, dived, miraculously regained an even keel, then, as if the pilot had suddenly lost control, plunged against the peak with a shattering crash. One wing, severed as if by giant shears, clattered over the precipice, and the crippled monster lurched down the slope, sending a fountain of earth skyward as it crumpled like a toy in the midst of the crops.

Ciccu jumped to his feet, holding his breath as he waited for the wreck to burst into flames. But nothing happened. When the villagers, headed by Alfin, began to stream over the saddle, he ran down the hill, so that the whole of Castello reached the scene together.

Before any one could do more than stare, the door was wrenched open and a Nazi officer, whey-white but apparently unhurt, clambered to the ground. He was thick-necked and bulky through the shoulders, but his lips were thin and his eyes relentless.

"What place is this?" he barked, surveying the people with contempt.

Man and plane wavered before Ciccu's eyes. This could not be true. He was still asleep on the mountainside. Those arrogant tones, that brutal mouth could belong only to one man, and he was far away.

HE gasped, "Von Bruckner!" and the sound of his own voice convinced him of the truth.

The name ran through the crowd like wind through wheat. The villagers glowered at the Nazi and he stared haughtily back at them. Ciccu looked about for his brother. A dozen goats nibbled at the crops, but Peppe was nowhere to be seen.

The women were pushing Alfin forward. He had not understood the foreign words, but intuition taught him the answer.

"This is Castello, Excellency."

The Excellency scowled.

"Hummel!" he roared. "Come out here at once. This fellow might be an ape for all I can make of his chatter."

"Coming, Herr Colonel," said a voice in German, and a blond youth, his face daubed with blood and his left arm dangling, climbed out of the wreck and saluted stiffly.

"Can you understand this jargon?" demanded von Bruckner.

The young man shook his head.

"No, Herr Colonel."

The colonel swore.

"They give me a man supposed to speak this puerile language, and he can't understand a word! Who passed on your qualifications, Herr Lieutenant?"

The lieutenant saluted again.

"These people speak Sicilian," he said, "and an archaic dialect, at that."

Alfin, sensing the difficulty, beckoned Ciccu, who, abandoning his quest, approached, scowling.

"What is it you want to know?" he said in broken German.

"This place—what is it?" said the wounded man with relief.

"It is called Castello."

"Colonel von Bruckner desires a car to take us to the nearest town."

Ciccu favored him with a sour grin.

"Tell your officer there is only a footpath down the mountain."

"A mule, then," said the lieutenant, after an explosive interlude with his superior.

Ciccu considered the colonel with undisguised pleasure.

"Goats are the only quadrupeds we have to offer," he said, "and, judging from his bulk, your officer—"

Von Bruckner abandoned his pose of being too important to deal directly with inferiors.

"You, fellow," he growled, "will you answer properly or must I teach you respect? How far is it to a place of any size?"

Ciccu shrugged. "Thirty miles."

"Thirty miles!" raved the colonel. "Hummel, you are a blockhead! Not only must you crash, but in the remotest corner of this impossible island peopled by idiots!"

The pilot flushed.

"It was not my fault, Herr Colonel!" he flared. "I had the ship under control when you grabbed my arm and sent us into the peak! We are lucky to be alive."

"Be still!" shouted von Bruckner, purpling. "You're delirious from shock! You don't know what you're saying!" He turned back to Ciccu. "Tell your head man to send for mules, then. We are in no state to walk thirty miles."

"There may not be any nearer than Corte, and that is closer to fifty," said Ciccu.

"Well, tell him to send, and be quick about it." Von Bruckner wheeled. "Here, you boy! Get away from there!"

Peppe, staring at the plane, pointed to the crooked cross.

"Look!" he said. "Look!"

"Come away, Peppe," said Ciccu. "Come away at once."

PEPPE, a smile brightening his dull face, spat twice at the swastika and crowed with delight at his accuracy.

Von Bruckner whipped out his automatic.

"Don't shoot, Excellency!" cried Ciccu. "The boy is a halfwit!"

The peak tossed back the echo of the shot. Peppe gave a grunt and fell on his face.

Von Bruckner, weapon in hand, eyed the people. "That is how we deal with the unfit," he said.

An angry murmur swelled from the crowd, and only his grandfather's grip prevented Ciccu from flinging himself on the German.

"You would throw your life away," muttered the old man. He turned to the villagers. "Be quiet, all of you. I will settle this myself."

He called one of the boys, speaking a minute or two in an undertone. The lad nodded, ran up the hillside and vanished over the saddle.

Alfin said to Ciccu, "Tell His Excellency I have sent for mules and beg him to accompany us to the village, where we can give him food and shelter."

Ciccu looked at his grandfather's resolute face and repeated the words.

Von Bruckner holstered his automatic.

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"I have noticed you are inclined to softness, Hummel," he said. "Let this be a lesson to you. Treat them like the dogs they are and they fawn upon you."

The Nazis followed Ciccu, the villagers—curbed more by Alfin's words than by the colonel's brutality—watching sullenly. The old man called his daughter-in-law, who raised a face mottled with tears.

"What do you want with me?" she said.

"You are the best cook in Castello, Aita. You must prepare dinner for our guests."

THERE was a chorus of protest from the women. Aita's eyes flashed.

"*I* set food before that butcher? May my hand wither ere I lift it in his service!"

"I want the occasion to be a memorable one," said Alfin with the ghost of a smile.

Marta tottered up to him.

"Ciccu knew him," she said. "He is the one who shot Giacomo."

"And left our men to die of thirst!"

"We will tear him to pieces with our bare hands!"

"And be executed in the piazza at Corte, I suppose," said Alfin. "Be still! And you, Aita, do as I bid you. Do you think I love the man who killed my grandsons? This game must be won by craft, not force. But there—women can never see farther than the ends of their noses!"

Aita reiterated stubbornly, "May my hand wither—"

"Life is like a play," said Alfin, with a touch of sententiousness. "If you will not fill your role, how can we reach the last act?"

For a minute Aita stared at him; then she said humbly, "As you will."

Young Hummel was faint from loss of blood and the ascent soon robbed the colonel of breath, so that the old man, walking with the ease of a mountaineer, overtook them below the saddle. Von Bruckner snorted his disgust at the sight of the village, but there was no help for it, and by the time they reached the hut he was glad to drop onto the bench.

Alfin set the pilot's arm, with a curse for his clumsiness by way of thanks.

Before he had finished, people were straggling down the mountain and Aita had chased out the chickens and begun to bustle among the pots. The sun slipped behind the summit and the shadow of the peak touched their feet.

Von Bruckner shivered. "Where are we to sleep?" he demanded.

Alfin made a gesture toward the hut. "If Your Excellency would honor my poor house—"

The officer glanced at the pig ensconced just inside the doorway and swore.

"He says he draws the line at pigs for bedfellows," translated Ciccu in a tone intimating where his sympathies lay.

Alfin glanced at the threatening sky and shrugged.

"That is a difficulty," he said, "unless you care to use the old hut where we store fuel. There will be rain tonight, but the roof is still good. It is dry inside, almost as dry as the desert, and we could clear a space for you."

"Yes," said the colonel. "Let it be that. At least, none of you filthy peasants will have preceded us."

Alfin shouted to a loitering boy, and within five minutes half the villagers were vying with one another to drag out the firewood. The pilot, huddled in his corner, roused himself enough to speak.

"I DON'T like it, Herr Colonel," he said. "It's not natural. These people ought to resent what you did instead of turning themselves inside out in your service."

"You're a fool, Hummel," retorted the colonel. "Beat a dog and it crawls to lick your hand." His eyes swerved to Ciccu. "Come here, Ugly Face," he ordered.

Ciccu took one pace forward.

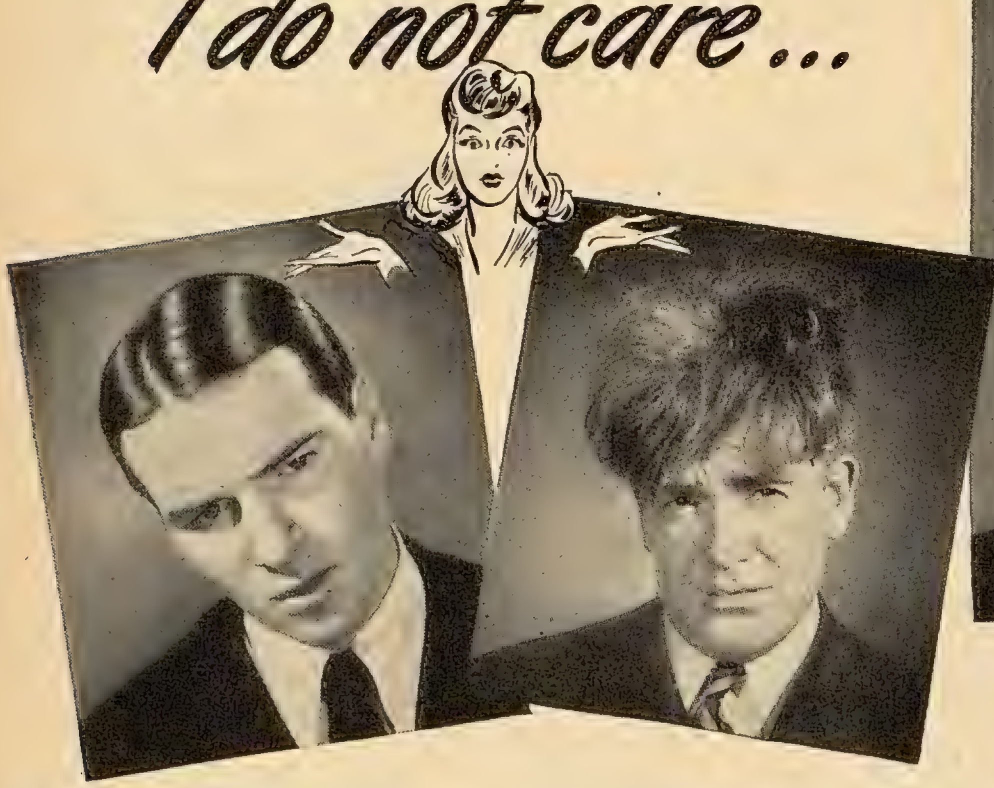
"Why aren't you with the army?"

"I was taken prisoner after El Alamein."

The Nazi burst into brutal laughter.

"No doubt you ran after the British begging to surrender like the rest of your cowardly compatriots!"

"Colonel! Colonel!" muttered the pilot, watching Ciccu's eyes.



I do not care...

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"Would you teach me how to treat these swine?" roared von Bruckner. "You seem to forget I am your superior officer."

He turned back to Ciccu.

"Well, how did you get here?"

"On foot, mostly, after I escaped."

"Show me your papers."

"The British took them."

"And you've not troubled to report, I'll be bound! You're a deserter! Consider yourself under arrest. Tomorrow you'll go with us to this excuse for a town and surrender to the authorities. In the Reich it would mean a firing squad, but I don't suppose you milk-and-water Italians have guts for that."

Only Alfin's look checked the retort on Ciccu's lips.

"As you say, Excellency," he mumbled.

"My daughter-in-law is a clever cook," said the old man, as Aita brought out the food. "I can promise you will remember this meal as long as you live."

Von Bruckner, finding the praise well deserved, proceeded to gorge himself; but the pilot, feverish from his wounds, barely tasted his portion. Alfin poured the rough wine of the country, and they toasted the Führer and the Third Reich and drank confusion to their enemies. It was pot-black when the old man led the Nazis to the hut, where a space had been cleared and blankets spread upon the floor. Hummel fell rather than lay down, but the colonel turned to Alfin.

"Leave the door open," he said. "And remember, if a hair of my head is harmed, your village will be wiped out."

Ciccu rendered the words, yawning, and Alfin replied:

"Oh, yes, Excellency. No one shall lay a finger on you. I swear it."

When von Bruckner's snores announced that he slept, swift hands relieved him and the half-conscious pilot of their weapons. The door was pushed shut and the heavy bar dropped.

"It will be hot by midday," whispered Ciccu. "Perhaps he'll remember how you said it was almost as dry as the desert."

THE sun was directly overhead when Ciccu ran panting up the street, pushing his way among the women and calling for his grandfather. Alfin came to the door.

"There are Germans coming up the mountain," gasped Ciccu. "Six soldiers and an officer. They have the magistrate from Corte with them."

"Keep out of sight," ordered the old man, "and send the others inside."

"Can you manage? The pilot must be dead—they've been ten days now without water—but von Bruckner—"

"Do you think I did not foresee this?" Alfin's face crinkled. "If I am not mistaken, this is the last act of our comedy."

"But, grandfather—"

"Do as I bid you," said the old man, already moving briskly down the hill.

At the farther end of the shelf where the village nestled, the mountainside plunged sharply to the valley. There Alfin paused, watching the procession—the magistrate ahead with the German officer, the helmeted soldiers toiling in the rear. As they rounded the last bend, he stepped forward.

"Good day, Alfin," said the magistrate. "This is Major Baum, military commandant for this district. We have had word that a transport plane crashed on the mountain some days ago. Why didn't you let us know?"

"A report should always be made," said the Nazi.

Alfin shrugged. "There are only women and children in Castello now. Besides, when nothing can be done, a few days more or less do not matter."

"It was one of ours?" said the major, without troubling to waste civility on a peasant.

"Oh, yes, Excellency."

"No one escaped?"

"From such a crash?" said Alfin, with lifted eyebrows.

"Well, we must visit the place," said the magistrate.

"Our crops are destroyed," complained the old man, keeping step with them as they plodded up the slope, the six soldiers straggling behind. "If something is not done for us, we shall starve."

* * *

An egotist is a person who insists on talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

—Felix Schelling.

* * *

The major, who had been staring at the deserted street, stopped short, his head cocked sideways.

"What's that?" he said.

A whimper like that of a beast in pain drifted through the hot air.

Alfin indicated the hut built against the foundations of the castle. Its door, secured by a bar, bore a straggling cross.

"What does this mean?" said the magistrate.

"I am sorry to trouble you with our wretched affairs, gentlemen. Some poor souls lie dying there. You know how it is with the plague. We were forced to bar the door for fear they might escape in their madness and spread it further."

"The plague!" echoed major and magistrate, blanching.

"You should have let us know, Alfin," said the latter, wetting dry lips. "At least, Father Donato could have come to shrive them."

"Why should the good man throw his life away?" said Alfin, laying a hand on the Nazi's sleeve. "This is a most virulent type. If His Excellency has never seen a case, he might be interested to visit the sufferers."

Major Baum shook off the gnarled hand as if it had been a tarantula.

"Keep your distance, old man!" he snarled. "For all I know, you may be sickening yourself!"

Baum covered his nose with his handkerchief as if to shut out the tainted air.

"If the plane is wrecked and her crew dead and buried, we have had our labor for our pains."

"You have said it, Excellency."

"Then, in God's name, let us be going!"

The Nazi spun on his heel as the other asked, "Are they beyond hope, Alfin?"

"It is only a matter of days—hours, perhaps."

Baum said over his shoulder, "There's wood piled almost to the roof. Fire it and burn out the plague spot!"

Alfin's face was inscrutable. "Is it an order, Excellency?"

"Yes," barked the major, beating down the magistrate's horrified protest. "It is an order."

He seized his colleague's arm, spat a command at the soldiers, and set off with more haste than dignity down the mountain.

WHEN the last helmet had dipped out of sight, Alfin heard a step behind him.

"Fetch the petrol we found in the plane," he said.

"Yes, grandfather," answered Ciccu's voice.

"You heard the order," said the old man, with something that might have passed for a chuckle. "It is for you to obey."

Without more words he made his way back to the bench. It was very clean, having been scoured with wood ashes, and he gave it a glance of approval before sitting down. The street was no longer empty. The people, gathered in a semicircle, stood watching Ciccu. Aita came to the door as the wood began to kindle.

"We have obeyed to the letter," said the old man dreamily. "Life is very like a play, Aita. Even at its most tragic, there is often something to provoke a smile."

His daughter-in-law stared at him.

"All these years you have been right," she said heavily.

Alfin patted the bench.

"Sit down, Aita," he said, bestowing his highest accolade, "and watch with me. We are more merciful than von Bruckner. He will not have to die of thirst, after all."

FROM the valley, Major Baum, spying the plume of smoke against the sky, turned to his companion with a smile.

"See how promptly they obeyed me," he said. "Only we Germans know how to deal with inferior peoples!"

THE END

BROKEN RIVER—Continued from Page 30

"you're dodging, and it isn't like you to dodge. You aren't playing fair with any of us. You—" There was a sudden conviction in her voice. "Rack, you've got a skeleton in your closet."

He turned a face gone suddenly bleak toward her. "Maybe," he said, "and if I have it's mine." His fingers crossed the table, caught her hand and squeezed it; his fingers hurt. "Mine, do you hear?"

She bit her lips, bending her head. There was no sound from her, no movement through the long moment he held her thus. When he'd let her go, when the blue marks of his fingers had begun to fade from her skin, she whispered, "Sorry." She got to her feet. "I—I won't wait for Addie. Tell her hello for me."

"I will," said Rack.

She was almost to the door when Rack left the table. Long strides carried him to her side. He turned her about, and now his hands were gentle.

"I'm a tramp," he said.

She searched his face and saw trouble there.

"And I'm still so nosey."

"Forget it." He hit her lightly on the chin. "I'll see Horton first thing in the morning. Promise."

"Clyde will want to know."

"He's coming tomorrow?"

"Or early Friday."

"I'll have the dope for him." Rack opened the door. "You might tell him to bring a couple of buckers and a half dozen riggin' slingers when he comes."

Lightly Gale said, "He has so many."

They were going through the gate when Addie appeared at the road's end. Addie, tall and indignant, marching at the head of a column of three. Jaspers was behind her, walking with a cocky stride. Behind Jaspers—

"A girl!" Gale Nordlund gasped.

She was twenty-four, this girl, or perhaps a little older. Her black hair was thick and gathered to the back of her neck by a small bow. Each movement of her walking opened her thin summer coat across high full breasts, showed a faded print dress and bare legs. She wore low canvas shoes. She came on without shyness, head erect.

"She's pretty," Gale whispered. "But where on earth did they find her?"

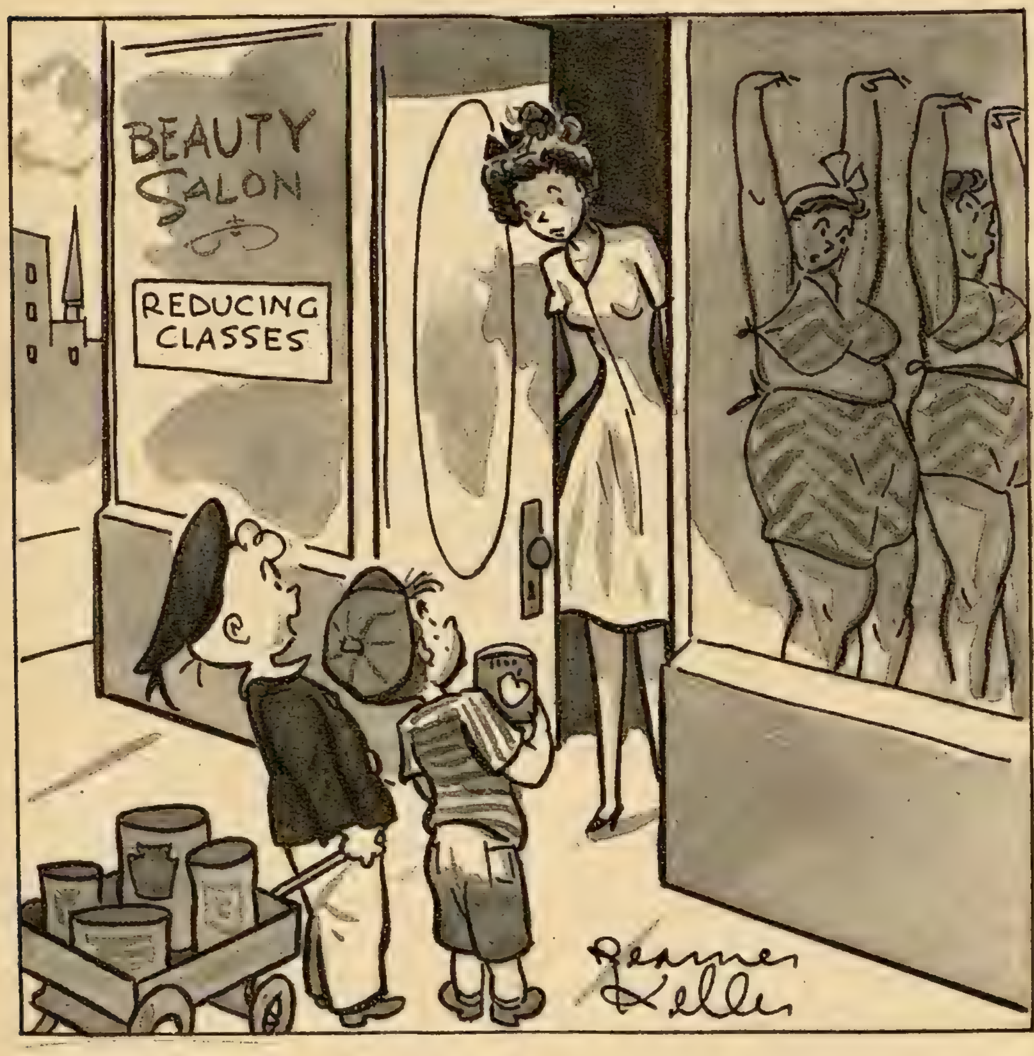
There was no answer from Rack. They waited. Addie came determinedly on, and as she neared, it seemed to Gale that Addie's long, bony face was not only indignant but the least bit shocked besides.

"Of all the confounded idiots!" Addie declared. "This man is the worst. The girl was living in a tent—a flimsy tent, mind you—without even a cot to sleep on."

Jaspers grinned. "We had a sleepin' bag."

"A sleeping bag indeed!" Addie gasped, and turned to Gale. "Two moth-eaten blankets! I thought there was something queer—all the food he was carrying away. I went out and hunted, and sure enough, this poor girl was shivering in a tent!"

HARDTACK



"What do you do with your waste fat?"

Gale smiled at the girl. "You're Mrs. Jaspers?"

Quietly the girl said, "My name is Lily."

Gale saw a small crooked scar on Lily's cheek, and her beauty was made less fresh because of it. Life had used this girl and not too pleasantly.

Addie asked sharply, "You *are* Mrs. Jaspers?"

Jaspers chuckled. "Sure she is."

Lily did not seem to hear. She was looking past Gale to Rack. Color was in her cheeks. Her lips were full and dark, her face defensive. Somehow this interest the girl had in Rack made Gale remember.

"Lily—Lily Botnick, of course."

Dark hair, dark eyes—the girl across the aisle in Wilson's algebra class. Their freshman year in high school. A poorly dressed girl. Lovely, yes, but somehow—well, common. Her clothes perhaps. No, it went deeper than that—an inner hardness—as if she'd known all the things of which Gale knew nothing.

Lily had gone to school just the one year and hadn't finished that. But in that year she'd seen much of Rack. That was how Gale remembered them. The two in a dark hall, walking along a road, sitting together on the school lawn. The thing had disturbed Gale then; it disturbed her now. What had been between them?

GALE moved, lifting her eyes to Rack. There was no expression on his face—no surprise, no anger, no gladness. There might have been a wry twist to his mouth, a faintly bitter twist, but she couldn't be sure. He was undisturbed. As if he knew she was coming, Gale thought. But that was silly. How could he have known? She looked up again. Rack was smiling now—at her, and at Lily.

"Yes," he said, "it's Lily Botnick, Gale. She hasn't changed much in ten years, has she?"

Gale wanted to say fiercely, "No, she hasn't changed! She can't. She never will!" But she said only, "You're going to stay here, Lily?"

"I think so," the girl answered.

There was amusement in Jaspers' voice. "Sure she'll stay," he said. "She's my wife, ain't she?"

Rack said, "Addie will fix you up with a cabin." He turned. "I'll start the speeder, Gale."

Gale looked after him. There was no explanation in his wide shoulders or his tall back as he left them. Only complete ease, complete self-control. And that was wrong. To meet a girl after ten years should mean more than that. Surprise, at least. Gale's eyes sought Lily. No answer there. The girl's face was averted, her eyes hidden beneath low-swept lashes.

Will Jaspers gave a harsh laugh.

Gale flushed. She felt as if she'd been caught prying. She said, "Good-by, then," and followed Rack to the speeder.

"All aboard," Rack said.

He moved the clutch, waiting. Gale bit her lips. She got on the speeder, sitting on the side away from Rack and a little behind him. He let in the clutch and they moved away.

When they'd crossed the trestle at Broken River, when they'd stopped, Gale got to the ground and looked at him again. He was busy with the throttle, his head turned away. The shadow of hurt filled her eyes.

Worriedly she said, "Rack—"

"Yes?"

He said it coolly, without lifting his eyes. She didn't answer. At last the silence brought his head up. He saw that she'd left him. She was at her car. Her shoulders were bent, her movements somehow tired.

"Ah," he said. "The poor kid."

He opened the throttle and the speeder moved toward camp. Now that he was alone his face became expressive. Bitterness showed plainly on his long lips. In his eyes was a dry amusement. The unhappy kind.

And now—Lily, he thought.

Odd, the way all this had come into being. A piece moved here, a piece there—with no apparent purpose, no relationship. More pieces moved. Presently they became synchronized. The machine was complete; it began to roll. You saw the purpose then, the goal. Rack smiled at that. I'm the goal, he thought. There was the feeling of inevitability too. Once the first piece had moved—once Jaspers had appeared, the rest must follow. Nothing could stop it.

First Jaspers. And Gale had distrusted him. Now Lily. Rack remembered Gale asking, long ago, "What's between you two?" And he'd answered, "Well, it isn't love." For even then, with the thing as fresh as yesterday in his mind, he'd been able to joke, to hold that light tone that sheered people away from the truth. But Gale would not be held away now. She had the long ago to remember; she had today. The two would come together in her mind. The question was how soon?

RACK TINKER parked the light truck in front of the freight depot at Westburyport at ten o'clock the next morning. "I'll be back," he told Stump and White Hope, and went in to talk to the freight agent. He was gone but a few minutes.

"Part of it's here," he said. "Axes, peaveys, saws, and a reel of haul-back. You want to load it?"

Stump cocked his head. "Where're you goin'?"

"Down to the mill," Rack said.

Stump and White Hope exchanged glances.

"Maybe we oughta go too," White Hope suggested.

Rack said, "No."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

COUGHICER: Colonel in the Hoarse Marines.

FEWNERAL: Only a small number of mourners.

APOLLYGY: The parrot says "Excuse me."

WRATHLETE: An angry quarterback.

EXCEPTEMBER: Any year when October follows August.

LIECEUM: Hall where Jap propaganda originates.

AWEDIENCE: When Lily Pons sings.

LOWCOMOTIVE: Engine for pulling a train through an underpass.

LAWNCH: Police boat.

MOWMENTUM: When the grass cutter gets under way.

"But Lawdamighty," Stump complained, "he fetched Lundeen to our camp, didn't he? We oughta—"

"No!" said Rack firmly.

Stump and White Hope were exchanging glances again as Rack turned away. They boiled out of the truck and raced into the depot. Rack could hear them slamming freight into the truck as he walked down the street.

It was six blocks to Sam Horton's office at River Mill. Rack was climbing the steps when a racket pulled his head around. The truck steamed into the parking lot and screeched to a stop on locked wheels. Stump and White Hope piled out. They saw Rack, then, and their pell-mell haste vanished. Turning, they examined the freight with all the casualness two men could muster. Rack swore and went inside.

"Mr. Horton's in the mill," a girl told him.

"Thanks," said Rack. "I'll hunt him up."

He left the office and went across the yard and opened the door into an inferno of noise. The deepest and most commanding was the angry snarl of the hogs, chewing cants of hemlock into pulp chips. Above this, high-pitched and whining, was the scream of band saws.

Rack ducked under a chip conveyor, climbed to the walk above. He went past the barkers, past the band saw to the knot cutters. Sam Horton was there, and with him was Sara Bishop. They were watching the cutter ream black knots from the pulp cants with deftness just short of black magic. Rack touched Horton's shoulder.

Horton said, "Well, Tinker?"

Sara Bishop gave him a cool smile. She wore whipcord riding breeches, a suède jacket. Her red hair was done up under a soft felt hat. There was a fresh look about her, something crisp and inviting.

"How's your grouch today?" she asked Rack.

He grinned. "I seem to keep it warm."

"Sure," said Horton. "You always have."

His hat was pushed back on yellow hair. His smile was bland and white, but it did not reach his eyes.

Rack said, "I came to talk prices."

"Right." Horton nodded. "Sara—"

Sara Bishop shook her head. Her eyes had gone beyond Rack to the catwalk. She smiled. "No, thanks. I'll talk to Stump and White Hope."

AND Stump and White Hope were behind Rack, not twenty feet away. When Rack turned, they made a very important business of watching the barkers. Rack followed Horton past them, and in passing he kicked White Hope on the ankle. The big Indian jumped and grunted, but he did not turn around.

Rack heard Sara Bishop's, "Hello, you two!" and the rest was lost in the mill's deep roar. When he and Horton reached the yard, Horton said, "I figure a camp-run price would be best for both of us."

Flatly Rack said, "Figure it again."

Horton stopped. "Now look—"

"No!" Rack's face was bleak, his words sharp-bitten. "You'll pay a split price—number one, two, and cull. Take it or let it lay."

Horton said, "I can let it lay."

"Sure," Rack agreed. "And then the government will send a man around to see why you're not cutting that airplane spruce. Then I can do business with Uncle. I'd rather do business with Uncle any time."

Horton considered this, amusement in his gray eyes.

"You're sure of yourself."

Rack nodded stiffly. "With you I am."

"Come into the office," Horton said.

Rack followed him in. Horton

tossed his hat on the desk, jerked his head at a chair. Rack took the chair.

Horton stood at the window.

"What do you want for number one?"

"The OPA price—forty-five a thousand."

"Thirty," Horton said. "With labor like it is—"

Rack stood up and started for the door.

And Sam Horton laughed softly. The laugh brought Rack up short. He turned, carefully, and there was angry color staining his cheeks. He made a savage gesture.

"D'you want this contract or not?"

"Sure I want it." Horton chuckled. "But it costs me nothing to make you jump through hoops." He took a contract from his desk. "Jump at this, my roughneck friend," he said.

Rack took the contract. The prices were typed in. They were the OPA prices straight through. Rack looked up.

"You—" He broke it off with an effort.

Sam Horton grinned again. "Like it?"

Rack Tinker forced his eyes back to the contract. At the time-of-payment clause he came up short. When he looked at Horton again, his color had deepened.

"You pay on the twentieth?"

"That's right."

Thinly Rack said, "You know I've got to pay the Bishops on the eighteenth."

"Yes," said Horton, "and that's why I'm paying on the twentieth." He leaned back in his chair. "You don't have to sign that contract. You can haul your logs to another mill. You wouldn't have to build more than seventy or eighty miles of railroad to get to Swensen's. Or you might build your own mill."

Rack said, "You cut a neat throat."

"For your kind," Horton said, "anything goes." He held a pen out to Rack. "Will you sign?"

"Who'll do the scaling?" Rack asked.

"Our regular man," Horton said. "Tony Borg."

RACK was silent for a moment. Then, with a savage roughness, he leaned forward to catch the pen out of Horton's hand. "We'll need a witness," he said. And he waited until Horton's secretary came into the office before he scrawled his blunt signature.

Horton signed a duplicate and then dismissed the girl. He pushed Rack's copy of the contract across the desk. "Here," he said. "Frame this. It's all you'll have left when I'm done with you."

"That," said Rack, "is your idea."

And he lifted his hand in an odd half salute. He opened the door and left the office.

Stump and White Hope were waiting at the truck. Sara Bishop was with them still. She was carrying a jacket of soft blond leather. She lifted it and then smiled at Rack.

DISHWASHER
WANTED

"Give him anything he wants. He doesn't look like he'll be able to pay his bill."

"Sam's," she said. "He's always forgetting things. He left this in the mill."

"Did he?" Rack said.

She searched his face with a long glance. She saw the bleak anger there. Her smile turned cool.

"Did you like the contract?" she said.

"No, not much."

Sara said, "How nice."

Sam Horton came swiftly across the parking lot at that moment, an unsmiling Horton whose face had turned hard. The dour Lundeen was at his heels.

"Just a minute," he said.

Tires crunched on the gravel drive then; a dusty sedan rolled up to an easy halt. Jim Horton was in the seat beside the driver. He saw Rack and grinned delightedly.

"Rack," he said. "How are you, boy?"

Quietly Rack said, "Fine, Jim."

"A man gets tired of sittin' by the fire," Jim Horton said. "A couple of times a week I talk Doc Mallory into takin' me for a ride. He always fetches me down here where I can take a look at the mill. You'd think he'd know I'm glad to be out of the place."

He leveled a hand at Sara Bishop. "Who're you?" he said.

"I'm Sara Bishop," Sara said.

Old Jim Horton scowled fiercely at her. "You look it," he said. "Got your gran'daddy's hair, got his eyes. Fine man, your gran'daddy, but tough in a fight. I ought to know—I fought with the old buzzard many a time."

Sara Bishop smiled. "So I've heard."

Jim Horton turned to the others. "Sam," he said, "what're you an' Lundeen lookin' so pleased about?"

"No reason," Sam said easily.

"Bosh!" Jim Horton shot a glance at Rack. "They treatin' you right, boy? Did they give you a fair shake on that contract?"

"Sure," Rack said. "Everything's fine."

"Any time it ain't, you come to me," Jim said.

The driver said, "We're going home now, Jim."

The old man grumbled, but the sedan backed slowly, swung, and was gone. And then Sam Horton spoke to Rack:

"D'you get all your equipment this way?"

Rack Tinker said, "What's this?"

Lundeen's leathery face split in a hard grin. "A truck load," he said. "You guys do all right."

Horton said, "Shell out, boys."

Stump looked at Rack Tinker and his face was the face of a frightened child. He swallowed convulsively. White Hope had gone behind a mask of dignity, the shelter he always sought when the going got rough. Rack came around the truck. He saw for the first time that White Hope's pockets were bulging; that the back of Stump's plaid stag coat protruded like a bustle.

"All right," he said. "Give it back."

"Aw, Rack—" Stump began miserably.

"Out with it!" Rack snapped.

WITH a helpless gulp Stump emptied his pockets. He had a new ball-bearing block and an assortment of shackles. White Hope had a pressure gauge and two bars of babbitt.

Stump and White Hope looked at each other. Stump said, "Maybe we ought to ride in back," and made a bolt for it. White Hope lost his impassiveness and bolted with him.

Rack said, "Any beefs, Sam?"

"No." Horton's voice was carefully controlled. "Any time you need a little equipment come around. Only, next time, ask for it!"

Rack got into the truck. Sara Bishop was talking to Lundeen. "I didn't see them take those things."

Lundeen snorted. "Lady," he said, "they're plenty good. You better count your teeth."

Sam Horton said, "Just a minute, Tinker."

He came around the truck and put his hands on the door. His iron control was gone now. He was breathing heavily, a thin and wicked anger in his eyes. "Don't go to my father for help," he said, and the words were barely audible. "Dad can't help you now. Nobody can, and you know why!"

"Put it in words," Rack said.

Horton's hands squeezed down upon the door. "You killed my brother," he said. "Is that plain enough?"

"Are you sure?"

"Damn sure!"

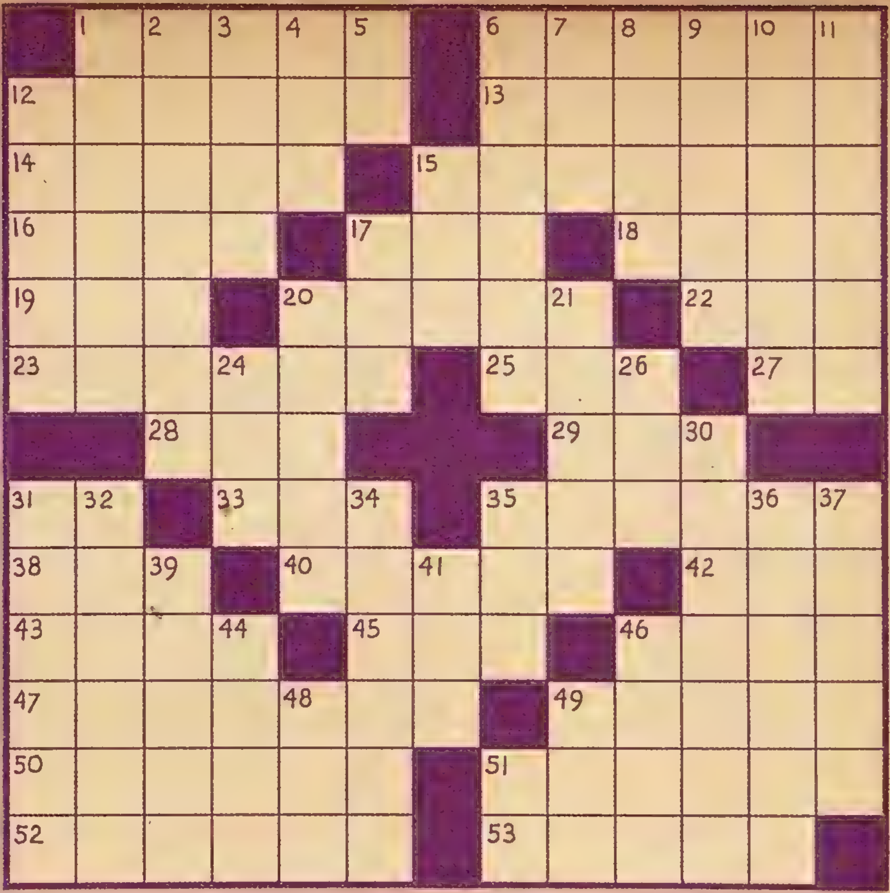
"Then tell the sheriff," Rack said.

Sam Horton's mouth jerked. "I can't prove it," he said. "Not yet! But you can bet your last dime I will prove it, Tinker. And God help you then!"

Can Sam prove that Rack is a murderer? What really happened back there in the dim past? And what is Lily Botnick to Rack? There is swift exciting action in next week's chapter.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 The Greeks had a word for Sheol. What?
6 Who was the first Food Administrator of Egypt?
12 Of what practically indestructible, nondentable material will future car fenders be made?
13 Who was the Victor Mature of Olympus?
14 What're stars in Latin?
15 Richard Sheridan's responsible for a famous school for what?
16 On Broadway a blackout is also a what?
17 What tree inspired Woodman Spare That Tree?
18 Dispatch
19 What's ½ c. Japanese?
20 Mussolini and the Japs are yellow variations of what race?
22 What's Scotch for half-seas over?
23 What's the luster which determines the value of a pearl called?
25 What are we advised to keep well buttoned these days?
27 What Republican President started a "new deal" anti-capitalist movement? (abbr.)
28 Fill in: The Hawaiians —— all the pineapple they ——, and what they ——'t they ——!
29 Vulgar girl
31 If your father's name's like yours he puts what after his name? (abbr.)
33 What booze is made from sugar?
35 What dye's a mixture of fuchsine and phosphine?
38 Temptation's start and post mortem's end
40 "You shall not press down upon the brow of —— this crown of thorn" (W. J. Bryan)
42 Person depended on to steal one's gal
43 What's Warning! in French?
45 To avoid colds what should one take when feeling low?
46 What's the last line of Sicilian defense?
47 What was called the "cheesebox on a raft"?
49 What part of the human body influenced church architecture?
50 A game bird
51 What're common to spearheads, games, rationing, and glazier tools?
52 What're the world's best violins? (abbr.)
53 What bitter herb was formerly eaten to recover from Lenten fish?

VERTICAL

1 What's slang for a corny Nebraskan?
2 Without what ray could we not live?
3 Before he dies, each man is said to eat a bushel of what?
4 What's this Greek letter: H?
5 What direction is Hollywood from Seattle? (abbr.)
6 What dirty dog do South Africans want it should happen to?
7 Office of Price Anarchization (abbr.)
8 Chinese fathers prefer whats?
9 What berry made Pilgrim wine?
10 Juno's just a minor what today?
11 F. D. R.'s usually caricatured with a long what?
12 Cowboys go for a whirl with a what?
15 Asseverate
17 What'd be useless in a scrap drive?
20 Two negatives do what to each other?
21 With what river is the explorer Mungo Park associated?
24 What's the most outstanding thing about a rabbit?
26 Parity
30 Whose yachts used to race in the America Cup series?
31 What're F. D. R.'s hobby?
32 What's the chief difference between Communism and Socialism?
34 What feudal holdings existed in America before 1776?
35 What's American for a bobby?
36 A healthy mind in a healthy body produces what?
37 What do generals like troops to go into battle with (pl.)
39 Who isn't allowed to be served—
41 —in a this?
44 What deity with lots of hands is the god of the gimmes?
46 What country would you say has remained O'Neutral?
48 Quizzically yet cockeyedly yours, —
49 What's a Tibetan gazelle?
51 What were Barnum's initials?

M	O	U	S	T	A	C	H	E	S	■	S	T	E	W
O	G	L	E	R	■	H	O	L	E	■	P	E	R	I
N	I	C	H	E	■	A	M	E	N	■	E	L	I	S
T	V	E	■	K	R	I	E	G	■	B	E	L	C	H
G	E	R	T	■	E	N	R	A	G	E	D	■	■	■
O	■	■	O	D	E	S	■	N	O	D	■	S	V	F
M	A	N	T	I	S	■	O	C	T	■	F	L	E	A
E	L	I	A	S	■	C	U	E	■	P	A	I	N	S
R	O	L	L	■	R	O	T	■	B	A	L	T	I	C
Y	E	S	■	S	A	L	■	C	A	N	S	■	■	I
■	■	■	B	I	F	O	C	A	L	■	E	V	E	N
S	M	E	A	R	■	N	A	V	E	S	■	Y	M	A
A	X	I	S	■	B	E	R	I	■	I	D	I	O	T
N	I	N	E	■	P	L	E	A	■	L	E	N	T	O
K	I	S	S	■	A	S	T	R	O	L	O	G	E	R

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

HE'D RATHER BE DUMMY!

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ONCE UPON A WEEK-END—Continued from Page 25

Johnny began, "That's funny—" But she turned and walked into the water. He hurried after her. "I want your phone number, too. I get in to Chicago often—"

"Just look me up in the directory," she tossed back over her shoulder as she splashed on.

Johnny stood there and watched her go, a sharp ache of loss within him. But that was crazy, he told himself. Next week-end leave he'd see her again.

THE next time Johnny got in to Chicago, he had almost ten bucks, the remains of his last pay, and he meant to spend all of it on Jane Smith. He meant to do his darnedest to make her forget the guy who'd had the colossal nerve to stand her up.

Johnny strode through the echoing caverns of the station, on his way to the phone booths to look up a number and make a call.

The size of the city telephone directory surprised him somewhat. Back in Frying Pan the phone book was a thin pamphlet which nobody used. Because, if you didn't know a number, all you had to do was ask the operator. Johnny thumbed through the myriad pages rapidly. Sm—Sm—Smith. Now then, Jane Smith.

The beginning of apprehension struck Johnny a dull blow in the pit of his stomach. There seemed to be an awful lot of Smiths in Chicago. Pages and pages of Smiths. Whole columns of Smiths whose first names began with a J. Of course he'd known that Smith was a common name, but it hadn't occurred to him how many Smiths there probably were in a big place like Chicago. Another thought nudged Johnny, and his spirits sank still lower. Jane Smith's telephone would undoubtedly be listed under her father's name—and heaven knew who her father was. She should have thought of that, Johnny reminded himself, even if he hadn't—unless she didn't care whether he ever found her.

Maybe that was it. Maybe she didn't care. Maybe she hadn't felt that sense of rightness and inevitability in their meeting, as he had.

Johnny's chin jutted. Back in Frying Pan they knew that look—knew, too, that Johnny was one of those apparently easygoing souls with an amazing singleness of purpose once he had made up his mind. And Johnny's mind was made up. He liked Jane Smith. Maybe he was in love with her. And until he was positive, beyond all shadow of doubt, that she didn't like him—

Doggedly Johnny marched to the cigar counter near by.

"A couple of bucks' worth of nickels, please."

"You mean slugs, don't you?" the man asked.

"O. K., then, slugs—whatever it takes for the phone."

The man counted them out, grinning. "This must be the port you got more than one girl in."

"Maybe," Johnny said, but his grin was only half-hearted.

He started with the first Smith listed.

"Hello?" It was a girl's voice, but the arm of coincidence wasn't that long.

"Hello. Does a Miss Jane Smith live there?"

"No. Nobody by that name. You must have the wrong Smith."

"Thanks."

It got to be a formula. When his slugs were gone, Johnny didn't feel like facing the guy at the cigar counter again. He went out and found a drugstore, bought some more slugs, and started in on the Smiths where he had left off. Finally all his money was gone, except enough for his train fare back to camp. Disconsolately Johnny made his way through the downpour to the Service Center. He had two hamburgers and some coffee and doughnuts.

He spent his next Saturday leave in identical fashion. He also spent ten bucks he'd borrowed from his pal, Chug Morton. But he couldn't locate Jane Smith.

* * *

The highest culture is that which is able to look at life from the viewpoint of the greatest variety of persons.— ***Jane Addams.***

* * *

When Chug inquired if he'd had fun on his leave, Johnny was so sunk he broke down and told him all. Chug wasn't any small-town boy—he hailed from Pittsburgh.

He squinted at Johnny through sandy lashes for a long thoughtful moment before he said, "Why, fella, this little tomato's name ain't Smith any more'n mine is!"

"What do you mean? She said—"

"Hold it!" Chug lifted a hand like a ham, only bonier. "Let's take it step by step. First you forgot to tell her your name, or ask what hers was. Then, all in a rush, you busts out, 'I'm John Smith. Who are you?' —or words to that effect. Right?"

"Well, yes—but—"

"So then she hands you the coincidence routine and says she's Jane Smith, lookin' kind of funny, like you said. And then she scrams. That's because she's disappointed in you, see? She thinks you're handin' her a phony name, so's you can call her or not, as the spirit moves you, but she can't bother you none, because she won't even know your right name."

"But it *is* my name," Johnny objected.

"Sure, sure," Chug said soothingly. "But who'd believe it? And, naturally, bein' a smooth little number like you say she is, this gal would resent bein' given the run-around."

"But I didn't—"

"*We* know," Chug patted Johnny's shoulder, "but *she* don't. Fact remains, you've wasted a hell of a lot of cash—yours *and* mine—callin' all those Smiths." He shook his head regretfully. You should 'a' come to me sooner."

"You mean you've got an idea how I can find her?" The leaden weight Johnny had been carrying around in his midriff lightened just a little.

"Could be," Chug said dreamily.

Things didn't work out the way Chug had planned them at all. Chug figured that if Johnny went back to the Surfside, explained that he'd been one of the servicemen they entertained a few weeks ago, and asked to swim at their private beach—"There's a good chance you'll run into her again," Chug had assured him. "Dames is noted for returnin' to the scene of the crime—an' you said this one admitted she crashed the place often."

But Johnny's harmless request to go swimming at the Surfside proved to be the stone that started an avalanche. First he talked to a desk clerk, who passed him along to a second assistant manager. Next he found himself in the office of a genial Mr. Avery, who, it developed, handled the hotel's publicity.

Red to the ears and halting-tongued, Johnny proceeded to pour out for Mr. Avery's benefit the sad little tale of his misadventures at the Surfside, and of the two subsequent leaves he had spent almost entirely in phone booths calling Smiths. Mr. Avery's eyes began to shine and his plump palms kneaded each other at the prospect of what he could do with a human-interest yarn like that. And when Johnny stumbled to a finish, Mr. Avery went to work on him. Not that Johnny proved difficult to convince. The publicity man's plan for locating Jane Smith made Chug Morton's seem like the work of an amateur. And Johnny was determined to locate Jane Smith.

"BOY, oh, boy!" breathed Chug, regarding the front page of a Chicago paper with a bedazzled eye. "Ain't that somepin!"

It was indeed. From atop a half-column in the midst of the war news, Johnny stared wistfully into space. And beneath his picture was the question, ARE YOU HIS GIRL? Details followed—just as he'd explained it all to Mr. Avery. So far, the write-up climaxed, John Smith had scarcely made an impression on the three thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight Smiths in the Chicago phone book. But he'd tried—and if the girl in question read this, wouldn't she have a heart?

"If that don't get her"—Chug whacked Johnny on the shoulder—"she ain't got a heart! All you have to do now is sit tight and wait for a letter."

Johnny sat tight, although the

merciless kidding he was subjected to on every hand kept his complexion consistently brick-red.

The Great Lakes mailbags are always heavy, but that week the total of letters received approached a high point comparable only to the pre-Christmas rush. And an incredible percentage of these letters was for Seaman John Smith. On Monday he received one hundred and twenty-nine. On Tuesday more than three hundred. Wednesday the number began to drop off a little, so that the end of the week found it thinned to a mere trickle of twenty or so.

Johnny and Chug spent every leisure moment plowing through mountains of letters. Letters from girls named Smith who would *love* to meet Johnny. Letters from girls who thought his picture was cute and would be *so* happy to write to him. Letters from motherly women whose sons were in the Navy and who wanted to send Johnny cookies. Letters from nice girls and forward girls. Letters—

"Holy gee!" sighed Chug, running frantic fingers through his sandy crew cut, "Who'd 'a' thought we'd start anything like this!"

It was Sunday, and still stacks of Johnny's mail remained unopened. Johnny looked up discouragedly from a sea of crumpled discards. Doggedly he selected another letter. "Get busy, Chug. You offered to help!"

Chug sniffed a delicately scented missive appreciatively. "You know, I was just thinkin'. We're not takin' full advantage of our opportunities, Johnny. With all these feminine mash notes, we could start up a Lonely Hearts Bureau—you know, farm 'em out to guys who'd like to start correspondin' with somebody. Not for free, though. We should be able to earn ourselves a little cash."

"I don't care what you do with 'em," Johnny said, sunk. "Once I've read 'em all—and made sure—"

Not even to Chug could he confide his growing conviction that Jane Smith wouldn't write—that he wouldn't ever see her again. It seemed to Johnny that his big body wasn't big enough to hold the ache of loneliness that stabbed him at the thought. It was worse now—infinitely worse than it would have been if he'd never met her. Because now he knew exactly what he was missing—what he'd go on missing and being hungry for all the rest of his life.

Chug was calculating aloud: "If we only charged 'em—say—fifty cents per girl's name and address—" when a close-cropped head appeared briefly in the doorway and a raucous voice said, "Hey, you—Smith. Somebody waitin' to see you at the hostess house—female." An expressive whistle followed.

Johnny was on his feet so fast the letters swirled about him like a snowstorm. Chug grinned cynically after his rapidly departing form. Then his gaze fell on the letters once more, and after a thoughtful moment he began to gather them up. Some of the juicier ones, he reflected optimistically, might be worth a buck apiece.

Even amid the Sunday din and confusion of the hostess house, Johnny found her unerringly. She was sitting at one end of a deep couch. Her turquoise-blue dress matched her eyes and the little hat that topped her tawny-brown curls was nothing but a knot of flowers and veiling. She smiled, and then her eyes fell before Johnny's and color stained her cheeks.

She spoke, so low that he had to sit down beside her and lean very close to hear what she was saying. "I—had to come—because there were so many things I had to explain that I couldn't seem to find words for in a letter."

It was all Johnny could do to keep from grabbing her hands, so that she couldn't get away again, so that she couldn't ever get away. "I'm glad you came. It's been—awful!"

Her eyes came up to meet his, and Johnny felt warm and alive and seventeen feet tall and strong enough to push over mountains. It was that kind of a look. She said, "It's been awful for me, too. And it was all my fault. I'm dreadfully sorry about all that telephoning. You see, I never thought of John Smith being your real name. And I—I liked you so well that day at the beach—it seemed as though we'd known each other forever. And then, when I thought you were lying to me—well, it hurt."

So it was just as Chug had thought. Good old Chug! Good old Mr. Avery at the Surfside. Good old world.

She was going on, her voice even lower. "That's not the only thing I have to explain. You see, I really lied to you—not only about my name being Smith, but about that man I was supposed to be waiting for when I spoke to you."

Johnny frowned, not getting it.

"I wasn't waiting for any one. I just—wanted to get acquainted with you so badly—only I couldn't let it seem cheap—like a pick-up."

"It didn't," Johnny assured her. "It was wonderful." This time he didn't resist the impulse to take her hands in his.

She didn't seem to mind a bit. Her mouth curved in the loveliest, warmest smile. She said, "It was only a white lie."

They both laughed, and it was like the day at the beach—only nicer. Because this time both of them knew they wouldn't lose each other again.

And Johnny thought, Even her saying her name was Smith was only a white lie. Because it's going to be—some day.

But he guessed maybe he'd better wait a little while to tell her so.

THE END

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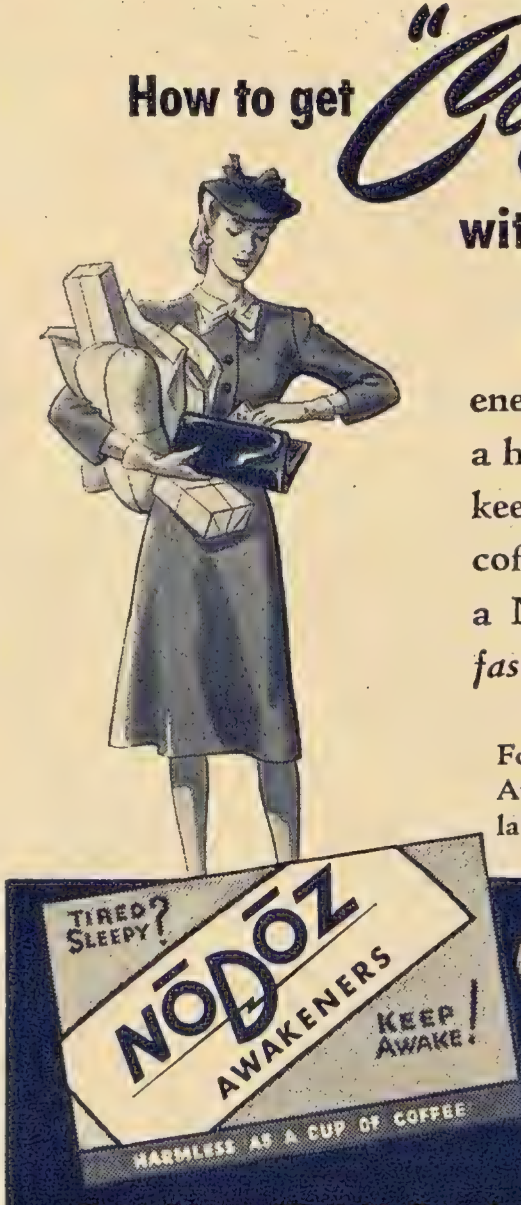
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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Hope to Hutton: "We can't get married today, honey. Very dangerous government mission. Military secret."

Government mission: Hope and his pals escort some married women to a night club—for $300 cash money.

But Hutton finds out, and when Hope feigns a bloody head, she applies a tourniquet to his neck—first aid.

BY HARRIET GOULD

LET'S FACE IT

(Paramount)

Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Eve Arden, ZaSu Pitts

WAY back in the Jazz Age there was a play called Cradle Snatchers. Mary Boland, Humphrey Bogart, and Edna May Oliver were in it and it was all about three wives who borrowed three college boys and went on a spree to make their husbands jealous.

Two seasons ago, Dorothy and Herbert Fields and Cole Porter took the same theme, changed the college boys to soldiers, the title to Let's Face It, and made it into a highly successful musical, starring Danny Kaye.

Now Paramount has tried its hand at making a movie from the musical—and the results are mighty pleasing. Bob Hope and Betty Hutton, Hollywood's leading irrepressibles, carry off the starring roles with enough noise and enthusiasm to make a future co-starring career for these two practically a must. Only as far as the music is concerned does the movie fall behind the stage production. Just two of the original six Cole Porter tunes remain—the title song and the tongue-twister, Let's Not Talk About Love, which gives Betty Hutton an excuse to shout, gasp, and wriggle in her own inimitable style. Melody in 4-F, the draftee's lament that was the hit song of the show, belongs to Danny Kaye, who is reserving it for a special spot in his own picture, Up in Arms.

Paramount's slightly purified Let's Face It tells the story of a soldier and his girl friend (Bob Hope and Betty Hutton) who want to get married but never quite find the time . . . or money. She runs a reducing farm for women near his camp, and he earns some small change by bootlegging candy and pie to her clients. But a chance to make a $300 haul comes when three women (Eve Arden, ZaSu Pitts, and Phyllis Povah) hire him to help them teach their philandering husbands a lesson.

By promising them "ten dollars, free food and drink, and women who look like Veronica Lake with two eyes," Hope wheedles two of his pfc. pals (Cully Richards and Dave Willcock) into helping him. A long series of complications and Hope gags reach a climax when the boys commandeer a rowboat to get back to camp and are scuttled by the periscope of a lurking German submarine (honest!).

Let's Face It may not be right up there with some of Hope's funniest films, but it is good chuckle-provoking diversion and worth going out of your way to catch.

REPORT FROM THE ALEUTIANS

(United States Army Signal Corps, released by War Activities Comm. Motion Pic. Industry)

THIS forty-seven-minute War Department film should prove interesting not only to those who have friends and relatives stationed at this remote outpost but to everybody who has wondered about the what, why, and where of these strange islands. Report from the Aleutians is the film story (in color) of these strategic outcroppings in the North Pacific, their growth from storm-swept bits of swamp and marsh to important military bases, and the men who gave and are giving their lives to develop and hold them. The movie starts with actual scenes showing the tremendous task of supplying the base with everything from caterpillar tractors to can openers, and ends with a breathtaking bird's-eye view of a bombing of Kiska.

I DOOD IT

(M-G-M)

Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Hazel Scott, Lena Horne

IF you're not allergic to liberal doses of broad slapstick, I Dood It stacks up as a pretty good little musical. The plot concerns a pants presser (Red Skelton) who is simply wild about a famous musical-comedy dancer (Eleanor Powell). He borrows the customers' evening clothes—to the fury of his boss (Sam Levene)—and follows her everywhere. In a fit of jealousy at her real fiancé, she marries Red—who just happens to be around—and the Skelton brand of nonsense shifts into high. In addition to the laughs, I Dood It's special attractions include a boogie-woogie versus blues number by Hazel Scott and Lena Horne, music by Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra and vocalists, and Eleanor Powell's long-legged precision dancing.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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The greatest star of the screen!

We think that the best story the late Eric Knight ever wrote is "Lassie Come Home." We liked his "This Above All" but when it comes to "Lassie" we liked *this* above all.

★ ★ ★ ★

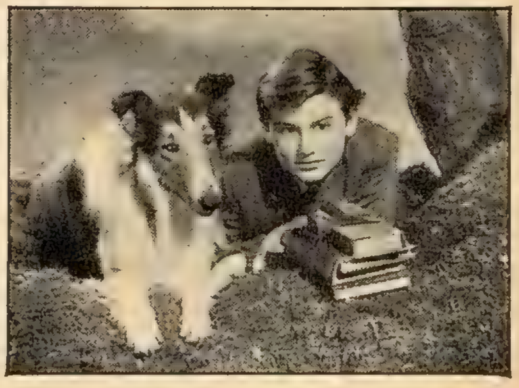
So much for the wonderful book—now for the wonderful picture. It is called "Lassie Come Home."

★ ★ ★ ★

We predict that the whole country will go to the dog when they hear the word-of-mouth praise from those who have seen "Lassie."

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes indeed, "Lassie" is a human thing. It takes a sudden dive to the bottom of your heart and stirs up the waves of compassion and understanding.



It is a picture of suspense—as exciting as any thriller you've been thrilled by and more artistically told.

★ ★ ★ ★

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they're handing bouquets to young Fred Wilcox who turned in this first feature directorial assignment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Rarely has there been a better cast in a motion picture. To name a few—Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce, Elsa Lanchester. Sort of makes you think of the cast of "How Green Was My Valley," doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

Hugo Butler, who wrote the screen play from the Eric Knight "best-seller," pulled his copy out of the top drawer. And Samuel Marx produced "Lassie" with loving care.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the broad beautiful scenes in Technicolor unfold, we do more than admire. We find ourselves in the grip of a characterful drama that will be played in theatres over and over again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Inquire of your favorite theatre when "Lassie Come Home" will be played. If you are a father, bring your wife and kids. If you are a mother, bring your husband and kids. If you are a kid, take the lazy grown-ups in hand.

★ ★ ★ ★

Go out of the house to see "Lassie Come Home."

★ ★ ★ ★

We're just a lion who's putting on the dog.

—Leo

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PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
BATAAN (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker	*Drama* (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan).	Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43)
BEHIND THE RISING SUN (RKO) Margo, Tom Neal	*Melodrama* (the development of an American-educated Japanese boy into a bloodthirsty "warrior").	Compelling movie . . . some sequences slightly far-fetched—but good on the whole. (8-28-43)
BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) Lucille Ball, William Gaxton	*Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).	From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)
DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).	Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou	*Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain).	One of the *must* pictures of this or any other year . . . long, perhaps, but superb in action and direction. Breath-taking Technicolor. (8-28-43)
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn	*Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life).	Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warner Bros.) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard	*Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan).	Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43)
THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Warner Bros.) Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine	*Melodrama* (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s).	Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43)
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (RKO) Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie, Robert Benchley	*Musical comedy* (a Flying Tiger—incognito—and a magazine photographer—pretty—make a good dance team).	Not as good as the usual Astaire dance film (this is his sixteenth) . . . good music and dancing but weak plot. (9-4-43)
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warner Bros.) U. S. Army	*Musical* (movie version of those two great all-soldier shows—Yip Yip, Yaphank and This Is the Army).	As good as the original—and better in spots . . . heart-warming film packed solid with entertainment. (9-11-43)
WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.) Paul Lukas, Bette Davis	*Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom).	Sensitive, intelligent movie . . . has depth and significance . . . wonderful script, acting . . . one of the year's best. (9-4-43)
WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED (Universal) Richard Quine, Noah Beery, Jr.	*Melodrama* (story of a Texas Aggie whose Japanese education makes him a suspect character).	Universal's tribute to one of America's outstanding colleges, Texas A. & M. . . . interesting film. (9-11-43)

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN

Continued from Page 17

Physically and temperamentally they are opposites. Danny is six feet tall, fair, and popping with vitality. Sylvia is small and dark, very quiet and retiring. It may be this combination of opposites that makes them such a fine working pair.

A week after they returned from Florida, Danny got a job at La Martinique, a swanky night club on Fifty-seventh Street, At the opening show he was a dismal flop. However, at the midnight show he went ahead bravely, did his Anatole of Paris, a hilarious satire on a fancy hat designer which Sylvia had knocked out during the week's rehearsals, and the audience went wild over him. They kept him on the floor for over an hour, until he improvised his routine of a conga dancer who knocks himself out and has to be carried from the floor.

After that, it was Danny Kaye season—the first. The club was always jammed. Everybody from Noel Coward to Gypsy Rose Lee came to have a look at the skinny kid from Brooklyn with the loud voice, the whimsical face, and the expressive hands. Other comedians were his most enthusiastic fans. Moss Hart was one of his most ardent admirers.

SO next season, when Moss Hart wrote Lady in the Dark, he offered Danny a solo spot in the show. It was something dreamed up by Ira Gershwin, in which Danny had to sing off the names of fifty-six Russian composers in forty seconds. On opening night in Boston Danny stepped forward and launched into "Tschaikowsky." Forty seconds later the house was in an uproar. Ira Gershwin, legend has it, lit a cigarette and walked down the block, and when he came back the house was still screaming.

Backstage, Danny was moaning. Gertrude Lawrence was waiting to go on for her next number. If she didn't top Danny's success, no one would blame her for insisting on having his number cut from the show.

But Gertie saved the night for him. She wowed 'em with a totally unrehearsed version of the now famous Saga of Jenny, surprising even the orchestra men with the bumps she gave it. Danny was in.

While the show was still a sell-out in New York, Miss Lawrence felt she needed a vacation, so Lady in the Dark was laid off for the summer. Danny moved to the Paramount Theater for five weeks. There, he was convinced for the first time that he was a success when three high-school kids appeared at the stage door and announced that they were his fan club. From there he moved out West to Ciro's, that glittering tepee where the Hollywood stars go to be seen. At Ciro's he was paid by the customer—one dollar for each. In one week he made $2,400 for 280 minutes of work.

When Lady in the Dark was reopened in the fall, Danny wasn't on hand, because Vinton Freedley had him rehearsing in Let's Face It, a show tailor-made for his talents by Cole Porter and Herbert and Dorothy Fields, with, of course, his special numbers written by Sylvia Fine and Max Liebman.

On opening night Gertrude Lawrence sent him a telegram: "Be a good boy this time and stick it out." This was for his not having come back to her show. Danny, however, had his own feelings about her taking a vacation at the peak of the run.

He framed a reply, which Sylvia and Max wouldn't let him send. It's too bad it isn't quotable, because it was one of the few funny things Danny has ever thought up.

Let's Face It was the biggest smash of the season. Five months after the show opened, Sam Goldwyn appeared, waving a picture contract.

Danny signed up for five years, but said he couldn't go to Hollywood until the show closed. Goldwyn had to wait eleven months.

So now, at the age of thirty, Danny Kaye has arrived. Lots of things have been said about him. It's been said that he's very neurotic. He does have his foibles and phobias. He gets eating fads. One whole year the only liquid he would take was celery tonic. The next year he drank nothing but beer and stout, because some one had told him it was healthy, although he hated the stuff. Periodically he goes off to health farms.

Another phobia is his fear of appearing anywhere without Sylvia to accompany him at the piano. Oddly enough, while she writes all his material, has played it hundreds of times, and knows his every gesture, he never fails to make her laugh.

In Hollywood, they have a back yard where he can indulge his love for baseball whenever he can find any one to play. A Sunday may start with a baseball game right after breakfast and go on to a swim, a hike, a frenzied rehearsal with Dinah Shore for a jitterbug number in Up in Arms, a cooking session which produces some fantastic concoction that Sylvia and any one else there must eat, a series of long telephone conversations with friends, and a three-hour run-through of numbers Sylvia has written for the picture. By that time it is midnight and Danny wants to go out for a snack.

IF Lou Mandel, Danny's manager, weren't in complete charge of all the Kaye finances, Danny and Sylvia might be broke all the time. As it is, they each get an allowance of fifty dollars a week, and Danny seldom has anything to show for his. He never has more than a couple of suits, enough shirts so he won't go shirtless while they're being laundered, and a few pairs of socks. He smokes very little, drinks seldom and never hard liquor. His one big extravagance is portraits and caricatures of himself. He can never resist them, good or bad. They're mostly bad.

Samuel Goldwyn is so sure Danny will be terrific box office that he's paying him $100,000 for his first picture. Up in Arms will also be Danny's last picture—last for the duration, that is. As soon as he has finished it, he may leave on an extended tour of service camps inside and outside the United States. This, of course, hinges on whether or not the draft board has other plans for him.

THE END

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(*Continued from page 52*)

we should wish to alter all this. But the war has been teaching us, and we English are a very teachable people.

We have learned, we who lived in quiet beauty in old houses in the English meadows, that there were little red bugs infesting the walls of the houses in our historic city streets, that scabies and impetigo and consumption lurked among those dauntless costers who, after Dunkirk, took the brunt of Hitler's air-invasion prelude; that the rose-cottage slum of Royal Worthy or Midsummer Green bred not only apple blossom and mistletoe but squalor, vice, filthiness, and ignorance.

All through Britain, from duke to dustman and from Land's End to John o' Groat's, we have reached an unshakable determination to do something about all this. Postwar plans and preparations on a scale that would be gigantic even for Soviet Russia are already being made. People so unlike as Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Churchill, and the Archbishop of Canterbury have declared them.

Millions more houses, millions more cottages, completely equal opportunity for *every* child through every stage of education, wholesome foods available for all, if necessary without pay, good and healthy clothes, inspection of living conditions, enormous church reforms, vocational training, nursery schools for all—these are just some of the things that all England has decided to have, and *will* have.

THE quaint cities that you have loved will go—many have already been leveled by bombs. In place of those old and narrow cobbled streets, with their half-timbered houses leaning toward each other at odd angles, you will see great thoroughfares, geometrical planning, and white stone or concrete façades.

Instead of the twisty villages of houses with little windows and broken doors, you will see modern flat-roofed cottages that will have main water, lighting, drainage and sanitation, and walls that are rat-proof, mouse-proof, bug-proof, and even offer some defense against disease germs.

Those "stately homes of England" standing, lovely and unabashed, around the slummy villages that used to maintain them. What will happen to them?

The great houses set in their old parks will become adult colleges. Already a dozen societies are moving quietly toward that end. Already Members of Parliament are grouping to formulate plans for the staffing of these colleges. The Workers Educational Association, once led by a few red-tied visionaries, now spreading to include retired generals and elder statesmen, young medical specialists and university professors, is chief of the new societies preparing for this wholesale adult-education movement.

Other stately homes are to be turned into hospitals, recuperation homes for tired workpeople, and so on. Gleneagles Hotel, as well known to American golfers and sportsmen as to Englishmen, has already been taking sick miners for these purposes.

Borough engineers and surveyors all over Britain are submitting sweeping plans for the new white cities of our future. The plans can envisage changes that would not have been tolerated for a moment before 1939.

Huge areas are to be roofed over, and the roofs used as central airports. The Englishman, most domesticated of the world's creatures, is to be subjected to the fullest force of official and unofficial propaganda to make him live in a flat, eat in a restaurant, and merely sleep at home.

FACTORY areas are being marked off for factories and nothing else, and for factories of so modern a design that even American Big Business is expected to rub its eyes. Little groups of those M. P.s who matter—the "commandos of Parliament" who get things done—are drafting laws whereby employers shall be responsible for the transport of their workers, and no worker shall live within the factory area or the green belt surrounding it.

Americans are familiar enough with the picturesque city streets that lie around the Tower of London. In some of the quaintest of those streets, sweatshops of the tailoring trade existed before the war. Scores and occasionally hundreds of people of both sexes and all ages worked in one house, under naked high-power electric lights, squatting on dusty floors. There was often not so much as a handbasin; the nearest lavatory might be hundreds of yards away.

But progressive M. P.s have decided to stop all that; to force legislation through to the effect that dwelling houses may be used only as dwelling houses, not as offices or sweatshops. And so the whole visible face of London, and those of a score of other cities, will change entirely; for in them now, nine tenths of the houses *are* used as industrial and business quarters, and so the terrible British slums have come into being in the districts where the poor workers dwell, crowd, and sweat.

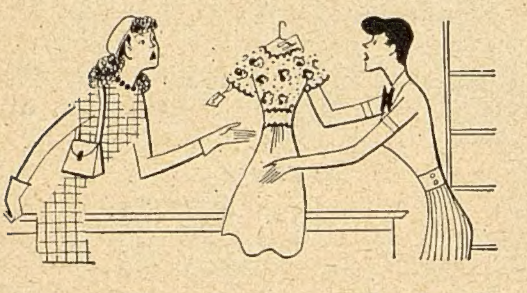
At the concussion of a war that is no more than a demonstration of the twentieth-century social earthquake, Sleeping Beauty Britain has awakened, startled, from her centuries of magic slumber. To complete the awakening, to equalize the future's burdens and the honor of those burdens, and to guide a United Anglo-American Federation to wise leadership of a glittering and splendid postwar world, it now needs, chiefly, the touch of some suitable young American's kiss on an English princess' lips.

THE END

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

QUIET IS REQUESTED: If you think our government's regulations limiting width of skirt and length of sleeve are tough, lean your slim anatomical outline toward the wind blowing in from Australia. A former fashion advertising writer in Sydney, who is now doing a job for the American forces out yonder, informs us that restrictions in Australia have hit a new high. Says she, "You can't excite or drive women frantic any more by such phrases as 'a froth of foamy white at your throat.' A dress is a dress—not a seductive, enchanting wisp to slip into. No. It is a tailored wool. Black, brown, blue, or gray. There's a ban on all the old come-on adjectives such as 'flattering,' 'cleanly sculptured,' 'young-making.' A hat is a hat. Black, brown, or white." The War Production Board in the United States has been making some headway in the same direction by urging retailers to drop such sale advertising as "Buy now. We may not be able to get any more." And "Our price $9.98; elsewhere, $9.99." Ah well, even if we cut out all the frills, fashion will make a comeback after the war.



QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES: A letter from "A Soldier's Mother" to the editor of the New York World-Telegram suggests that Mrs. Roosevelt be grounded for the duration. The writer has a funny notion that it ain't fair for Mrs. R. to get around so much when the citizenry is expected to respond whole-heartedly to the government's frequent appeals to Stay Put and leave travel space for the soldiers. Mrs. Roosevelt's own column, My Day, in one short week described peregrinations that took her from Hyde Park, where she visited the Morgenthaus and Rosenmans, to New York to shop, to Reno to visit friends on a ranch, to San Francisco, where she saw her son, to Seattle to visit her daughter and grandchildren. What a home body!

SEASON'S GREETINGS: It may not seem like Christmas to you, with the asphalt still steaming, but S. Claus says, "Start now," if you want your overseas men to feel they're part of the family circle come December 25. The War Department has specified September 15 to October 15 as the period for sending Christmas packages overseas. For naval personnel the period extends from September 15 until October 31.

During that time Army restrictions requiring a request from the recipient will be suspended. Packages must be marked "Christmas parcel" and must be packed in wooden, metal, or solid fiberboard boxes, or in strong double-faced corrugated fiberboard boxes, and must be securely tied.

If you tie packages in such a way as to make inspection easy, you will speed them on their way. They must not exceed five pounds in weight, fifteen inches in length, or thirty-six inches in the length and the girth combined.

SHOOTING STAR: This department would like to make a clean breast of its inability to keep up with Doris Duke Cromwell.

She's here, she's there, she's in, she's out.

No sooner do we spot her in Manhattan than she's in North Carolina doing research. But she's scarcely there before she's back in New York attending first nights. Almost simultaneously she's at her 3,000-acre country home in Somerville, New Jersey, from which point of the bewildered compass she sends three saddle horses, a shepherd dog, and an automobile to Reno in a specially fitted box car.

Two days later she is in Reno, establishing residence because she "likes the divorce laws, the tax laws, and the landscape."

Vacation Memo from Maine

The gulls that dive-bomb o'er our farm
Are long on lung and short on charm.
That all of them should sound so mournful
In such surroundings, makes me scornful.

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Engagement Ring 500.00

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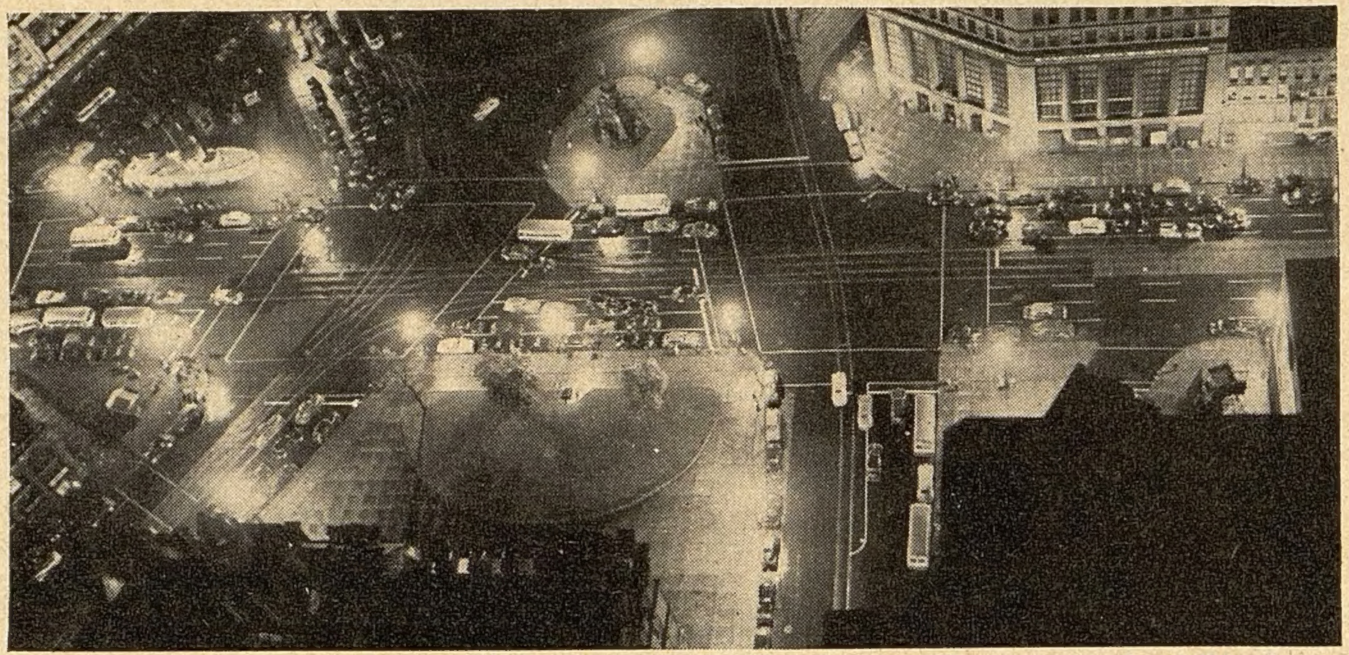
SOME CIVILIAN PRODUCTS ARE ESSENTIAL



What adequate street lighting will do: Detroit's Cadillac Square, all cars perfectly visible, but not a headlight lit. The city reduced auto fatalities 38.9 per cent by improving street lighting.

AS stated before in this space, civilian sacrifice in our war to date has been more a figure of speech than a reality. All of us could give and give again in matters of personal comfort and convenience before we began to feel real pain.

But there are some aspects of our civilian economy having little or nothing to do with personal comfort in which we perhaps have gone overboard, to the ultimate detriment of our war effort rather than its benefit.

Certain essential items for the safe functioning of our civilian life have been curtailed to the point of diminishing returns, and because of such curtailment there are today less war materials in the hands of our fighting men and our allies than if the curtailment had never been ordered.

To take an outstanding instance, new plants have gone up in many sections which operate around the clock and employ thousands of workers. Often the roads these workers travel to reach their jobs are badly lighted. Because of the inadequate lighting, people are being killed. Those who suffer injury or death going to and from the job are just as surely war casualties as the men we lose in battle.

A man killed in a highway accident will get no medal nor will his widow get a pension, but he is a war casualty nevertheless. His life is lost and so is his contribution to the war effort. The guns or planes or tanks he could have made will never kill an enemy.

We know definitely that inadequate lighting causes greater fatalities on our highways. For example, in 1936, Detroit started a program of safety lighting. By the end of 1942, 350 miles of its streets had been relighted in accordance with the new specifications. Night traffic fatalities had come down 38.9 per cent. Even daylight fatalities came down 16.3 per cent, due probably to better traffic control by means of lights and other improvements. Thus many people walking around Detroit today would have been buried long since had not this program been put into effect.

Throughout the country last year a total of 35,000 workers were killed accidentally at work or on the roads. About a third of these died on the roads after dark. Can we afford not to reduce this appalling loss of life by proper lighting?

Safety and traffic engineers responsible for highway conditions and doing something about them have accomplished wonders in making what they have do and in educating people to better safety habits on and off the job. But in the last analysis there is no substitute for adequate light in the bad spots.

The above is but one example of a type of nearsightedness which has been an accompaniment of our war-production program. There are others, though perhaps none so costly in human life and limb. It would seem to be high time we paid attention to these weak spots and realized that sometimes a few pounds of steel put to use here at home will result eventually in more Nazis or Japs biting the dust than if it had been shot at them out of a cannon's mouth.

In this particular case, if we can't get a little steel, we ought at least to concentrate on a real off-the-job traffic educational program as a stop-gap until the day "when the lights go on again."

Paul Hunter

Liberty ... FOR ALL

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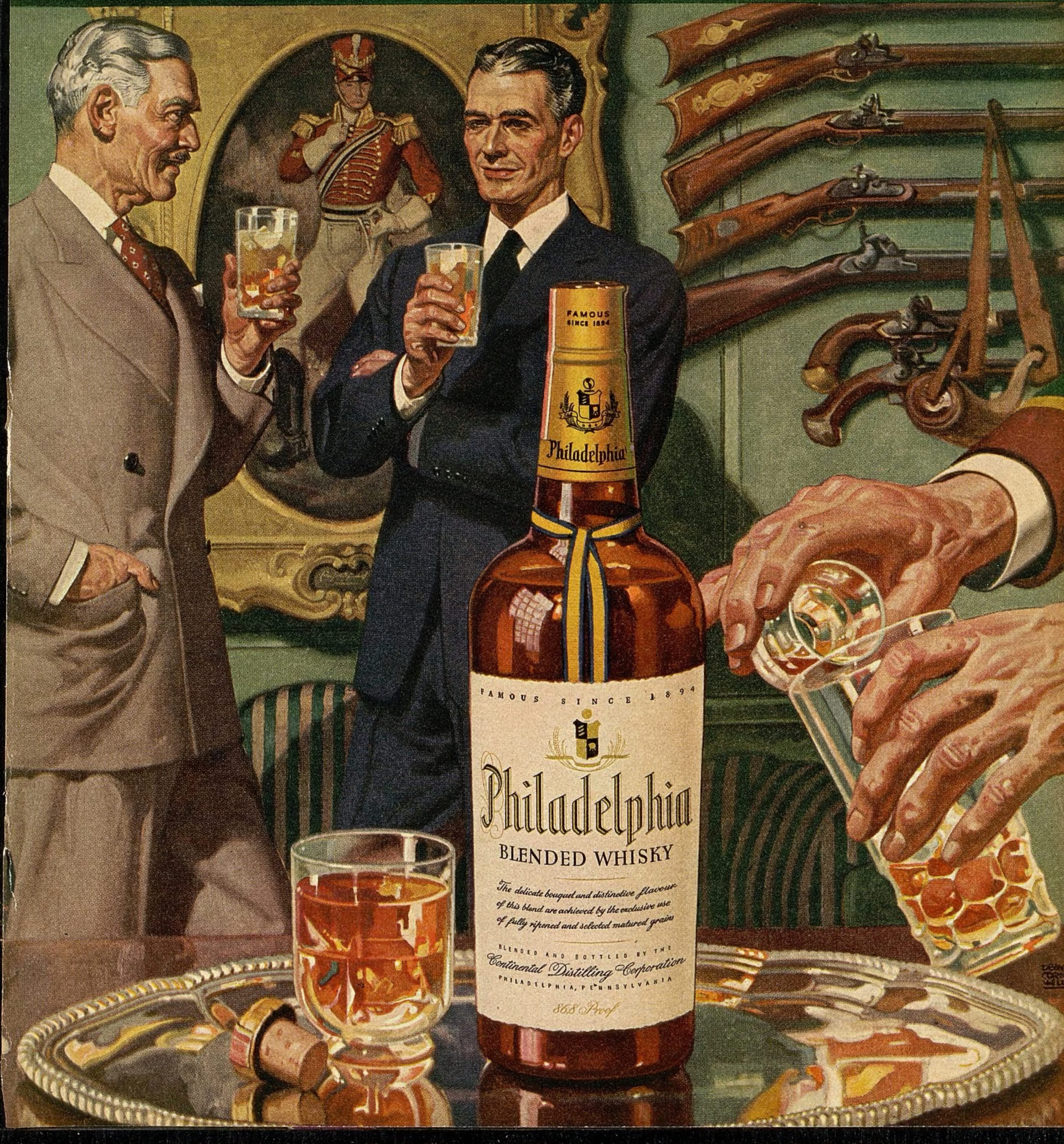
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